IN MEMORIAM

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IN MEMORIAM.

MARIA DOROTHEA DUNCAN

SPAETH.

BORN IN EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, FEBRUARY 12, 1844.
DIED IN PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

FROM HER LETTERS AND DIARIES.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

PHILADELPHIA, 1879.

MARIA DOROTHEA DUNCAN

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GEBOREN ZU EDINBURGH, SCHOTTLAND, 12. FEBRUAR 1844.
GESTORBEN ZU PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A., 21. DECEMBER 1878.

NACH IHREN BRIEFEN UND TAGEBUECHERN.

ALS MANUSCRIPT GEDRUCKT.

PHILADELPHIA, 1879.

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I.

Eltern, Kindheit und Schuljahre.

1844—1860.

"I don't want to do ANYTHING to please Satan;
I want to have Christ for my master." M.

I.

Am 12. Februar 1844 ist Maria Dorothea Duncan Spaeth in der schoenen schottischen Hauptstadt Edinburgh geboren. Ihre Eltern waren Dr. John Duncan, damals Professor am Free Church College in Edinburgh, und Janet, geborne Douglas, Wittwe eines britischen Officiers, Namens Torrance, mit der sich Dr. Duncan zwei Jahre nach dem Tode seiner ersten Frau im Fruehjahr 1841 verheirathet hatte. Dr. Duncan war ein ausserordentlicher Mann, ein Original, dessen Characterbild fuer die, die ihn nicht persoenlich gekannt haben, sich sehr schwer in der Kuerze zeichnen laesst. Fuer seine englischen und schottischen Freunde ist sein Bild in einer ganzen Reihe von Buechern und Aufsaetzen lebendig und eingehend dargestellt worden.*)

Hier versucht nun auch eine deutsche Feder theils nach dem vorliegenden Material, theils nach persoenlicher Bekanntschaft mit dem gottseligen Manne in knappem Umriss sein Bild zu zeichnen; denn unsre M. war so sehr ihres Vaters Kind, dass ihr Character erst

*) S. Colloquia Peripatetica (von W. Knight), die schon ein Vierteljahr nach seinem Tode erschienen. Life of the late J. Duncan, L. L. D., by David Brown, D. D. 1872. Recollections of the late J. Duncan, L. L. D., by the Rev. A. Moody Stuart. 1872. The late Rev. J. Duncan in the Pulpit and at the Communion Table, by David Brown, D. D. 1874. Ausserdem eine Anzahl von Artikeln in Christlichen Blaettern, wie The Sunday at Home (Dec. 1870) von Dr. Edersheim; The Family Treasury (July 1872) von Rev. J. Macgregor, und andere.

durch das Verstaendniss seiner eigenartigen Persoenlichkeit ins rechte Licht tritt.

DER VATER.

Als eines armen, streng-christlichen Schuhmachers Sohn ward John Duncan anno 1796 zu Gilcomston, Aberdeen, geboren. Von Natur ein schwaechliches Kind und das einzige Ueberlebende aus einer zahlreichen Nachkommenschaft wurde er doch keineswegs verzaertelt, sondern von dem Vater oft mit uebermaessiger Strenge und Gesetzlichkeit behandelt. Umso waermer und inniger hat die fromme Mutter fuer ihn gebetet und diese Muttergebete sind wie die einer Monica gar reichlich erhoert worden. Schon als Knabe hatte er seine Lust am Lernen, freilich nicht immer in der vorgeschriebenen Ordnung seiner Schule. Mit einem wahren Heisshunger verschlang er fast jedes Buch, dessen er habhaft werden konnte. Sein Herzenswunsch und Gebet war, Gott wolle ihn am Leben erhalten, bis er auch einmal das "rothe Maentelchen" (die Tracht der Aberdeener Studenten) anhaben duerfe! Schon im vierzehnten Jahre erreichte er dieses Ziel und drei Jahre spaeter (1813) begann er das Studium der Theologie, trotzdem dass er selbst zu jener Zeit am Glauben total Schiffbruch gelitten hatte und ein erklaerter Atheist geworden war. In seinem 22sten Jahre hat er besonders unter dem Einfluss von Dr. Mearns den Glauben an einen persoenlichen Gott wieder gefunden, aber es war nur eine theoretische Erkenntniss, die in seinem wahrheitsuchenden forschenden Geiste die Oberhand ueber Skepticismus und Atheismus gewann, ohne

bis dahin die Wurzel eines neuen geistlichen Lebens zu werden.*) Das kam erst zum Durchbruch in Folge einer Unterredung die John Duncan mit Dr. Caesar Malan aus Genf hatte, als derselbe im Jahr 1826 Aberdeen besuchte Sein Leben lang hat er diesen Schweizer Gottesmann als seinen "geistlichen Vater" in Christo angesehen und verehrt.

Im Jahr 1830 wurde er zum Pastor in Persie (Perthshire) berufen und im folgenden Jahr nach Glasgow an die Milton Kirche. Dort trat er im Jahr 1836 in den h. Ehestand mit Jane Tower, die ihm schon nach drei Jahren wieder entrissen wurde. Aus dieser Ehe wurde eine Tochter geboren, Annie, die im December 1864 als Mrs. Leckie in St. Thomas, Westindien verstorben ist mit Hinterlassung von zwei Kindern, John und Catharina.

Im Fruehjahr 1841 trat Dr. Duncan zum *zweiten Mal* in den Ehestand mit Janet Douglas-Torrance und im Juni 1841 reiste er mit seiner Frau und deren zwei Toechtern erster Ehe nach Pesth, wo er im Auftrag der schottischen Presbyterianischen Kirche als Missionar unter den Juden wirken sollte. Aber schon im November des folgenden Jahres 1842, nachdem er einen vielversprechenden Anfang mit seiner Missionsarbeit unter den Juden hatte machen duerfen, wurde er um seiner koerperlichen Schwachheit willen von der Missions-Committee nach Livorno in Italien gesandt, wo er den Winter zubrachte und ziemlich regelmaessig den da-

*) Eine Bekehrung "to Theism but not to God, to Christianity but not to Christ."—Dr. David Brown.

selbst weilenden Gaesten englischer Zunge das Evangelium predigte. Im Frueh-Sommer 1843 machte er sich wieder auf nach seinem Missionsfeld in Ungarn. Auf dem Wege dahin, in Tyrol, traf ihn die Nachricht von der am 18. Mai 1843 nach 10jaehrigem Kampf zur Entscheidung gebrachten "Disruption" d. h. der Trennung der schottischen Presbyterianer-Kirche in die "freie Kirche" die aus dem alten kirchlichen Verband ausschied und die Staatskirche, (Established Church) die im Besitz aller Rechtstitel und alles kirchlichen Eigenthums verblieb.

Am 29sten Juni 1843 traf Dr. Duncan wieder in Pesth ein, wo er zu seiner grossen Freude die von ihm begonnene Mission in einem bluehenden Zustande vorfand, so dass er mit Recht das apostolische Wort auf sie anwenden durfte: "Ich habe keine groessere Freude denn die, dass ich hoere meine Kinder in der Wahrheit wandeln." Da Dr. Duncan, wie *alle* Missionare der schottischen Kirche mit aller Begeisterung die Sache der Freikirche zu der seinigen machte, wurde er zum Professor an dem neugegruendeten Theologischen Seminar der Freikirche in Edinburgh berufen und zwar fuer das Lehrfach der hebraeischen Sprache und alttestamentlichen Theologie. Im November 1843 traf er in Edinburgh ein, das von da an bis zu seinem Ende seine Heimath blieb.

Dr. Duncan war von Hause aus ein aecht philosophischer Geist mit einem ganz besonderen oft genialen Tiefblick fuer alles Metaphysische. Die geistige Intuition war seine Staerke und damit verband sich, als er im lebendigen Glauben seinen Heiland gefunden

hatte ein Zug herz-inniger Mystik. Aber so tief er war, so klar war er dabei. Seine Gewandtheit, die reichsten tiefsten Gedanken in gangbare Muenze zu praegen, ihnen eine adaequate Form zu geben, war geradezu erstaunlich. In klaren, scharf-geschliffenen Sentenzen spitzte sich ihm jeder laengere Gedankenprocess zu. In einzelnen Worten, ja Sylben vermochte er die feinsten Gedanken-Schattirungen aufs treffendste zum Ausdruck zu bringen. Diese Formgewandtheit war bei ihm, neben natuerlichem Talent, wohl auch die reife Frucht einer ganz eminenten Belesenheit nicht bloss in alt-classischer, patristischer und englischer Literatur, sondern man darf wohl sagen auf allen Literatur-Gebieten in fast allen europaeischen Sprachen, mit Ausnahme der mathematischen und Naturwissenschaften, in denen er Zeitlebens nie zu Hause war. Ganz besonders aber haengt jene Formgewandtheit bei ihm mit seiner leidenschaftlichen Liebe zur *Linguistik* zusammen; denn wenn er auch nicht, wie Dr. Guthrie in oratorischer Uebertreibung sagte, "sich bis zur chinesischen Mauer durch alle Laender und Voelker durchsprechen konnte," so war doch seine Kenntniss alter und neuer Sprachen eine sehr umfassende und fortwaehrend in Erweiterung und Vertiefung begriffene; und sie war bei ihm nicht eine aeusserlich technische Bekanntschaft mit Lexicon und Grammatik der betreffenden Sprache, sondern mehr als alles andre, eine comparative Philosophie der Sprache, die ihren Geist zu erfassen und nach allen Nueancen hin mit andern zu vergleichen strebte.

Dieser an Gedanken so reiche und tiefe und zu ihrer

plastischen Darstellung so ausserordentlich befaehigte Mann hat es nun seltsamer Weise nie ueber sich vermocht, seine Gedanken zu Papier zu bringen. Der blosse Versuch auch nur eine Predigt zu schreiben, wuerde ihn, wie er sagt, krank gemacht haben. Darum ist ausser seinen wenigen, immerhin characteristischen Briefen so gut wie nichts von seiner Hand auf die Nachwelt gekommen. Er selbst hat es als Fehler und Suende (a great mistake and sin) bezeichnet. Was er frueher nicht gewollt, das wurde ihm spaeter, als er es wohl gewuenscht haette, ein Ding der Unmoeglichkeit. Wohl mag seine unbegrenzte Demuth und Bescheidenheit dabei mitgewirkt haben, gewiss aber auch der seinem ganzen Wesen anhaftende Mangel an festem System in der taeglichen Routine seiner Arbeit. Er schien darin gar keine Willensenergie zu haben, irgend einen Plan durchzufuehren. Er haette nur schreiben koennen, wenn er sich Zwang anthat und das wollte oder konnte er nicht.

Zum Wachsthum und zur Entwicklung seiner Gedanken brauchte er aber auch immer die Waerme persoenlicher Gegenwart, Augen und Ohren, die ihm folgten, Lippen, die ihn ansprachen und wo moeglich durch stete gelinde Opposition ausholten. Auf dem kalten, weissen Papiere schienen ihm alle Gedanken einzufrieren. Im Gespraech wurden sie erst recht lebendig und sprangen und sprudelten wie ein lebendiger Born, der nimmermehr versiegen will. Und wo er einmal im Gange war, seis im Gespraech mit Menschen, seis im Gebet zu Gott, seis in der Predigt—er konnte fast nimmer abbrechen.

Gegen die aeusseren Formalitaeten des geselligen Lebens konnte er bei sich und andern sehr gleichgueltig sein und dadurch bei denen, die den Mann sonst nicht kannten und zu schaetzen wussten, mitunter grossen Anstoss geben. Und doch war er im Grunde seines Wesens eine aeusserst zarte, feinfuehlige, man moechte fast sagen aristocratische Natur, mit einem instinctiven Widerwillen gegen Alles Ordinaere, Gemeine, den er am geeigneten Ort auch nachdruecklich geltend zu machen wusste.

Bei all seiner Zerstreutheit und Geistesabwesenheit von der man sich ueber ganz Schottland hin die seltsamsten Geschichten erzaehlte.— zum Theil wahr, zum Theil die Frucht absichtslos (?) dichtender Sage,— konnte er doch mit tiefster Sympathie auf alle Freuden und Leiden seiner Umgebung eingehen. Er hatte in mancher guten Stunde einen gar aufgeschlossenen Sinn fuer aechten, gesunden Lebensgenuss, dem er sich dann mit wahrhaft kindlicher Heiterkeit hingeben konnte. Seine Liebe zu kleinen Kindern war ausserordentlich und obwohl er sonst fuer die Schaetze und Schoenheiten der Natur keinen Sinn zu haben schien, konnte er doch gar manchmal zu dem Ausruf sich hinreissen lassen: "'S ist eben doch eine schoene Welt!" ("A bonny world after all!")

In seinem Verkehr mit seinen Nebenmenschen war er der aufrichtigste, durchsichtigste Mensch den man sich denken kann,—kein Arg, kein Falsch an ihm. Wenn ihn auch seine eminente logische Gewandtheit und Disputirfaehigkeit bei mancher Controverse in Versuchung gefuehrt haette, den Gegner mit sophistischen

Fechterkuensten zu ueberrumpeln, so blieb er doch im Grunde allezeit die lautre, redliche Seele, die einen solchen Vortheil nimmermehr auf die Dauer haette benuetzen koennen. Man konnte ihm darum auch niemals boese sein. Seine ungefaerbte Liebe und Leutseligkeit musste auch den Gegner entwaffnen.

Und wie es unmoeglich war, ihm ein Arg zuzutrauen, so war er seiner Seits niemals im Stande, seinen Nebenmenschen zu beargwoehnen. Fuer diese Arglosigkeit hat er oft genug theuer bezahlen muessen. Namentlich haben Abenteurer, die unter Israels Flagge segelten, stets leichtes Spiel mit ihm gehabt An sie haette er koennen das Hemd vom Leibe weggeben. Und doch war er durchaus nicht ohne die Gabe der Menschenkenntniss. Er konnte verschiedene Charactere mit derselben Schaerfe und Eleganz zeichnen, wie theologische oder philosophische Unterschiede. Aber sein Auge schien nur das Gute an Andern zu sehen. Mit aller Critik, die Niemand so treffend und eingehend zu ueben verstand wie er, wollte er niemals der Person weh thun sondern immer nur die Sache treffen.

Mit seinem persoenlichen Christenthum wurzelte er ganz und gar in dem Worte der Schrift, in der er, wie wenige Christen, zu Hause war. Nachdem er einmal seinen Gott in Christo erkannt und Sein Heil geschmeckt hatte, war ihm der Gedanke, *ohne Gott* in der Welt zu sein, ein wahrhaft entsetzlicher, und jede Faser seines Wesens duerstete nach Gott, nach dem lebendigen Gott. Hand in Hand damit gieng eine Energie des Hasses gegen die Suende in allen ihren Gestalten, wie man sie auch bei gottseligen Christen

gewiss selten findet. Sein Eifer um seine Heiligung und seine aengstliche Gewissenhaftigkeit mochten manchmal an Legalitaet streifen, aber immer flossen sie aus einem Herzen, das den Jammer und die Schuld der Suende aus bitterer Erfahrung kannte und es ueberaus traurig fand, dass von Christen der heilige Geist, "der Troester," betruebt werden sollte! Sein Gebet war etwas Wunderbares. Solch demuethige, rueckhaltslose Unterwerfung unter Gottes heilige Majestaet, solche Einblicke in die anbetungswuerdige Herrlichkeit des Vaters und des Sohnes und des heiligen Geistes, solches Weben und Leben im Worte selbst, solches Ringen mit Gott in kindlich glaeubiger Zuversicht,— unvergesslich fuer Jeden, der je neben ihm geknieet und mit ihm gebetet hat.

Dass bei all dem seine Froemmigkeit oft mehr den Character alttestamentlichen Suchens, Ringens und Harrens hatte, als den der neutestamentlichen Freudigkeit des Vollbesitzes, dass es in seinem geistlichen Leben gar viele Stunden, ja Tage und Wochen ausserordentlicher Gedruecktheit und Verzagtheit gab, dass er zu solchen Zeiten durch tiefe Seelenkaempfe und Anfechtungen gieng und es ihm oft unmoeglich schien, seinen Heiland mit fester Glaubenshand zu fassen und zu halten, ist fuer die, die seinen Character und Lebensgang naeher kannten, nicht eben verwunderlich. Unter Gottes Hand wurden gerade solche Zeiten die Geburtsstunden der reichsten und seligsten Erfahrungen mit denen er auf der Kanzel und im Privatgespraech andern angefochtenen Seelen zum gesegneten Arzt und Wegweiser werden konnte. Das war ihm ueberhaupt

—obwohl so viel mit seinem eigenen Seelenzustand beschaeftigt—seines Herzens Freude, dem berufenden, erweckenden, bekehrenden, heiligenden Gottes-Geiste Handlangerdienste zu leisten an unsterblichen Menschenseelen. Eine eigenthuemliche Mischung von ruecksichtsvoller Zartheit und rueckhaltsloser Dringlichkeit characterisirte ihn dabei.

Als Theologe war Dr. Duncan aus Herzensueberzeugung Calvinist. Aber sein Calvinismus war bei aller Entschiedenheit doch in doppelter Weise temperirt, wie man es wohl schwerlich je bei einem andern prominenten Calvinisten wieder finden kann. Auf der einen Seite naemlich war es der durch und durch *biblische* Character seiner Theologie, der seinen Calvinismus modificirte. Er war vor allem *Exeget* und als solcher suchte er sich von jeder Beeinflussung auch calvinischer Dogmatik frei zu halten. Da gieng er denn mit seinem Texte viel zu gewissenhaft und saeuberlich um, als dass er es hactte uebers Gewissen bringen koennen, z. B. in eine Stelle, wie Joh. 3, 16 eine "erwaehlte Welt" hineinzudeuten. Ein solches Verfahren verdammte er ehrlich und unverbluemt als einen "Unsinn, zu dem man den Text dadurch mache." Dieselbe Sorgfalt und Unparteilichkeit in der Behandlung des Texts fuehrte ihn auch zu einer Erkenntniss der *gottmenschlichen* Person Christi, zu einem consequenten Festhalten des unzertheilten und untheilbaren gottmenschlichen "Ich" und "Er"—wie man es sonst bei calvinischen Lehrern vergeblich sucht. In diesem Puncte war er ein nie zu befriedigender Kritiker seiner besten Freunde und Collegen, der ersten Prediger und

Lehrer seiner Kirche. Er machte kein Hehl daraus, dass sie bei ihrer Unterscheidung zwischen menschlicher und goettlicher Natur in Christo sich in einer Weise ausdrueckten, dass dadurch der Eine gottmenschliche Christus in zwei zertheilt werde: "Sie meinens gut und wollen orthodox sein, aber sie sind Nestorianer, ohne es zu wissen."*) Hieher gehoert auch die Entschiedenheit, mit der er zum Greuel mancher Calvinisten den Namen "Mutter Gottes" fuer die Jungfrau Maria vertheidigte, "weil sie die Mutter Dessen ist, der wahrhaftiger Gott ist und zu keiner Zeit aufhoerte Gott zu sein."

Ein anderes Element, durch das sein Calvinismus wesentlich moderirt wurde, war sein *alt kirchlicher Conservatismus*, seine Ehrfurcht und Liebe zu den Vaetern, seine Kenntniss und unbefangene Anerkennung des Schoenen und Vortrefflichen in altkirchlichen Ordnungen, Liturgieen, Gebeten, kurz *die aechte Catholizitaet* seiner Theologie. Urtheile, wie er sie gethan ueber das Te Deum, (aus dem er oft in Predigten zu citiren pflegte) die "Improperia" des heiligen Charfreitags, die Gebete des Missale Romanum und Liturgieen im Allgemeinen, (S. besonders Colloquia Peripat, pag 16, 17, 32, Erste Ausg.) wird man sonst vergeblich bei einem calvinischen Theologen suchen.

Als Professor im Kreise seiner Studenten (die ihn oft den schottischen Neander nannten) entsprach er freilich in einer Beziehung den Erwartungen nicht, die man von ihm gehegt haben mochte. Bei all seiner

*) Soll man dazu setzen: Dr. Duncan war in dem Stueck Lutheraner ohne es zu wissen?

orientalischen und rabbinischen Gelehrsamkeit war er naemlich ganz ungeschickt zu der muehsamen Arbeit eines systematischen Elementarunterrichts in der hebraeischen Sprache. Er setzte junge Leute voraus, die dessen nicht mehr bedurften. Wo er sich doch damit zu plagen hatte, war er ein truebseliger "Pegasus im Joch." Diese Seite seines Lehrfachs wurde ihm auch bald genug von einem Assistenten abgenommen. In anderer Beziehung aber hatte er oft einen tieferen, weitergehenden Einfluss auf die theologische und religioese Entwicklung seiner Studenten, als irgend ein andrer seiner Collegen. Einmal durch seine *Gebete*, die immer den tiefsten Eindruck machten und in denen er sich freilich auch hie und da so vergessen konnte, dass die ganze Zeit der Unterrichtsstunde abgelaufen war, ehe er zum Amen kam. Dann durch die *Gedankenblitze* und Streiflichter, die er in seiner aphoristischen Weise auf alle Gebiete des theologischen Wissens fallen liess, und wodurch er vielen seiner Hoerer Impulse gegeben hat, die in ihrem ganzen Leben nachwirken mussten. Weiter durch seine *ungeheuchelte persoenliche Froemmigkeit*, die in unbeschreiblich-kindlicher, offenherziger Weise auch seine Studenten in die Hoehen und Tiefen seiner geistlichen Erfahrung hineinblicken liess. Endlich durch das wahrhaft *beichtvaeterliche, seelsorgerliche Verhaeltniss* in dem er zu den einzelnen Studenten stand und die *Privatunterredungen*, durch die er sie auf das Eine, das noth ist, zu weisen und ihre Schwierigkeiten und Bedenken zu loesen beflissen war.

Der ordinaer-banausische Student wusste freilich mit diesem sonderlichen Professor nichts anzufangen und

konnte sich mitunter wohl recht an ihm aergern. Die geistig und geistlich aufgeweckten Schueler aber nahmen aus seinem Hoersaal nicht bloss die werthvollsten Gedankenspaehne und Funken mit, sondern Licht- und Lebenskeime, die auf ihre ganze Zukunft erleuchtend, befruchtend, gestaltend eingewirkt und die sie ihr Leben lang ihrem hochverehrten Dr. Duncan gedankt haben.

Waehrend zu seinen Lebzeiten nur ein kleiner, ausgewaehlter Kreis den eigenartigen Mann auf Kanzel und Catheder und im Gespraech zu wuerdigen wusste, schien mit seinem Tode ganz Schottland zu dem schmerzlichen Bewusstsein dessen zu erwachen, was es an dem ausserordentlichen Mann verloren hatte und weit ueber schottische Kreise hinaus ist sein Name besonders durch die "Colloquia" gedrungen, die in kurzer Zeit drei Auflagen erlebten und die ein Mann wie GLADSTONE fuer eins der bedeutendsten Buecher in der englischen Sprache erklaerte. (One of the most remarkable books in the English language.)

DIE MUTTER.

Auch die Mutter war keine gewoehnliche Frau. Man durfte auch auf sie das in Dr. Moody Stuart's Recollections von Dr. Duncan's erster Gattin gebrauchte Wort anwenden: "None but a most superior woman would ever marry John Duncan." Einer ihrer Schwiegersoehne, Mr. W. Wingate, sagt von ihr:

"Her ladylike manner, prepossessing appearance, cheerful smile and tender sympathy with suffering, won their way to every heart. Without her nursing and management Dr. Duncan would have been lost to the church."

Und Rev. Smith, der wie ein Sohn in ihrem Hause aus und eingegangen, beschreibt sie folgender Massen: (Dr. Brown's Memoir, p. 296.)

"A lady of remarkable energy, tact and penetration, of deep affections and great generosity of character."

Lauter Zuege, die M. in reichem Maasse von der fruehe vollendeten Mutter ueberkommen hat.

Rev. A. Tomory, der mit Saphir und Edersheim als Student unter ihrem Dach wohnte, gibt ihr das Zeugniss:

"She was devoted, kind and affable—possessed of singularly good sense and practical wisdom, well fitted in every way to be a mother in Israel. She did great service to the Church in taking care of Dr. D. during his labors in Pesth and afterwards. She took her full share of the work and the responsibilities. She had a smile and word of counsel for us all. She was beloved by all and very popular. She had an eye upon our comforts, upon our studies, scotticising us and imbuing us with good principles."—(Recoll. by Dr. Moody Stuart, p. 74.)

KINDHEIT.

Von diesen Eltern, und zwar als einziges Kind ihrer Ehe, wurde unsere M. am 12. Februar 1844 geboren. Ihren Namen *Maria Dorothea* erhielt sie nach einer *Wuerttembergischen* Princessin, Maria Dorothea, Tochter der Herzogin Henriette (zu Kirchheim a. T.) und Gattin des Erzherzogs Joseph, Palatins von Ungarn. Diese hohe Frau war in wunderbarer Weise durch Gottes besondere Vorsehung mit den schottischen Missionaren in Pesth in Verbindung gebracht worden und hatte vornehmlich mit Dr. Duncan und Mrs. Duncan einen

innigen Freundschaftsbund geschlossen, der auf der gemeinsamen Liebe zum Herrn und Seiner heiligen Reichs-Sache ruhte, und ihr fuer ihre geistliche Entwicklung reichen Segen brachte.

M.'s Kindheitsjahre waren uebrigens keine leichten. Eine Kinderkrankheit um die andre suchte sie heim. Selbst die Blattern verschonten sie nicht und wenig fehlte, so haette sie durch dieselben ihr Augenlicht fuer immer verloren. Unter all diesen Pruefungen war sie ein ausnehmend geduldiges und liebes Kind.

Auf eine dieser Krankheiten bezieht sich der folgende Brief der frommen Herzogin von Gordon, die mit Dr. Duncan und Mrs. Duncan in warmer christlicher Freundschaft verbunden war:

DUCHESS OF GORDON TO MRS. DUNCAN.

I do indeed desire to join with you in thanksgiving and praise, for the great mercy and loving kindness that you have experienced under your present trial. I trust your dear little one continues to recover. I have constantly thought of her with much hope because I have been enabled to remember her and you before Him who answers the prayer of Faith, and I trust that she may indeed be given back to you with such a blessing as shall continually bring forth to the glory of the grace of God in Christ Jesus.

In ihrem dritten Jahre war sie mit den Eltern auf dem Heimweg vom Continent in grosser Lebensgefahr durch einen furchtbaren Sturm auf der Nordsee, bei dem sich ihre Mutter den Keim ihres Todesleidens geholt hat.

Aus ihrem fuenften Jahre ist uns eine Erinnerung

aufbewahrt, dass sie schon damals der abwesenden Freunde unaufgefordert in ihrem Gebete gedachte. (Miss Cowan's Recollections, 9 February, 1849.)

Gar oft und gerne hat M. auf die Tage zurueckgeblickt, die sie, so lange ihre Mutter noch lebte, regelmaessig jeden Sommer auf der schoenen Insel Arran zubrachte. Ihr besonderer Liebling war dort ein huebscher Shetland Pony Namens "Donald," der nicht bloss die kranke Mutter auf manchen Ausfluegen zu tragen pflegte, sondern auch der kleinen M. als treues Reitpferd diente.

Ihr Leben lang hat sie fuer Pferde und ihre Schoenheit ein sehr lebendiges Gefuehl gehabt und A. musste manchmal laecheln, wenn er hoerte mit welchem Eifer sie sich des edlen Thieres annehmen konnte. Sie machte kein Hehl daraus, dass das ihre "Passion" haette werden koennen, wenn sie je in der Stellung dazu gewesen waere!

Die zunehmende Kraenklichkeit ihrer Mutter war Schuld, dass M. schon in sehr fruehen Jahren verhaeltnissmaessig wenig von ihr gehabt hat. Die Erinnerung daran, besonders der Gedanke, wie oft sie als kleines Maedchen, wenn sie so gerne bei ihrer Mamma gewesen waere, von denen, die dieselbe zu pflegen hatten, aus dem Zimmer genommen wurde, ist ihr das ganze Leben hindurch schmerzlich gewesen und hat ihr in den Tagen ihrer eigenen Gebrechlichkeit ausserordentlich viel Geduld und Selbstverleugnung ihren Kindern gegenueber eingegeben. Schon im Jahr 1852, also in ihrem 8ten Lebensjahre, traf sie der herbste Verlust, der ein Kind, besonders ein Maedchen treffen kann,—ihre liebe

Mamma starb. Dr. Duncan war zum zweiten Male Wittwer.

Eine treue Freundin der Verstorbenen, Miss M. R. Sandeman uebernahm nun die Fuehrung seines Hauswesens und die Erziehung seiner Toechter. Bis zu ihrem Tode (im Jahr 1869) ist sie die liebreichste muetterliche Freundin und Beratherin der mutterlosen M. gewesen, die sich ihr ganzes Leben lang zum innigsten Dank gegen sie verpflichtet fuehlte. Sehr treffend sagt Dr. Moody Stuart von ihr:

"Of a cheerful disposition and sunny countenance, the joy of the Lord was peculiarly her strength. She had a clear and acute mind, was highly intelligent in divine truth and taught with great success large bible classes of young ladies."

Trotz dieser liebevollen Aufsicht und Pflege scheinen die naechsten 4 – 5 Jahre nach dem Tode der Mutter fuer M.'s innere Entwicklung recht truebe gewesen zu sein. Sie besuchte Mr. Oliphants Schule in Edinburgh, war aber damals ein wildes, schwer zu behandelndes Kind. Man schickte sie, um sie in strengere Zucht zu nehmen, in das Pfarrhaus zu Kilmory auf der Insel Arran, wo sie unter den Haenden einer Gouvernante, die bei dem besten Wohlmeinen das eigenartige Kind gar nicht zu behandeln verstand, unsinnig tyrannisirt und fast zur Verzweiflung getrieben wurde. Als aber im Jahre 1857 eine Miss Ross an die Stelle jener Gouvernante trat und sich des misshandelten Kindes mit liebevollem Verstaendniss annahm, da gab es bei ihr bald eine grosse Veraenderung. Der Same des so reichlich gehoerten Wortes fieng an aufzugehen und

seine Fruechte zu bringen: ernste Busse, lebendigen Glauben und einen neuen Gehorsam.

Die folgenden Briefe und Tagebuch-Auszuege gehoeren alle in diese wichtige Zeit. Sie zeigen, wie vom Vater und von der muetterlichen Freundin die Entwicklung ihres inneren Lebens so sorgfaeltig beobachtet und beeinflusst wurde, und mit welchem Auge das 15 und 16jaehrige Maedchen selbst am Schluss dieser Lebensperiode auf den hinter ihr liegenden Abschnitt zurueckblickte.

The following letter of Mrs. Macrae, the minister's wife in Kilmory, to Miss Marg. D. Sandeman, gives an interesting account of M.'s sojourn in Arran between 1855 and 1858:

"I find by reference to Mr. Macrae's note book that Maria came to us early in September, 1855. Dr. Duncan and Miss Sandeman accompanied her and remained a fortnight. Our new governess arrived shortly and at once singled out Maria as her favorite. I remember your aunt, who knew Maria well, and shook her head as she saw the familiarity with which she treated her. The result proved your aunt's judgment correct.

"Miss ——— was very well informed, a most conscientious and pious girl, but though beloved by younger pupils, was too exacting for older ones, and the result was frequent complaints of Maria's insubordination.

"One of my own children, Isabella, a girl of thirteen and a half, died the last day of October following. I remember how the complaints of Maria grieved her, and she said to me: 'Mamma, though Miss ——— speaks so of Maria, she is a nice girl.'

"During my absence the following year at Pitlochrie I heard Miss ——— was to leave us on account of her health, and I was directed to look for her successor. I

engaged Miss Ross, who came to us in January, 1858, and proved a very efficient teacher. I heard no more complaints of Maria. I remember Miss Ross remarking it was well I did not get a young lady recommended to me, but inexperienced; as she would not do for Maria as she always asked the Why and for What's of every thing.

"It was always my habit to make the children repeat a text each morning and night before going to rest. I took the opportunity of speaking on the text, and on any circumstance which occurred in the day. Maria always listened intelligently, but I found it very hard to impress her. I heard from Miss Sandeman that Maria had written to say she had undergone a change. That brought to my recollection an evening in which, in pressing upon her the necessity of accepting Christ and following Him, I was led to say, without that, she would never meet her mother, or join her father in that glorious home Jesus was preparing for His people. Maria became much affected, and as that was unusual I thought that might be the arrow drawn at a venture, which the Lord was pleased to bless. I don't remember that Maria spoke to me of her state of mind, and as it was only under Miss ———'s rule that her conduct was complained of – a change was not so marked, but I trust the genuineness of the change has been apparent in her life, and that she is now enjoying the reward.

"Maria left us in July, 1858, at the end of the session.

"John remembers, though then a little fellow, how Maria used to interest him by her inventive powers in story-telling."

DR. DUNCAN TO M.*)

1857.

——If sinners at all we need Christ. An Israelite would not have acted wisely to say: "When I am more severely bitten, when the poison has more deeply wrought and I feel the agony more intensely, when I am as nearly dead, as such a one, who would not look till the moment he was about to expire, – so when it comes to that I will look and not before." Convictions are not needed to make *us welcome* to Christ, but to make Him welcome to us.

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

(Without date), 1857.

The agony of conviction in many cases and their protraction comes not simply from the depth of conviction, but from unbelief of the gospel and a proud unwillingness to be saved by grace freely, yet in this costly way of redemption by the blood of the Lamb. Convictions are not lost by our coming to Christ. The deepest convictions (I do not say terrors of wrath, oh no! but convictions) of sin and sinfulness are obtained after coming. The more progress in the divine life, the deeper conviction of abounding sin, as well as the sweeter experience of the grace which much more abounds.

Come as you are, dear child, but suspect that comfort which does not maintain and tend at least to deepen convictions. Where the Holy Spirit sows convictions, Satan seeks (and too often successfully) to mingle unbelief, doubts and discouragements. When the Spirit says: you are a sinner, the chief of sinners, you need Christ, come to Him, Satan says: you are *not* such a sinner and need not come. If that be rejected, he says: well, true enough, you are a sinner, a great sin-

*) Dieser und der folgende Brief finden sich als Einer in Dr. Brown's zweitem Bande, S. 137 f.

ner, the chief of sinners *and worse than that* and so you need not come, *you* can never find reception. If baffled there, he says: Yes convinced sinners will be welcomed, but *you* are *not convinced* or you are not sufficiently convinced, or you are not spiritually convinced. If you have conviction enough to bring you to Christ, however little it may be, it is quite enough. Though your whole soul were racked and tortured for twenty years—and you will not come to Christ, you have not sufficient conviction.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

KILMORY, Oct. 16th, 1857.

— — I hope, though indeed it is with much fear and trembling, that I am indeed seeking the face of the Lord. Ever since Miss ——— left us, I have felt as if the Lord was dealing with me and at times I felt Jesus very precious to me; at other times all was darkness, it seemed as if He had hid His face from me. When you wrote to me saying you and Papa thought it advisable that I should remain here another year, I made it the subject of my prayers, that the Lord would bring things about in the way which would be most for His glory and my good. Still, it was my desire, that I should return home and I prayed earnestly, that if it were *His* will, I might remain at home. When I came to Edinburgh, worldliness soon took possession of my heart and God was scarcely in all my thoughts. After returning here I remained some time in this cold state, till the Lord again in His infinite mercy looked on me — oh the long suffering of Jesus!—and convinced me of my backsliding and again revealed Himself to me. I do not feel as I did before. Jesus does not seem so precious to me. I sometimes think, that if I had been really called of God, I would have been under deeper conviction of sin than I have ever been, for in most instances, when I have read of those brought from

darkness into light, God brought them almost to despair on account of their sins. I feel just now somewhat like Bunyan when he had slept under the arbour, he having been awakened and proceeding on his way, missed his roll and went back in great trouble to seek it. But then I am afraid I am not anxious enough.

MISS M. R. SANDEMAN TO M.

Oct. 21, 1857.

I was very thankful to receive your letter telling me so frankly of your backsliding and worldliness when you were here with us, and your desire *now* to return to God. May you, dear child, be kept in this blessed determination. God will himself help you if you strive after continuing faithfully to walk in the narrow way which leads unto true happiness *now* and at length into eternal life.

There are in God's word many precious promises even to backsliders, such as Jeremia 3, 22: "Return ye backsliding children and I will *heal* your backsliding." And in the other part of the verse we see the answer of backsliding children, who *really* and *truly* wish and are *determined* to return, namely: "Behold we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord, our God." You know, dear, that none that have in any measure backslidden, can return to God without *more* grace, and you know that none can at first come to Christ, nor *continue* to walk *with Him* without grace. and that fresh grace is needed every day, yea every hour and every *minute* to preserve the soul from sin which dwells in every one. Therefore, dear Mia, *ask* grace and you are sure to obtain it. You may find it difficult to maintain at *all times* a right and constant spirit and temper, for there are trials to the temper sometimes, but remember that God places us in the *very best* place we could be in and orders wisely *all* our trials and difficulties, in order to show us the *evil* that is in us and that we may be *con-*

vinced of the evil and cry to Him for help to *subdue* it. (Mic. 7: 18–19.)

Continue, dearest Mia, to write freely, as by God's blessing, you will greatly benefit by so doing.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

KILMORY, Oct. 30th, 1857.

— — I do not feel that love to Jesus which I ought and yet I do feel a love for *Him* in my heart, and He has promised "that the smoking flax He will not quench and a bruised reed will He not break." Satan is ever at hand with his temptations, and one with which he has been strongly tempting me of late, is, that religion is a gloomy thing. But I know that he is a liar, that he was so from the beginning and continues to be so and that he is going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, and that none are truly happy but those who have an interest in Christ. Indeed I hope I have tasted a little of that true happiness, and it is my constant prayer to God to *fill* my heart with the love of Jesus.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

KILMORY, Nov. 13th, 1857.

— — It is my sincere wish to give myself to the Lord, though I have often been inclined to think in reviewing my past life that I am too great a sinner to be saved. But I know that I should struggle against this feeling as it is dishonoring to God and exhibits a great weakness of faith. Oh that I might be as a drowning man, to whom a rope or a plank were thrown, he would eagerly seize them, knowing them to be his only safety. So may I take hold of and cling to Christ as my only refuge from the storm and covert of the tempest. The heart is indeed deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and I feel that it is when engaged in the exercises of God's worship, whether pub-

lic or private, that my thoughts are oftenest on the world. Yet, I do feel that God —how unspeakable is His mercy!—is giving me joy in Christ and in believing.

DR. DUNCAN TO M.*)

FEBRUARY 12, 1858.

MY DEAR DEAR LASSIE! —May the Lord, who has kindly spared you to see the return of your birthday, bless you and make you a blessing. I need not say what joy it is to a father's heart to see his children walking in the truth. Thanks for ever to Him, who I trust, has shown you somewhat of the plague of your own heart and of the suitableness of glorious Christ as a Saviour to save a sinner, and who has given you, I trust, not only to feel attracted and encouraged by His excellencies and invitations, but has also (I humbly think) given you some sweet tokens of that reception which He always gives to those who do come to Him. Oh be thankful, humble, watchful! Pray for grace to make and keep you so. Cherish *trust* in the Lord, and diffidence in yourself. Even if really converted, much will depend on the thorough formation of your Christian character in the earliest stage. When grace imparted symmetrically pervades the whole character, there is not only life but beauty. Canaanites spared by Israel are also spared of God to be thorns in Israel's sides. Habitual exercise of grace strengthens the principle, and greatly contributes to make the believer's walk with God pleasant and profitable. It is an unspeakable blessing to be converted in early life, when the habits are less formed, the character more plastic, the affections more lively, and so much if God shall spare (which though uncertain is probable) lies before, on which depends whether you shall "*scarcely* be saved,"

*) Dieser Brief findet sich ebenfalls im 2ten Band von Dr. Brown's Memoir von Dr. Duncan, p. 139-140.

or "an *abundant* entrance be administered unto you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Papa is so absorbed in other pursuits at present that he is quite unfit to write verse—to poetry he cannot aspire. Take II. Petr. 1 : 1–15 as the substitute. May our Heavenly Father grant you abundantly all the blessings enumerated in the first four verses, and incline and enable you to study and practice all the excellent practical lessons V. V. 5–10 (incl.) so that at last you may obtain the promise of V. 11.

MISS M. R. SANDEMAN TO M.

22 FEBRUARY, 1858.

——I hope you will be a *thorough* christian, – an out and out one, – not one in some things only, but one in every thing, even "an *epistle* of Christ" known and read by all men.

M. TO DR. DUNCAN AND MISS SANDEMAN.

KILMORY, ARRAN, March 12th, 1858.

— There has been a good deal of snow this week. The Ayr coast and Ailsa Craig look beautiful with their white robes. Whenever I see snow, especially here in the country where it is undisturbed and consequently beautifully white, I think of that gracious promise that though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, and of David's assurance, that if the Lord would wash him, he would be whiter than snow. Oh, how I wish I could see in myself that growth in holiness, that shining more and more into the perfect day, which the path of the just is said to be! It is a solemn thought to think that there can be no standing still, that we must be either going forward or back. It is a disobedient, proud, rebellious spirit, I find my greatest enemy. "When I would do good, the evil is present with me." Do you think, dearest Papa, one who has so much sin in her yet, can indeed be chosen of Christ?

But then it is a sin to think, that because of my great sin I cannot be forgiven, for that is doubting God's power to save.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

KILMORY, June 18th, 1858.

MY OWN DEAREST MISS S. - Many, many thanks to you for your nice kind letter containing so many precious texts and promises. It is indeed as you say a delightful thing to trust in our Heavenly Father, and how many promises are annexed to it. David seemed to find great comfort in trusting in the Lord. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." What great faith he must have had, before he could have said that. The time is now fast drawing near, when (D. V.) I hope to return to Edinburgh, and oh, pray much dear Miss S that I may not love the world, neither the things thereof, that my heart may be so full of Christ, that there may be no room for anything else

MISS M. R. SANDEMAN TO M.

Immediately before her returning home from Arran.

30TH JUNE, 1858.

MY *own* DEAREST MIA!—Though I have not at present much time for writing I don't like to let you wait a wee bit to keep you in mind that I love you dear and look forward to a blessing in having you with me at home. You will find that trials are everywhere, dearest, but you will also find, that there is laid up in the blessed Saviour abundance of grace to meet all your wants. He Himself alone is *our Home*, our life, light and all in all. The best way to make your calling and election sure is to become better and better acquainted with *Him*.

Im Juli 1858 kehrte M. nach Edinburgh zurueck, waehrend kurze Zeit vorher ihre Schwester Annie nach

St. Thomas, Westindien, abgereist war, von dessen Clima man fuer ihre schwache Gesundheit Besserung hoffte.

D.*)

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1859.

Oh how wondrous are Thy ways, Lord God Almighty, these fifteen years Thou hast been leading me. And oh how kind Thou hast been—words fail to express it. Lord I would seek to be grateful and Thou dost sometimes make me feel a little gratitude and love to Thee in my heart, I hope. Make me more so. O Jesus, fill it this day, yea even this hour. Mamma was early removed from me, and even when she was living, she was not able to look after me. Lord how kind Thou wast to give me dear Miss Sandeman. Thou knowest, I feel grateful to Thee for her. Oh how kind of Thee to send me to Arran; how wise and loving were all Thy dealings with me there! I cannot speak to Miss S. or Papa about the state of my soul. Oh how delightful to come to our Heavenly Father and tell *Him* all we feel! I hope and trust I feel joy in this. But oh to bring forth more fruit to His glory! To have this strong, stubborn, proud will subdued! *Grace* can subdue it. O Lord give me grace for Jesus sake. May I be taking up the cross. I am afraid I have not been doing this enough, if I have at all. Oh for denying myself to be doing something for Jesus! Oh that I might so walk from this day henceforth that it may be known and seen by my fruits that I am indeed one of Jesus' lambs.

D.

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1860.

Another year gone! It seems so short since this time last year. Oh how time is flying! What improvement

*) M.'s Diary.

am I making of it? What growth in grace, what preparing for heaven during this past year?

I would like to give *myself*, every bit of me, my sins and all up to Jesus this my sixteenth birthday, and I know if I were only in His hands, how safe I would be. Sometimes I think I get a glimpse of Christ, generally after much prayer; but then sin comes and all is dark and then, when I see how little fruit I bring forth, I think perhaps after all I have all the time been deceiving myself. But oh *this* is a blessed thought and it often comforts me: Is He not now as able and willing to receive thee as He ever was? Yes, for He is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. However changing we may be, He is always the same. What a blessed truth this is!

I have always a sort of feeling that the Lord had indeed some dealings with me in Arran, and that He in some measure manifested Himself to me there. But as Miss S. was saying to-night, that if our sanctification was not going on or going on slowly we were often led to doubt our justification, even if we had been justified, and that we should never rest secure, if our sanctification was not visibly going forward. I think I can truly say I hate and abhor my sins. O that my old man was crucified, was kept continually up on the cross bleeding there! The Lord can enable me to put and keep him there and I *will* trust Him, for has He not said: "Whatsoever ye ask in my name believing ye shall receive." I would seek to say: "Lord I believe, help my unbelief." Has not Christ said: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out?" Therefore O my soul, whilst thou seekest to be humbled in the dust and to have deep repentance for thy past sins, be not discouraged, but hope thou still in the Lord. I don't want to do *anything* to please Satan; I want to have Christ for a master, and oh what a glorious master He is!

This day sixteen years ago I was brought into this

sinful world. I had a narrow escape when quite an infant. Mamma and Papa were coming home from abroad with me and there was a great storm. We were very nearly shipwrecked. Poor Mamma then got the beginning of that cold which ended in her death. Through all the helplessness of infancy and childhood the Lord preserved me and though I had small-pox, measles, whooping-cough and scarlet fever, still in His mercy I was not suffered to die. I was blind for some days with small-pox, so that it was feared I would be always blind, and yet, I recovered and got my sight again, and oh, what a blessed thing sight is! Thanks be to the Lord that I am not blind, that I have perfect sight. And how thankful should I be to the Lord for giving me godly parents and bringing me up in His fear and admonition. When I was eight, it pleased the Lord to leave me motherless. But here again, how great His kindness and compassion in giving me dear, kind Miss Sandeman to be a mother unto me! What should we have done without her? What has she not done for us? And then, how shall I be grateful enough to the Lord that I was sent to Arran, that Miss ——— had the charge over me. For the Lord knew, that all I got, was necessary for me, and thanks to Him, that I did not suffer materially in health. And now comes the period, the long to be remembered time, when —I do hope—the Lord began to have some dealings with me. Was not His putting me with Miss ——— just to make me feel how hateful sin was and how very much of it I had? And then, just as that had been done in some small measure, Miss ——— was removed and Miss Ross came and I had then an opportunity given me to begin with God's help to live a new life. I remember well the night when I determined not to sleep till I had found Christ. And then I was kept another year and a half in Arran away from many of the temptations and trials of a town life, how

gracious this was of God. Oh for a heart to love Him more!

Hier reihen wir noch folgende Reminiscenzen ein, die Miss M. Robertson aus M.'s Kindheits- und Schuljahren aufgezeichnet hat:

RECOLLECTIONS OF MISS ROBERTSON.

I had seen her before, but did not take any special notice of her, till she and Annie appeared in church after her mother's death in 1852, when Maria was a very pretty little girl of eight.

Dr. Duncan would sometimes take Miss Sandeman's female class and an old woman has often told me, how on such occasions M. planted herself behind her Papa in his chair, leaving him to sit uncomplainingly on the edge of it.

I should think she was under twelve when she gathered in a class of girls for herself into old Annie's room and taught them on Sabbath evenings.

Of this class M. herself gives the following account, etc.:

M. TO MARGARET D. SANDEMAN.*)

March 22, 1855.

— I have a class of little girls off the street here at night, but they are not very regular. My limited number is nine. Those who are the most regular and the cleanest for a week get a little book.

*) Miss M. D. Sandeman, an welche die obigen Zeilen gerichtet sind, ist die Nichte der aelteren Miss Sandeman, welche Dr. Duncans Haushalt uebernahm und Mutterstelle an M. vertrat. Zwischen "Maggie" S. und M. bestand ihr Leben lang die innigste Freundschaft. Ueber einen Zeitraum von 23 Jahren hin erstreckt sich ihre Correspondenz und das Memoir hat ihr die allerwerthvollsten Beitraege zu danken.

Miss Robertson continues:

I used to have her sometimes at our house with my nieces, when she and they were companions at Mr. Oliphant's school, and remember of her saying: "Miss R. do you like Papa's preaching? I don't like it." I was scarcely acquainted with him at that time and she volunteered to bring him to call some day. She accordingly appeared with him, but was much discomposed by his resistance of all her efforts to make him behave becomingly, he seizing a newspaper whenever he came in and scarcely a word being got out of him. She used then regularly to visit an old woman, who lived in a street off Elder St., where Dr. D. lived,—reading and praying with her, as the woman often told me. This was between 1858 and 1860.

Die alte "Annie," von der im Obigen Miss Robertson redet, war auch eine Reminiscenz aus M.'s Jugendjahren, der sie mit grosser Anhaenglichkeit treu geblieben ist. Sie war die alte treue Dienerin im Duncan'schen Hause, fuer die man, als sie nimmer dienstfaehig war, ein Eckstuebchen einraeumte, wo sie ihre alten Tage in stiller Ruhe beschliessen konnte. Dem einsamen Kinde war sie wie eine Grossmutter. Mit all ihren Freuden und Leiden fand sie bei "old Annie" ein offenes Ohr und manchmal in ihren Hausfrau-Tagen, besonders wenn die Dienstbotennoth ihren Geduldsfaden zu reissen drohte, konnte sie mit einer halb wehmuethigen, halb komischen Erinnerung ihrer alten treuen Annie gedenken.

Ehe wir von diesem Kapitel in der Geschichte unserer lieben M. scheiden, muessen wir auch noch einen kurzen Blick werfen auf den ihr Haus und Leben um-

schliessenden Rahmen der zeitgeschichtlichen und kirchlichen Bewegung jener Jahre. M.'s Kindheits- und Schuljahre mit ihren tiefen, unverloeschlichen Eindruecken fielen in die Zeit der ersten Kraft- und Lebensentfaltung der jungen schottischen Freikirche. Es war in gewissem Sinn die groesste kirchliche Bewegung des 19ten Jahrhunderts, die in der Disruption des 18. Mai 1843 ihren Ausdruck fand. Eine Parallele dazu bildet theilweise die Geschichte der lutherischen Separation in Preussen. Aber was in Deutschland in erster Linie nur heroisches Dulden und passiver Widerstand eines kleinen, verkannten und missverstandenen Haeufleins war, das wurde in Schottland allerdings unter andern Verhaeltnissen zur nationalen That des eigentlichen Kerns der Bevoelkerung, zur gewaltigen das ganze Land umfassenden Krise, deren Impuls in jedem Haus und jeder Huette vom Tweed bis zu den Shetland-Inseln nachzitterte. Unerhoerte Opfer wurden gebracht. Wie aus der Erde gestampft erstanden Kirchen, Pfarrhaeuser, Erziehungsanstalten, Theologische Lehrhallen. Millionen wurden mit froehlichem Herzen auf dem Altar der freien Kirche niedergelegt.*) Und waehrend man in der Heimath den ganzen kirchlichen Bau von Grund und Boden aus neu auffuehrte, wurde zugleich das ganze Gebiet der Mission unter Heiden und Juden mit denselben starken Armen umfasst und die ganze

*) In den ersten 25 Jahren ihres Bestehens hat die schottische Frei-Kirche ueber 900 Kirchen, 650 Pfarrhaeuser, 500 Schulhaeuser, 3 Prediger-Seminarien, 2 Schullehrer-Seminarien gebaut und im Ganzen waehrend dieses Zeitraums die Summe von etwa 8 Millionen Pfund Sterling (40 Millionen Dollars; 160 Millionen Mark) aufgebracht.

Last auch dieses Werks von der Frei-Kirche getragen, ohne einen einzigen Missionsposten aufzugeben.

Wenn nun auch Dr. Duncan seiner ganzen Persoenlichkeit nach kein Fuehrer in dieser grossartigen Bewegung sein konnte, so war er doch durch seine Stellung als Professor an der ersten theol. Lehranstalt der Frei-Kirche vor die Front gerufen, mit allen leitenden Geistern herzlich befreundet, und mit der ganzen Bewegung aufs innigste verwachsen und all die Begeisterung jener fuer Schottlands Kirche unvergesslichen Tage pulsirte kraeftig und lebendig in seinem Hause. Der geniale CHALMERS, den Gottes Vorsehung an die Spitze gestellt, gieng im Duncan'schen Hause als ein besonders trauter Freund ein und aus und hat gar manchmal die kleine M. auf seinen starken Armen gewiegt. War es ein Wunder, wenn ihr die schottische Frei-Kirche lebenslaenglich das Ideal einer Kirche blieb, das kein andres Bild aus ihrem Herzen verdraengen konnte? Ein Wunder, dass sie mit allzeit jugendfrischer Begeisterung die grossen Eindruecke festzuhalten suchte, die sie in diesen Jahren so maechtig und reichlich empfangen?

II.

Eclépends und Esslingen.

1860—1862.

"Just like a snail all drawn up in its shell." M.

"I desire not only that you should be a Christian, but also a healthy and beautiful one."—Dady Duncan.

II.

Im Herbst des Jahres 1860 brachte Dr. Duncan seine M. in das Toechter-Pensionat von Monsieur Troyon in der franzoesischen Schweiz. Der Eintritt in diese Schule war das erste Glied in einer Kette von Ereignissen, die ueber ihren ganzen kuenftigen Lebensgang entschieden, natuerlich ohne die entfernteste Ahnung ihrerseits.

Das Troyon'sche Pensionat befand sich etwa halbwegs zwischen Lausanne und Neuchatel in der Nache der Eisenbahnstation La Sarraz in dem alten, etwas duestern Schlosse Eclépends. Dort war schon vor M.'s Ankunft eine ganze Gruppe schottischer Toechter meist aus Edinburgh und dessen Umgebung eingezogen und theilweise auch schon wieder ausgetreten, wie die so fruehe vollendete, unvergessliche Isabella Smeaton. Diese schottische Colonie, die auch von Seiten der Institutsvorsteher manche Privilegien genossen zu haben scheint, hielt sich geraume Zeit hindurch den uebrigen Schuelerinnen gegenueber ziemlich reservirt und gab dadurch nicht selten zu kleinen Eifersuechteleien Anlass, die die gewoehnliche Monotonie jenes kloesterlichen Still-Lebens mitunter in etwas unliebsamer Weise unterbrachen.

Eine der Lehrerinnen des Instituts war Emma Sp., die spaetere Schwaegerin ihrer damaligen Schuelerin M. Das Verhaeltniss zwischen ihr und den Schottlaender-

innen muss ein besonders intimes und vertrautes gewesen sein, wie auch aus einem spaeter naeher zu berichtenden Vorfall hervorgeht.

D.

Eclépends, Nov. 1st, 1860.

It is very queer how I am never a favorite with girls of my own age. I am sure I have tried to be amiable and give up my own way since I came here, but it is plainly evident, I am by no means a favorite, I mean among the Scotch girls. I think I run no chance of forgetting my faults here at any rate.

M.'s totaler Mangel an musikalischem Sinn scheint ihr schon im Institut Verlegenheiten und Noethen bereitet zu haben. Ihr "Journal" erzaehlt darueber folgende characteristische Scene:

D.

November, 1860.

On Saturday (November 17th) Is. and I went as we have done for two or three Saturdays, to the Dictée of Marie, instead of "la leçon de chant," which we do not like. But Madame who had been at the Chant, asked where we were, and after la leçon she sent for us to la petite salle, locked the door and asked us why we had not been at the Chant. Was it because we could not sing? We said yes. Had we no voices? Very little. Did we not sing à la maison? A little. Did it give us mal à la poitrine? No. Then came the conclusion: You must go to the Chant, not so much for the sake of singing "but it is a good thing for you to do what you don't like." She then told us that we must be very "aimable" and set a good example and try to hold ourselves well up "toutes les Ecossaises ont un mauvais tenu," etc., and we got the injunction to be sure and tell

the other Ecossaises this, which, of course, we did, and then the door was unlocked and we got each a pat on the shoulder and a "n'est ce pas?" which is the invariable phrase at the end of any speech here.

D.

Eclépends, January 2, 1861.

I feel as if my journal was just like a friend, with whom I could have a chat now and then, for as I told Annie, I feel here just like a snail all drawn up in its shell, having no one to have nice long chats with. Oh for a wee while with Annie or Maggie! Won't it be delightful when I go home again, if I am spared!

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

1861.

You ask why we do not keep Christmas. We in Scotland are the only people who do not keep it and the other three great festivals. To explain this, I must begin with the great principle which distinguishes the reformation of Calvin from that of Luther. The latter adopted the state of the Church as it was then: only subject to the correction of Scripture. The question then came to be: Where does Scripture deny such and such a doctrine or forbid such and such a practice? If not, let it remain. The principle of the Calvinian Reformation is the *allsufficiency* of Scripture as a rule of faith and practice, to the teaching of which it is as unlawful to add as to detract. Additions to worship it holds to be will-worship, God alone having authority to dictate all that concerns His service. So the question comes to be: Where in Scripture is it enjoined? This principle however was carried out into fuller consistency by Knox in Scotland, than by Calvin in Geneva. The Sabbath we hold to be the only *stated* time appointed by God in the New Testament. Mark *stated time*, fixed by periodical return and so a statutory

ordinance. For we hold, that times for public worship in circumstances where God by His providence is calling for them (such as fast and thanksgiving days) or as affording opportunities for the better discharge of what Scripture enjoins as a duty (as sacramental fast days, not the fast day, but repentance being of God required to right participation) may be recommended and enjoined by the Church.

D.

Eclépends, February 12, 1861.

Voilà ma fête de naissance et c'est vraiment trop fort, personne à la maison la rappèle. Quel de changement depuis ma dernière jour de naissance! Certainement je n'ai pas pensé alors, qu' aujourd'hui je serais dans la "Belle Suisse" ainsi dit, actuellement dans le laid petit sol village d' Eclépends.

Zwei Tage nachher machten die Schottlaenderinnen mit Mons. und Mad. Troyon einen Ausflug nach Neuchatel, der von M. in hohem Grade genossen wurde. Auf dem Heimwege eroeffnete ihnen Mr. Troyon seine Absicht, das Institut in Eclépends aufzugeben, nach Lausanne zu ziehen und nur eine kleine Anzahl von Toechtern ins Haus zu nehmen, die wo moeglich alle derselben Nationalitaet angehoeren sollten; dabei sollten die schottischen Toechter den Vorzug haben. "Comme cela serais joli! moi j'aimai presque envie de rester ici une année encore, si papa me permettra, c'est à dire pas à Eclépends, mais il sera *si* joli d'être à Lausanne avec Mons. et Madame."

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

March 16th, 1861.

MA CHERE MARIE!—Your plan for Germany meets with my entire approbation. The kingdom of Wuerttemberg is distinguished for the number of pious people that live in it. I am glad that you have found such a friend, and think that living in a private religious family is much preferable to a *pension*.

I have already told you of Christmas and the three other festivals. We Scotch, when we have got a principle, are accustomed to follow it out all lengths. God alone can sanctify place and time. Under the N. T. dispensation no place is more sacred than another. The Sabbath, which was sanctified from the beginning when God rested from all His work of creation, remains sacred, after the Mosaic dispensation of Law is done away in Christ. No other time is sacred.

When I was in Hungary I always availed myself of the four great holidays to have divine service in our little chapel and preached too on the subject of these days, always however guarding myself from being misunderstood, and my hearers from being deceived, by distinctly stating that the glorious doctrine of the atonement should be kept in grateful remembrance equally on that day as on all the other 364.

What I insist on, is that man cannot sanctify i. e. give *peculiar* sanctity to any portion of time, and that God has *now* done so to the Sabbath alone. This granted, I have no objection to Christians agreeing to set apart any portion of time for uniting together in the service of God. If God had sanctified those days, the non-observance of them would be sin. As God has not sanctified them, the binding of them in any way on conscience, is towards God *will*-worship, towards man tyrannical imposition. When no such claim is urged, then "He who keeps them to the Lord he keeps them,

and He who keeps them not, to the Lord he keeps them not" neither judging nor despising.

Und nun leben Sie wohl, meine Theure. Der Herr segne und behuete dich. Love as usual to Mons. and Mad., aux Ecossaises et à toutes les autres.

Your loving father,

J. D.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

CHATEAU D' ECLÉPENDS, April 13th, 1861.

After giving full expression to her regret that Madame T. had bought what she considered too expensive a dress for her, M continues to write:

— Upon the point of being economical just now, you know Monsieur has promised to take us Scotch several trips this summer, and a nice one in July in the Alps, but do believe me, dear Miss S., that it would be a pleasure, yes a *pleasure*, to deny myself these trips, if you think I had better, and you won't mind to tell me, dear Miss S., if you do. I once thought of not asking you, (knowing how very indulgent you are and how unwilling to deny me any pleasure) but just telling Monsieur, I preferred not going, but then again I thought perhaps that is a want of confidence in Miss S., so I thought I would ask you, knowing you *will* tell me what you think best. Do, dear Miss S., and also if you think that it would be too great a drag upon you to have me away from home another year, *do* tell me. You know, with perseverance and diligence, I could carry on my studies at home myself, and much as I do wish to improve myself as much as I can here, yet I would be *so* willing to return home if you wished. Oh to be at home, my own dear, dear home! It was indeed a great trial to me, dear Miss S., when it was decided I was to stay here till October, and yet I know it is all ordered for the best and so I am quite reconciled to do whatever you and Papa think best. It is not because I

don't like Monsieur and Madame, for I can't tell you how much I *do* love *them* and also the dear governesses. Indeed they are my greatest friends here, particularly M'lle. Spaeth, but I have had a good deal to suffer from the unkindness of the girls. Oh it is so difficult to do right and be upright always, when you are treated with unkindness by your companions, not for doing what is right, oh no, I can't say that, but you know, dear Miss S., how very dependent I am on the love of those around me, *too* dependent, I fear, and perhaps I am getting a good and wholesome lesson just now. Now all this I have said refers to the native girls, not to the Scotch, for we are all good friends together.

Eine eigenthuemliche Bewegung im geistlichen Leben der jungen Maedchenschaar fand im Sommer jenes Jahres statt. Sie mag hier von der nuechternen Feder der zumeist Betheiligten in ihren eigenen Worten geschildert werden.

EMMA AN A.

(Ueber die Erweckung in Eclépends.)

Ein Tag, der M. und ihren schottischen Freundinnen aus ihrer Pensionszeit in Eclépends wohl unvergesslich geblieben, war der 20*te Mai* 1861, der Pfingstmontag jenes Jahrs, in Wahrheit ein Pfingstfest fuer Viele der l. Bewohner des Château d' Eclépends. Am Abend jenes Tages baten mich einige der Schottlaenderinnen, nachdem die uebrigen Pensionaere zu Bett gegangen waren, sie moechten mich gerne noch sprechen. Ich gieng zu ihnen und sie schienen alle sehr tief bewegt zu sein. Es waren etwa sechs der "Ecossaises." Da nahm M. weinend das Wort und sagte: "I cannot look to Jesus;—won't you pray with us?" Wir giengen in den kleinen Saal, wo wir fast bis Mitternacht beisammen waren Gottes Wort lesend und betend. Gespro-

chen wurde *sehr* wenig. Es war wirklich nichts anders als eine gnaedige Heimsuchung, ein Walten und Rauschen des Geistes Gottes ueber unser ganzes Haus. Denn am folgenden Tage gieng es gleich einem Lauffeuer durch alle Glieder des Hauses; es war nur die eine Frage: "Was muss ich thun, dass ich selig werde?" Zwischen 9 und 10 Uhr am 21ten Mai waren saemmtliche Zoeglinge mit ihren Lehrerinnen auf den Knieen. Von jenem Tage an waren wir jeden Abend zu einer Betstunde beisammen. Maedchen, die wir sonst nur mit Muehe an ihre Bibel kriegen konnten, die kamen jetzt Abend fuer Abend: "n'est ce pas encore temps pour la réunion de prière?" Es waren wirklich selige Stunden. Von jenen Tagen an war es, dass die Schottlaenderinnen sich mehr auch ihren Schweizer, deutschen und italienischen Mitschuelerinnen anschlossen; denn nun hiess es bei ihnen: "die Liebe Christi draenget mich also." Nun *mussten* sie wieder lieben und haben damit das grosse Liebesgebot so erfuellt, dass sie ein Segen fuer viele der andern Maedchen geworden.

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

St. Thomas, May 28th, 1861.

My dearest Maria!—I suppose you will have very warm weather now in Switzerland, though not quite so hot as here. Yet it is not more severely hot than I feared it would be, nor, I think, quite so much.

I hope you, dear Maria, are seeking to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and are conducting yourself in dutiful obedience to Monsieur and Madame, with kindness to your compagnons and diligence in the prosecution of your studies. As you now must be well grounded in your French Grammar, and have a pretty ample stock of words for almost all subjects, let me remind you to pay much attention to idiom, for your letters read often like translations from English. Idiom is what is most diffi-

cult to acquire, – and is that which is most easily acquired in daily intercourse with those to whom the language is vernacular.

Adieu for present,

Yours, etc.

Im Juli siedelte M. mit Mons. Troyon nach Lausanne ueber, wo sie im September zum ersten Male zu Gottes Tische gieng.

FIRST COMMUNION.

About this time M. began to consider whether it was not her duty, then and there, to come for the first time to the Lord's table without further delay. The following letter refers to this:

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

CHATEAU D' ECLÉPENDS, June 15th, 1861.

MY OWN DEAREST MISS S.!—I enclose a note I have written to Mr. Moody Stuart. Please read it and don't send it, if you find that it would be better not. I sometimes think it is presumptuous of me to have written. My principal reason was to ask his prayers. I feel just now as if I would like all Christians to pray for me just now. Do you think it is a wrong desire in me to wish to approach the Lord's Supper? Perhaps I am presumptuous, but oh it is not in my own strength I would seek to come. Do write me a letter of advice. Do, dear Miss S. O how my heart yearns with love towards you all. O that I had only more love to Jesus. I hope you will excuse this scrawl as our evening prayer-meeting is just going to commence and I will have no time afterwards. The principal thing I would like you to pray for me is that I may not get a false peace to think all is right with me if it is not.

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 28, 1861.

I am delighted to learn by Mons. Troyon's letter that you have found your way sufficiently clear to encourage you to go forward to the table of the Lord. The most solemn moment in a man's life is that in which he as ready to perish closes with the freely offered Saviour of sinners. Next in solemnity is that in which he fully joins himself to Christ's visible church, when "believing with the heart unto righteousness, he with the mouth makes confession unto salvation." All experience goes to show, that even if conversion be real,—the heart sincere, much of the beauty, strength, loveliness and utility of the after life depends on the earliest cast which "the new born babe" receives. I desire not only that you should be a *real* Christian, but also a *healthy* and *beautiful* one. DADY DUNCAN.

Beim Gedanken an den bevorstehenden Abschied aus dem ihr so lieb gewordenen Kreise spricht sie ihre warme, innige Anhaenglichkeit an Mr. and Mad. Troyon und die daselbst gewonnenen Freundinnen aus (darunter besonders M. D., eine Adoptivtochter von Mad. Troyon.)

D.

September, 1861.

"O why have I a heart so loving? For what purpose is this strong power of affection given to me? Doubtless for some wise and good purpose, but it seems to me now as if it would cause me many a hard and bitter moment in my life. And not only do I love, but oh how I desire to be loved. Indeed I don't know which of these two is the greatest."

Bald nachher findet sich der Eintrag eines laengeren Gedichts mit folgendem characteristischen Vers:

My heart is weary even of its love,
pouring its deep tide forth in bitter pain,
throwing its tendrils earthward, not above,
spreading its rich intensity in vain;
leaning on frail, frail reeds that weakly bend,
e'en while the Rock of Ages is close by,
yearning for love, while the all-loving friend
with more than human tenderness is nigh.

Zum Abschied von Lausanne gab ihr ihr treuer Lehrer, Freund und geistlicher Berather Mons. Fred. Troyon folgenden Gruss mit:

LAUSANNE, October 5th, 1861.

"Or, ils persévéraient tous dans la doctrine des apôtres, dans la communion, dans la fraction du pain et dans les prières." Actes II: 42. Bien chère Maria. Telles sont les dernières paroles donc nous venons de faire la lecture ensemble et que je vous demande encore de vous appliquer. Le Seigneur vous a donné d' assister aussi à une Pentecôte, et vous avez entendu la voix de son Esprit. Que vous dirais-je? si non: persévérez!

The following interesting sketch of the Eclépends-time has been kindly furnished by an intimate friend of M., one of the Scotch circle of those days, and who has kept up faithfully her correspondence with M. to the close of her life. It is inserted at this place in full, though the concluding remarks have reference to later periods in M.'s life far beyond the Eclépends-time:

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ECLÉPENDS FRIEND.

I first became acquainted with dear Maria in the autumn of 1860, when she was brought by her father, the late Dr. Duncan, to the school under the direction of Mons. and Mad. Troyon at Eclépends, a small village on one of the lower slopes of the Jura Mountains in the Canton de Vaud. The institution was deserved-

ly popular, not only on account of its educational advantages, but also from the truly excellent and Christian character of Mons. and Mad. Troyon and the high moral tone which pervaded it. Mons. Troyon had originally intended studying for the church, but having made some important antiquarian discoveries at an early period of his student course, which he considered as a providential indication, in answer to prayer, that he ought to devote his life to Archæology, (which always had strong attractions for him) he did not follow out the ministry as his primary vocation. But so thoroughly did he carry the spirit of it into his every day life and work that when he married Mlle. Vouga, already at the head of the establishment, and associated himself with her in the moral and religious training as well as in the educational part of the work, it was a gain of no ordinary kind. Combining in a high degree all that was lovely and attractive in the Christian life, with high and many sided mental culture and love of imparting knowledge, he was singularly fitted for the position which he occupied.

Maria won all our hearts from the first by her dutiful devotion to her father, while he remained at Eclépends, for although he had nominally brought her, it was soon very evident that it was in reality she who had taken the charge of him. It was a great relief to M. when she heard of his safe arrival in Edinburgh. The journey, however, was not altogether without the kind of episode she dreaded. Quite forgetful of the long distance between him and his destination, he had allowed his love for old books and the acquisition of them to exceed the limits of his purse and he found himself one morning with empty pockets in Frankfort. Fortunately he bethought him of a Jewish acquaintance of early days, who proved to him a friend in need.

There were representatives of several Nationalities, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, be-

sides English and Scotch. I remember how Dr. Duncan surprised and delighted all by addressing a few words to each in her own language as we passed him one by one to say good-night. We Scotch were allowed the privilege of accompanying him every day to the neighboring village of La Sarraz to have his snuff-box filled, when he seemed to become young again and entered into all our interests. And this interest in us individually he kept up to the last. I shall never forget the last time I saw him, nor the last words he spoke to me, not long before his death, after he had been for some time confined to the house. I had taken leave of him and was already some distance from the house, when hearing my name, I looked round and saw the dear old man, bare-headed, in dressing gown and slippers, following as fast as his failing strength would allow. He asked me to come back as he wished to say something to me. When we again reached the study, he took down a large old copy of the Bible and turning to Jude 20th and 21st verses: But ye beloved, etc., he read them over very slowly and impressively, adding "You see, its all there, the whole Christian life from beginning to end. I just wanted to give you that to take with you."

There were eight Scotch girls in all, and as was natural, being strangers in a strange land, we drew very closely together. Our spare half hours during the week were generally spent together, we walked with each other and a letter from home to one, was, as it were, to all. We also met on Sabbath afternoons in a little room set apart for the purpose, when we had a little service and read aloud some edifying English book. They were always pleasant, happy gatherings, but it was not till many of them were past beyond recall, that we felt how formal and destitute of real spiritual life they had been.

It was, I think, during a rather severe and prolonged

illness from which M. suffered in winter,*) when I used to go and sit beside her when not otherwise occupied, that we found how much we had in common and that we resolved to try and help each other not only to make the most of our time in study, but also in pointing out to each other what we considered weak points. I cannot forget the kindness, tact and delicacy which dear M. showed in this, I suppose, rather trying test to friendship. With one so gentle, affectionate, persevering and conscientious, my share in our common task was a very easy one.

But it was not till we were beginning to look forward to the holidays and to speak of our return home that the closest bond of union was found. It was then put into the heart of one of our number, doubtless in answer to many prayers of parents and others to resolve that she would not go home as she had come, but that then and there she must get a change of heart to be followed by a change of life. She opened her mind to one, dear Emma Spaeth, who had all along been a great favorite with us all and who along with the other German teacher, Frl. Emilia Schwarz, had often borne us upon her heart at a throne of grace. They once more united their supplications for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the answer was according to the promise "above what they asked or even thought." For to one after another, first among the Scotch and then to many of the other girls, the all-engrossing question became: What must I do to be saved? Mons. Troyon was not at home, being President of the Synod of the Free Church of the Canton sitting, and Madame, wishing, I suppose, to avoid any excitement, went on in the usual course of reading and exposition at prayers, which happened to be the XIV. of 1st Cor.

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*) According to her Journal between Jan. 10 and Feb. 12, 1861.

The recreation half hours and the daily walk were eagerly looked forward to and became real inquiry meetings. We were highly favored in having those two dear friends, already referred to, who well knowing the way themselves, were able to point it out clearly to us. The letter of Scripture was not new to us, but even this seemed to some of us a difficulty, and we almost envied those to whom the message of the gospel came with its first freshness. But gradually words, which had been almost meaningless, became *spirit* and *life*, as the mystery and at the same time the simplicity of the plan of salvation dawned upon us. We saw first that the Bible really means what it says and that God's word is to be accepted and believed as that of an earthly friend whom we trust. It then became clear from the invitations, the entreaties, and even the commands that God was not only willing but waiting to receive the chief of sinners; that Christ, by his death on the cross, having satisfied Divine justice and made a propitiation for sin; we, however guilty and unworthy, without waiting either for more sorrow of sin, or until we were better, were to make this our own by "receiving and resting on Him alone for salvation, as He is freely offered in the gospel" to come as "poor sinners and nothing at all," to find in Christ our "all in all;" to have Him made unto us Wisdom and Righteousness and Sanctification and Redemption.

Each one doubtless had her own peculiar difficulties and experience, but on the whole, we had each to say "we were drawn by the cords of love." There was no outward excitement, (lessons going on as usual) no great or bitter sorrow on account of sin or dread of punishment in the future, the uppermost feeling was a desire for something that we had not yet had in this life. It was like the prodigal awaking to realize that if he was in the far country, he need not remain there, and when like him, without delay we arose, the Father, true to

his promise, met us as it were at the very beginning of the road, "when we were yet a great way off."

It was indeed a wonderful and never to be forgotten week. "Old things had passed away and all things had become new." True, it was only the beginning, but our only hope and confidence was that "He who had begun the good work, would carry it on until the day of Christ;" that as we had been enabled "to receive Christ Jesus the Lord," by cleaving close to Him by faith and prayer we would be enabled "to walk in Him."

Many a delightful hour of prayer and fellowship we now had, sometimes among ourselves, sometimes with Mons. and Mad. Troyon, to whom it was no less a time of rejoicing than to us; and the time to which we had before been looking forward with longing only passed too quickly. Before separating we were reminded in a striking way of the shortness and uncertainty of life. The mother of one of our number with her son and daughter left Edinburgh with the intention of joining our party in a little excursion to the mountains which we had in prospect When they reached Paris on their southward journey J. became alarmingly ill and before the week had closed they had laid the sprightly girl in the grave.

Some of us returned direct to Scotland, while others of us had got permission to prolong our stay and spend some months in Germany. We quite envied M. the privilege of accompanying Emma to the dear home in Esslingen, of which we had heard so much, and of which all unknown to her, she was so soon to become a beloved member.

After our return in the summer of 1862, the distance which separated us was fortunately not so great as to prevent frequent interchanges of visits at each others homes, and a visit to M., with the soirée française combined with a Dorcas Society and the Le'union

de prières on alternate weeks was always looked forward to as a special enjoyment. In her home life she so truly adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour *in all things*. Her relation to her father always seemed to me most touching; he, the aged and experienced believer, coming and sitting at her feet as a little child to receive comfort and consolation. Her naturalness, cheerfulness, activity and her intelligent interest in passing events as well as in the questions of the day and in many branches of literature combined with her deep spiritual earnestness made her society very refre hing and stimulating.

It was with great regret that we saw her leave us so soon for the distant land, which was to be her future home, but knowing how well she was fitted for the position she was called to occupy, we could not but wish her God-speed.

How active, how useful and how happy her married life (only too soon cut short) was, her letters amply testify and afford another confirmation of the sure word of promise: "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

May it be ours to follow closer than heretofore in the footsteps of those who "through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises."

ESSLINGEN.

Schon im Fruehjahr 1861 war (wie Dr. Duncans Brief vom 16. Maerz zeigt,) der Plan gefasst worden, dass M. nach Beendigung ihres franzoesischen Lehrjahrs vor ihrer Rueckkehr in die schottische Heimath auch noch ein Jahr in Deutschland zubringen sollte, um dort auch das Deutsche zu bewaeltigen. Dieser Plan gewann besondere Gestalt durch den Aufbruch des Instituts zu Eclépends und Emmas Rueckkehr in

die schwaebische Heimath. M. sollte ihr im Herbste folgen, um ihr deutsches Jahr im Haus der lieben Mutter Sp. zuzubringen. Am 10. October traf sie in Esslingen ein und 3 Wochen nachher am 28. October hat A. sie dort zum ersten Mal gesehen,—ueber Hals und Kopf in der deutschen Grammatik begraben und von dem "Herrn Vicar," der zum Besuch ins muetterliche Haus kam, um seinen Geburtstag zu feiern, nur wenig Notiz nehmend. Ein Gedankenaustausch war auch damals aus triftigen Gruenden einfach unmoeglich, weil das zum Verkehr erforderliche Sprachmedium mangelte.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

ESSLINGEN, October 11th, 1861.

MY OWN DEAR MISS S.! —Here I am, at Esslingen. I am afraid you may have been a little anxious about me; I ought to have written to you last Saturday, but I was so busy packing that I had no time. I arrived here last night about 5 o'clock and found dear M'lle. Sp. and her sisters waiting for me at the station. After seeking for some time Madame Tr. at last found a family going to Stuttgart, which you know is only a half an hours distance by rail from Esslingen. On their way they intended visiting the hot springs at Pfeffer's and several towns in the "Suisse Allemande," but Madame Tr. thought you would have no objection to my seeing a little more of Switzerland than I had yet done.

We left Lausanne Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Mons. and Mad. came in the omnibus to the station with me. I felt *very* sad in parting from them. It was worse, I think, than leaving home, for then one feels that if the Lord will and if you are spared, you will in all probability return after a certain time and you say good-bye with this hope, but to quit a place where are persons you love *so* much, where you have

passed a whole year and where above all you feel you have got a blessing, and all this without the prospect of ever returning, I think is *so* sad. But it is always so in this world and would we seek to have it otherwise? No, our Heavenly Father will not permit us to have idols, to give to others that place in our hearts which ought to belong to Him alone. But oh with all these partings, these griefs, these little crosses and difficulties I am *some times so* happy, when I am altogether *out of myself* and trusting simply in Jesus, lying in His arms. I do trust He has Himself been with me in the first approach to His Holy Table and that He will be always with me and enable me to bring forth fruit to His praise and glory. Oh yes I would seek to live a life devoted to His service, to be, as Papa says, not only a *real*, but also a healthy and beautiful Christian, so that others seeing what the Lord has done for and in me might be brought to Him. But oh you will pray much much for me dear Miss S., you know how weak and feeble I am. Pray that I may be prepared to return home. I am unable of myself to do anything. Pray above all things that I may be made *very humble*, that all this pride may be taken away.

M'lle. Sp. or Emma, as she wishes me now to call her, is to be my friend and governess at the same time. We have such a dear wee little room between us in which we can read and study during the day. Oh how I wish you knew E.

M. scheint, obwohl sie sich ihr Leben lang schnell und leicht in neue, ungewohnte Verhaeltnisse zu finden wusste, doch Anfangs in Esslingen ziemlich starkes Heimweh gehabt zu haben. Das Deutsche ging eben doch ein wenig schwerer als das Franzoesische (das sie schon 4 Monate nach ihrer Ankunft in Eclépends selbst in der Fuehrung ihres Tagebuchs brauchen konnte.)

Und dann erschwerte sie sich ihre erste Zeit in Esslingen durch die grosse Zurueckhaltung, mit der sie anfangs jedem Versuch zur Conversation entsagte, weil sie sich noch nicht fest genug in der Sprache fuehlte. Sie spricht sich selbst darueber mit liebenswuerdiger Offenheit aus in dem folgenden Briefe der obwohl einer viel spaeteren Periode angehoerend vielleicht 10 Jahre nachher!) doch aufs treffendste ihre damalige Situation schildert:

MEIN LIEBES THEURES MUTTERLE!

— Weisst du nicht mehr wie dein treues liebendes Herz das arme schottische Maedchen so weit entfernt von ihrer Heimath bedauert hat? Sie schien manchmal traurig und gedrueckt. Du haettest sie so gerne getroestet, sie in dein Mutterherz aufgenommen Du hattest zwar schon viele Kinder, eigene und angenommene, die gluecklich waren dich "Mutterle" nennen zu duerfen. Aber in deinem Herzen war noch Platz. Aber das Maedchen schien ihn nicht zu wollen. Sie gab dir kaum einen freundlichen Blick und blieb— stumm. "Du solltest anfangen einige Worte zu sprechen, ehe du die Grammatik ganz gelernt hast. Es thut gar nichts, wenn du auch Fehler machst; die wollen wir corrigiren, dann lernst du umso schneller"—sagtest du mir eines Tages, als ich am Tisch sass und eifrig schrieb und lernte. Das immerwaehrende Schreiben konntest du nicht recht verstehen. Aber ich, hoch muethig,—nichts andres war es – sah nur mein Buch, ich zaehlte die Seiten: so und so viele musste ich jeden Tag schreiben;—und obgleich ich dich oft ansah und dachte: O wenn ich nur einmal mein Herz ausleeren koennte, ich werde gewiss in ihr ein Mutterherz finden! und o wie verlangte mein Herz manchmal nach einem solchen! Worte waren manchmal auf meiner Zunge,

aber nein, dachte ich, ich kann es doch nicht so sagen wie ich moechte, ich habe jetzt nicht mehr viel zu schreiben und wenn die Grammatik durchgelernt ist, dann o dann werde ich, wenn nicht ganz fehlerlos, doch schon ziemlich gelaeufig sprechen. Ich hochmuethiges, dummes Maedele! Ich glaube jetzt wirklich, ich verdiente dein Mitleid und deine Liebe nicht. Aber ich konnte es doch nicht zu wege bringen.

Eines Tages sassen wir zwei zusammen, du am Naehtisch, ich am ewigen Gesudel, die l. E. besuchte eine Freundin, die Maedchen waren in der Schule,— vielleicht hast du es vergessen, ich werde es nie vergessen, denn an jenem Tage hat der liebe Gott mir eine vielgeliebte Mutter geschenkt,—nicht so zwar, wie Er Jahre nachher mir dasselbe Geschenk wiedergab mit noch einem koestlichen dazu. Ja, liebs Mutterle, ich bin Ihm zuerst, von Dem wir alle gute und vollkommene Gabe haben, dann aber dir viel, viel Dank schuldig. — — —

D.

Esslingen, November 3d, 1861.

— May the Lord enable me to wrestle much with Him in prayer for my dear Marie D. Oh that she might indeed taste that the Lord is very, very gracious, that she might know what a happy thing it is to cast oneself as a poor, outdone, unworthy sinner on Jesus and to rest there.

A thought I read the other day in Bogatzky comforted me much, that when the Lord has any special blessing to give to any one, He gives to His child a spirit of prayer, a wrestling spirit, so that we may be sure, when we can with more than usual earnestness plead with the Lord, there are blessings prepared for us, waiting only for the command of the Lord to come down upon us,—nay often already on the way.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

ESSLINGEN, November 9th, 1861.

— — I am very happy and comfortable here. Of course many of the comforts of home I want. Nowhere on the continent, at least very rarely, are the houses so cozy and nice-looking as our dear English homes, but I will value all the more our dear snug housie, when (D. V.) I am privileged to see it again.

My heart so often warms to you, dear Miss S., you know, you are just like my Mamma, and I really don't think I could love a Mamma more, and it is this, that makes me so anxious about you. I know that you can never feel alone because Jesus is with you and oh it is so precious to feel Him with us and yet, Miss S., it seems to me that you must be a little solitary (on account of the death of Mrs. Sandeman.) But the Lord has taken these dear ones to be with Himself, which is far better for them; but we who are left must mourn. But a little time, a little moment more of strife and of combat in this world and then we will join them, never, never to be parted. Don't you think, Miss S., we will recognize our friends in heaven? Oh, I do hope so, I would like *so* much to meet you and Papa there and to *know* you and see dear Mamma again and all those whom I have loved oh *so much* on earth.

I long so much sometimes to be with you, though I often fear you will be disappointed in me and not find me the comfort you would fain hope. You will need to have great patience with me and help me to correct all my faults. I pray every day that I may be prepared for coming home and for the discharge of my duties in a spirit of *meekness* and giving up of my own will. Will you also pray for this? Being at home I know is a very different thing from being among strangers or friends. I rather should say it is more difficult for me. Oh if I could but now come and kneel by your side as

I used to do. With much love, more than a letter could ever carry

Your own, ever your own lassie,

Mia.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

Esslingen, November 23d, 1861.

— I was sorry to learn on opening your letter that Papa had been so unwell and you too, my own dear, dear auntie and you won't wonder when I tell you I feel rather anxious. My heart and thoughts are much with you these days. You won't refuse to receive a lassie's hearty, hearty thanks for your great kindness to her Daddy, oh yes, dearest Miss S., it would be impossible with the hardest heart not to be grateful. I know you don't seek your reward in this world and all that I can give is weak worthless thanks, but perhaps, you won't refuse it.

Oh if you felt, how bitterly I reproach myself for having been so selfish as to stay away from home another year, how I have sought my own gratification and pleasure and left on you all that burden which you so kindly and willingly took whilst I should have been with you helping you. And yet I do think I can say that though there may have been much selfishness mixed in my desires, as indeed there is in every thing I do, yet it was not altogether that. You know how much I love my own dear home and its dear, dear inmates, and how gladly would I have been received once more into their arms, but somehow then I felt my utter incapability to be to them what I earnestly longed and prayed for and then too I was anxious to fit myself to be independent and no burden on dear Papa if in some years he thought of giving up his college duties and I have ever yet in view, that if it is the Lord's will and He leads me to it, that without ever leaving home again —for (D. V.) I would like never to leave you again—

I might find a place where I might give lessons to little girls for several hours during the day and then return to you in the evening. But I do not want to make any plans, I want to follow the Lord's leading and to be ever willing for any position, however humble, He may please to put me in. It seems to me, however, I have done wrong, that my place just now should be at home, but in a month now I will be able to say "this year in six months and then if it be the Lord's will I will be with you." In the meantime, as I am here, I am trying to make the best of my time here. When I told Emma I was almost sorry now I had not gone home, she said: "Oh well, we must just be as busy as we can and learn German quickly and get home the sooner," and that is what I am seeking to do. — — I am also getting some insight into cooking. Mutter, that is Frau Dr. S., whom I love so much and who is so kind to me —indeed I am here just as one of her children - allows me to come, whenever I have time, into the kitchen and see how things are done and put my hand to also, for, she says, one must do a thing oneself before knowing well how it is done.

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

December 16th, 1861.

I see you are looking anxiously to the time of your return home. I am sure that you will not impute what I am going to say, to any less desire on my part to have you with me. I know, however, that, though an elementary knowledge of German is of very easy acquisition, a thorough acquaintance with the language is a matter of considerable difficulty and requires time and practice. I think, therefore, that it would be a pity that you, being in the country, should lose an opportunity such as you may likely never have again, of becoming tout au fait mistress of it.

M. TO E. B.

Esslingen, December 30th, 1861.

— — Don't you just now like to look back on the year, of which only a day now remains to us; it has been one, hasn't it, which we will not easily forget, perhaps one for which we will have cause to be thankful throughout eternity. O yes how very much the Lord has done for us and how ungrateful we have been and still are! and oh what cold, indifferent creatures we are! Don't you often think of that ever memorable week, that Sabbath, that Tuesday evening in petite salle d'étude with M'lle. Sp. and that Wednesday?*)

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

Esslingen, April, 11th, 1862.

— I must confess to you, dear Miss S., that for the last few weeks I have been seized with a peculiar fear and anxiety about coming home. I fear so much you may be disappointed, for oh I see more and more how far I am from being what I ought Monsieur and Mad. Troyon may have been satisfied with me and written you so and E. may do the same, but I am afraid they have not known me right. How often what I have done and what seemed to be self-denying and right, when I examined myself afterwards I have found to have arisen from pride, from a love of the praise of man, and oh how seldom from love to Jesus! And yet this fear I know is also not right and arises, as E. says, from a looking at myself, — there is pride also at the root of it — from a trusting in myself, and I feel I must struggle against it. I must also tell you that I have not got rid of my "Yes, but"—and "No, but" yet, I

*) Dieser Brief enthaelt die einzige Erwaehnung jener Zeit aus M.'s Feder. Ihre Tagebuecher beruehren eigenthuemlicher Weise die ganze Sache mit keinem Worte.

sometimes find myself with "Ja aber"—"Nein aber" on my lips. It is indeed true that old bad habits like strongly rooted weeds are hard, hard to pull up.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

Esslingen, May 10th, 1862.

— — I often feel that I live so much for myself just now and not enough for others, and that often makes me sad. I heard, however, lately such a nice sermon from the text: "Where hast thou gleaned to-day and where wroughtest thou?" Our duty is both to gather for ourselves and to work in the Lord's vineyard. Then the thought came that it was very wrong in me to be thus not content with the position the Lord has given me, that I ought rather to thank Him for this gathering time and pray for strength to improve it, so that it may be employed for His glory.

Nachdem die Sprach-Schwierigkeit einmal ueberwunden war, gestaltete sich ihr Verhaeltniss im Hause zum schoensten, das man sich denken konnte. An die Mutter schloss sie sich mit der ganzen Tiefe und Waerme ihres anhaenglichen Herzens an und den Geschwistern war sie eine traute, liebe Schwester, der man es recht anfuehlen konnte, wie heimisch sie sich in dem gemuethlichen, obwohl engen, schwaebischen Kreise fuehlte. Die Besuche des "Herrn Vicars" von Bittenfeld in dem stillen Gaesschen seiner Heimath, die anfangs in regelmaessig und sorgfaeltig abgemessenen Distanzen nur einmal des Monats statt gefunden hatten, wurden immer haeufiger und am letzten Sonntag des Juli hatte er sogar die unaussprechliche Freude unter seinen Zuhoerern in der Dorfkirche auch M. und E.

zu sehen, die miteinander zu einem Besuch nach Bittenfeld gekommen waren.

Am 12ten August 1862 war das liebliche Esslinger Idyll zu Ende. Die Abschiedsstunde schlug. Und ein schwerer Abschied wars nach al'en Seiten hin. Man hatte sich unaussprechlich lieb gewonnen. Und nun sollte man sich trennen ohne irgend welche Hoffnung auf ein Wiedersehen. Am schwersten trug A. an jenem Abschied. Aber sein Mund schwieg stille von dem was in seinem Herzen war. Was sollte auch draus werden? Es schien ganz und gar hoffnungslos.

Ueber Mainz, Koeln, Antwerpen reiste M. mit ihrem Papa, der auf der Heimreise von Pesth sie in Esslingen abgeholt hatte, nach *London*, wo sie die Weltausstellung jenes Jahrs besuchte, und nach einem mehrtaegigen Aufenthalt daselbst in die schottische Heimath zurueck. "Das war ein schoenes, schoenes Jahr, mir vom l. Gott geschenkt," schrieb sie nach der Ankunft an Fanny Sp.—"nun hat Er mich in die liebe Heimath zurueckgefuehrt. Moege Er mir Kraft und Muth geben fuer alle meine Pflichten hier."

Nach M.'s Abreise litt es A. nimmer in der stillen Vicars-Stube zu Bittenfeld. Der Arzt rieth ihm dringend eine Luft-Veraenderung an und im October desselben Jahrs war er als Hofmeister unterwegs nach dem sonnigen Italien. Ueber Wien und Triest giengs nach Venedig, wo die Wintermonate bis zum Februar des folgenden Jahrs zugebracht wurden. Dann durch Oberitalien ueber Mailand und Genua nach der Riva di Ponente, wo in Mentone Quartier genommen wurde. Das Fruehjahr 1863 wurde am Genfer See, in Vevey,

und in Lichtenthal bei Baden-Baden verlebt, am letztern Orte in mancher koestlichen Stunde mit dem unvergesslichen Dr. Mallet aus Bremen.

M. TO FANNY SP.

January 13th, 1863.

— — I can fully sympathize with you, dear F., in what you say about feeling the want of the deeper, inner life, which you enjoyed in your own dear home. Ah yes, how apt we are to grow cold and worldly, when taken away from those who influence and lead us. I know myself what it is to want a friend to talk to upon these subjects. And yet, when it is so, it must be good for us. Our Heavenly Father may want to bring us to look more directly to Himself, and it is good for us to feel how very weak we are, and if He is teaching us this, let us thank Him and go to Him for strength to fight the good fight of faith and He will give it to us, if we ask Him and He can make us instruments of doing great good to those around us, who love us, not so much by what we *say*, as by our *daily conduct*. Don't you think so? I do remember to pray for you, dear Fanny, and also for him, who is to be your partner in life, that you may be great blessings to one another, and I hope you don't forget your Scotch sister in your prayers.

III.

Sommer-Reise.

1863.

"Perhaps His thoughts towards me are
thoughts of love." M.

III.

Viel frucher als beiderseits erwartet worden war, sollte M. ihren deutschen Freundeskreis in Esslingen wieder sehen. Im Sommer 1863 hatte Dr. Duncan eine Reise nach Boehmen zu machen um die dortigen reformirten Gemeinden zu besuchen, fuer deren Wohlfahrt sich die schottische Frei-Kirche sehr warm interessirte. Auf dieser Reise sollte ihn M. begleiten, und selbst einige Wochen in Karlsbad bleiben, um die Kur zu gebrauchen; der Heimweg sollte dann ueber Muenchen und Stuttgart gehen, mit einigen Rasttagen in Esslingen Die Kunde von diesem ganz unerwarteten Besuch war eine gar freudige Ueberraschung fuer die Lieben in Wuerttemberg A. war eben von Italien zurueckgekehrt und befand sich, als er die Nachricht erhielt, in dem schoenen Lichtenthal bei Baden-Baden, noch in seiner Stellung als Hauslehrer. Es war anfangs seine Absicht dem Wiedersehen mit M. aus dem Wege zu gehen und er suchte ein Engagement, das ihn den Sommer ueber in der Schweiz festgehalten haette. Es sollte aber nicht so sein und nach einem mehrwoechentlichen Besuch in Giessen im lieben Eckstein'schen Hause folgte er einem Ruf in die Vicarstelle nach Groetzingen, nur wenige Stunden von der Heimath entfernt.

Am 18. Juni schifften sich Dr. Duncan und M. in Leith ein und kamen in der Fruehe des 20sten in Ham-

burg an, wo ihnen von Dr. Craig und seiner Familie der freundlichste Empfang bereitet ward. Die Sehenswuerdigkeiten Hamburgs wurden fluechtig besichtigt, die Boerse—"the hum of voices produced a most tremendous noise, more like the roaring of the sea than anything else, certainly very unlike a noise that the human voice could produce"—Altona, Blankensee, Klopstocks Grab, das Rauhe Haus etc.

Am 24sten wurde die Reise nach Berlin fortgesetzt. Der Eindruck, den die jetzige Kaiserstadt auf M. machte war ein sehr guenstiger. Sie fuehlte sich dort gar nicht fremd, "the Prussians are all so polite." Charlottenburg und Potsdam wurden besucht und von christlichen Freunden besonders Pastor Prochnow. Am Sonntag d. 28sten war sie bei Dr. Nitzsch in der Predigt, die sie aber schwer zu verstehen fand. Tags darauf gieng es nach Dresden, dessen Bildergallerie eine ganz besondere Anziehungskraft fuer M. hatte. Nur war die Zeit viel zu kurz fuer einen ordentlichen Genuss dieser Schaetze. Schon am 1. Juli gieng es die Elbe hinauf nach Schandau. Von dort aus statteten sie dem "Pabststein" einen Besuch ab, der im Tagebuch folgender Maasen beschrieben wird:

D.

Teplitz, July 2d, 1863.

Had breakfast a little early and taking a boat crossed to the other side of the water, then up the hill on our way to the Pabststein. What this Pabststein was, however, we scarcely knew. Our landlord told us many travelers went there on account of the fine view. The hill was pretty steep, but Papa proved himself a good

climber and walker. We passed through a mountain village, then through a wood, where we had a good feast of blueberries and then—lost our way. Got up on a hill, speculated if it were the Pabststein or not. Papa seemed inclined to think it was. Certainly I was disappointed,—was this all after our long walk and climb? What were we to do? Seeing an eminence before us, I was determined to gain it and leaving Papa sitting among the heather, I clambered up, lost sight of Papa and of every foot-path and knew not which way to turn. Happily from a height I got a glimpse of Papa and found my way back again, having gained very little except extra fatigue for my trouble. We went on a little way to see. Came upon a party of gipsies, who told us we were going in the wrong direction, pointed to a high precipitous hill before us and told us we must go back, that was the Pabststein, but the road was on the other side. It looked hopeless; we poor, weary, worn-out, heated travelers, how were we ever to gain that height? We had no time to lose in consideration, as we had to be in an hour or two at the station in Kreppin. Arrived at the road which led up, it looked so steep and long; we despaired of being able to accomplish it; we had already walked three or four miles up hill. A woman passing said a quarter of an hour would take us up. "Courage then, Papa," I said, "I will go, if you are too tired, stay for me here." "No, I will go a bit with you." Half way he did manage, but coming to a flight of steps, he could attempt no more and sat down on a bank, while I ran on, saying "Excelsior," and determined to gain the very top And I was rewarded for my trouble. I found myself on an enclosed pinnacle, high above the neighboring hills, with a most glorious view on every side over a great portion of Saxon-Switzerland. Hills and valleys, plains and woods, curious shaped rocks, villages and corn-fields all lay stretched out for many miles on every side. After tak-

ing a moments breath and a glance round on every side, I saw there was here what a German must have everywhere, a refreshment house and garden. I felt thankful to the Germans for it then and quickly ordering a glass of beer to be sent down to my poor, weary, thirsty Papa, I eagerly seized a glass of lemonade for myself. Then round and round into every nook and pinnacle I ran, till the boy returned from Papa with the message I was to go down immediately. Glancing once more on every side, I obeyed the summons, but ere I had gone very far I met Papa trudging up, his beer had refreshed him and a woman had encouraged him to come on. I turned back with him and after enjoying the fine view and air together for some time, we returned to Kreppin, where we had to wait about an hour till our train came. We arrived in Teplitz about 5 P. M., after having had a hard day's work and were very glad to get soon to bed.

Am naechsten Tage (3. Juli) trennten sie sich in Teplitz. Dr. Duncan wandte sich nach den boehmischen Gemeinden, die er zu besuchen hatte, waehrend M. per Post nach Karlsbad reiste, wo sie drei Wochen die Kur gebrauchen sollte. Am 4ten Juli Morgens kam sie nach einer sehr ermuedenden Nachtfahrt dort an. Bald genug stellte sich das Heimweh ein, umso mehr als sie eine Mrs. Le Blanc, an welche sie recommandirt war, in der Liste der Kurgaeste nicht finden konnte. Sie schreibt:

"Feel dreadfully home-sick and lonely, wrote to Papa, but had to take a long cry at every few lines I wrote."

Papas Antwort mag hier ihre Stelle finden.

DR. D. TO M.

I can well sympathize with you in your solitude, which is all the greater and more *ennuyant*, that it is in

the midst of plenty of unknown people. But surely it cannot be long before you form some acquaintances.

Meanwhile seek to be enabled to realize these blessed words: "Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ."

Your loving father.

JOHN DUNCAN.

Der folgende Tag war ein Sonntag. Nachdem sie in der Morgenfruehe die Brunnenkur begonnen, sagt sie:

D.

KARLSBAD, July, 1863.

Felt the time pass very slowly. Did not know how I was ever to be able to spend three weeks here all alone. The home-sickness, I thought, would do me more harm than the cure I was trying would benefit me. Found a little tract in my Bible: "Thou God seest me." This taken not so much as a terror to the wicked, which it also is, but as a great comfort to believers. We may feel all alone, no human being near to sympathize, just as Hagar was in the wilderness, but there is One who sees us, who knows all our troubles, and this little text: "Thou God seest me" was thus sent as a messenger to comfort me. I was enabled to commit all my ways in some small measure of faith to our Heavenly Father, thanking Him for what He had already done for me, brought me to a hotel so near the Doctor I wanted, led me to this comfortable little lodging. His eye is upon me and if He should see it good to leave me here without friends, then there must be a good reason for it and I ought to submit cheerfully. Perhaps in my solitude I am to learn more dependence on Him. Perhaps His thoughts towards me are thoughts of love. Perhaps He will draw me very near to Himself, for oh how far have I wandered away, how cold, how indifferent I have been. Felt happier.

The doctor came between 11 and 12. In talking he mentioned that he had another patient from Dr. Keith, a Mrs. Le Blanc, and that she lived just a step or two further down the hill. How very wonderful the Lord's dealings are! If we were to watch God's providences more, how much more of His wondrous glory and infinite love we would see. I had been brought to a small degree at least of resignation to God's will, should He see it right to leave me friendless here, and now, lo immediately He leads me to one of His own dear children, into whose protection He kindly gives me!

I immediately went to Mrs. Le Blanc, for I felt I could lose no time in seeing her. I felt so happy I had found her out. But she was in church, so taking my Bible I walked among the trees and sat and read a little.

After dinner I took a walk and went to church at 4 o'clock. There I met Mrs. Le Blanc, who was exceedingly kind, and took me at once under her wings. She has arranged that I am to take tea with her every evening, as also dinner, which is sent to her from the hotel. How different I feel now! Of what infinite value a good friend is! Oh that I were more grateful to the Lord for His exceeding great kindness to me! Drank tea with good, kind Mrs. Le Blanc and spent a very happy evening with her.

Von da an flossen die gefuerchteten Tage und Wochen in Karlsbad wenn auch sehr gleichfoermig nach der obigen Ordnung, doch angenehm und rasch dahin. Ein Fackelzug, der dem Koenig von Preussen gebracht wurde und die Abreise desselben brachten ein wenig Abwechslung in die Monotonie des Badelebens mit seinen taeglichen Brunnenglaesern, Promenaden, Posthof-Concerten etc.

Am 27. Juli reiste M. von Karlsbad ab, im altmodischen Eilwagen, und kam frueh Morgens den folgenden Tag in Prag an, wo sie mit Dr. Duncan wieder zusammen traf, der am Abend desselben Tags von seinen boehmischen Kreuz- und Querzuegen zurueckkehrte. Ueber die sonderbaren Erfahrungen, die die Reisenden mit boehmischer Gastfreundschaft zu machen hatten, sagt sie beguetigend: "One can accustom oneself to almost anything."

Mit dem Reisen hat es M. ueberhaupt alle Zeit recht leicht genommen. So wenig als moeglich Ballast, ein frischer, froher Sinn, ein offenes Auge und Ohr fuer Alles, was es zu sehen und zu hoeren gab, Geduld, Ausdauer und zaehe Energie, wo es Schwierigkeiten zu ueberwinden und Widerwaertiges zu ertragen gab,— das war jederzeit ihre Reiseausstattung, mit der sie vortrefflich durchkam. Aus einem Aufsatz "Ten weeks Abroad," den sie nach der Rueckkehr von dieser Reise fuer ihre Schwester Annie zu schreiben begann, moegen hier folgende Reiseregeln eingefuegt werden:

By all means study diligently the language of the country you intend visiting, for knowing it, you will find yourself possessed of a double purse. Remember you are not going for pleasure only, but also to lay in a vast deal of information, and that in a most delightful manner. Do not take with you the notion, as many of the English do, that every thing, which does not come up to your ideas of comfort or decorum must necessarily be wrong or improper, do not suppose that the English are the only civilized people, and be willing for the time not only to leave England behind you, but also many English comforts, they are after all not indispensable, and you will get on very much better, meet

with more politeness and also avoid much extravagance by living in France as the French do, in Germany as the Germans, and so on.

Nach einem kurzen Aufenthalt in Muenchen trafen die lieben Reisenden am 8. August in Esslingen ein. A. hatte eben das Vicariat in Groetzingen uebernommen; fand aber Zeit genug, nicht bloss zum Empfang der sehnlich Erwarteten, sondern auch nachher Tag fuer Tag in der Heimath sich einzufinden, um das Glueck des kurzen Besuches recht mitzugeniessen. Als sich dann die Gaeste nach 14 Tagen wieder verabschiedeten, da war es von Seiten des "Herrn Vicars" ein Abschied auf baldiges Wiedersehen in Schottland! Denn *gerade den Tag vor Dr. Duncans Abreise* hatte A. zu allgemeiner Ueberraschung und ohne irgend eine Anstrengung seiner Seite einen Ruf erhalten, in ein altes schottisches Adelshaus, nicht sehr ferne von Edinburgh, als Hofmeister einzutreten!

Auf dem Heimweg gieng es am ersten Tag nach einem Besuch des Heidelberger Schlosses bis nach Ruedesheim, von da zu Schiff den Rhein hinab nach Coblenz und am dritten Tag nach Rotterdam. Dort hatten die Reisenden den woechentlichen Dampfer nach Leith verfehlt, so dass ihnen Zeit blieb, noch einen kurzen Besuch in Amsterdam und im Haag zu machen. Nach einer sehr stuermischen Fahrt ueber die Nordsee kamen sie am 7ten September wieder gluecklich in Edinburgh an.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

September 11th, 1863.

— And here we are at home again after three months continual wandering, seeing new places and new faces, till both Papa and I got so home-sick, in Amsterdam particularly, that it was really quite ludicrous how we sat down and condoled with one another, pictured to ourselves how delightful it would be to be again in our dear old home, counted the days and even the hours till that time should come and then laughed at one another for our eagerness. It seems to me now almost like a dream that I have been away and that I have visited Esslingen again and seen all my dear friends there once more. You may be sure I enjoyed the fortnight I was there very much indeed. I got such an agreeable surprise in finding Emma there too, which I did not expect, as you know she is in the missionary's daughters' school in Bale, but had got a fortnights vacation, which happened so nicely to be just as we were there.

You ask about A. He is now considerably better, though not very strong and as yet scarcely able for the somewhat strenuous duty of a "Vicar." The day before we left Esslingen a letter came to Mutterle from a German minister who had been requested to look out for a theological student or young minister, who would be willing to go for a year or two to Scotland as tutor in the Duke of Argylls family. He wrote to ask if A. could go. He however was already in a new charge and besides was doubtful of getting leave from the church, without which no minister can continue his connection with the church and leave the country for any lengthened period. Since we left, however, I hear it is most probable that he will obtain this leave and come for a year at least. If he comes, it will be in about a week or a fortnight now. As you seem to take such an interest in him I have given you this lengthened account, which I hope may satisfy you.

IV.

Edinburgh.

September 1863—31. May 1864.

"We must just wait patiently and see what the will of the Lord is." M.

IV.

D.

September 8th, 1863.

Having returned yesterday from a tour of three months with Papa in Germany, Bohemia and Holland, I have formed the resolution to begin afresh a diary and hope to be able to carry it on regularly. I always make so many resolutions and fine plans when away from home, of how much I shall do, read and study when I return and have so much time to myself, but I always find I am apt to settle down to a lazy mood on returning and then it is so difficult to arouse oneself out of this again. I must strive against this and not allow myself time to brood and get into low spirits as I am apt to do when alone here and Papa with one of his depressed turns as he has now. How much I have experienced in the last month, and how solemn and serious a subject I have to take into consideration now. I feel very much perplexed, I must just wait and see what the Lord intends to bring out of it. I must make it a matter of very special prayer.

I began to-day after breakfast to read Dr. Cunningham's book on Church Principles. I feel I ought to strengthen myself in the doctrines of Calvinism as much as possible. I know not what use I may yet have to make of it. But *still more important*, I must study my German Bible more than I have hitherto done, and get passages by heart.

M. TO FANNY.

September 9th, 1863.

I often feel sad and perplexed yet, but I do hope and trust that our Heavenly Father will show us the path of duty very clearly and give us *cheerful* hearts to walk in it, *whatever it may be*, whether *smooth or rough*. You must not forget to pray for me dear F. We must just wait patiently and see what the will of the Lord is, and we must not set our hearts on anything *in this world* too much. Dear Papa has, I am sorry to say, one of his depressed turns just now and therefore it is rather a trying time for me, but I see more and more how much need he has of me. I pray the Lord to spare him long long to me and to enable me to be a comfort to him in his old age.

THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSIONS.

D.

September 9th, 1863.

A good sermon in the afternoon from Dr. Hanna on the words: "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." In the evening I had a long conversation and discussion with Papa, which was begun by his asking me if Dr. Hanna in his sermon on sanctification began with regeneration. I knew well to what the entering on this subject would lead, and felt what I know are cowardly fears; however it did come on and lasted till late in the evening. I know not if I was profited or not by it.

Let me remember with fear and trembling, that a person may be able to speak even beautifully on many delicate points of faith, so as completely to deceive his fellow creatures, but there is One who seeth into the heart and who cannot be deceived. O let me beware of appearing to possess what I do not. May the Lord keep

me from deceiving myself. May He teach me more and more my own ignorance, how very much I have yet to learn, and may I, when listening to dear Papa, do so in a more humble spirit, remembering his much experience and remembering also the honor due from daughter to a father. May I do this whilst I do not believe anything merely because Papa thinks and says so. May I be more willing to make those subjects matters of prayer.

Papa is so easily satisfied and inclined always to think the best of one and overlook their faults. Certainly in my case he does this. The subject of our conversation embraced a wide field: God's sovereignty and electioning grace, the work of regeneration and the principle of faith wrought in a man's heart by the Holy Spirit.

These doctrines, great and glorious in themselves, may be abused. May the Lord himself guide me in the use of them. May there not be times, when it is safer not to think on sovereignty at all, but leave it altogether in God's hands? That *is* the fundamental truth, *God* always begins there. But may not God bring a man to Himself and give him the grace of faith, ere He leads him to the foot-stool of sovereignty? Yea, may he not be led there almost unconsciously to himself? Like the woman, who having heard the gospel preached, was enabled at once to receive and to rest for salvation upon Christ alone, but was much troubled afterwards by some neighbors, who, thinking she had got her peace and joy too speedily and easily, asked her if she was sure she believed, for only those who believed would be saved. The poor woman was at first much perplexed. She thought the Lord Jesus had done it all and she had nothing to do and now, there was this believing. Thus insensibly may the Lord lead souls to Himself Let me however be aware of putting away any of God's truth, and may I be grateful to Him for the means of instruction He has put within my reach.

D.

September 15th, 1863.

Went to the Society in George street for the "Employment of Women," as I was anxious to take some active steps towards getting some hours teaching daily. May I be enabled to commit this matter into the Lord's hands and may I be guided in it.

CHARITIES.

Entered foolishly into a discussion with Papa on his want of wisdom, as I think, in the matter of charities, particularly in reference to this man, whom he has coming about just now. O that I might learn wisdom, that I might have "the meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God a great price." Made Papa very nervous by my urging what seems to me the right view of the question. When shall I learn to be less self-confident of being always in the right and even if I feel right, why do I not learn to yield to dear Papa and be quiet at least? Dear Papa is so lenient and takes so much of the blame to himself. I must watch and pray and strive and be willing even to bear the burden which is brought on me by Papa in this matter. He will certainly receive at the Lord's hand his reward, though cheated and imposed upon by men.

I must not forget to mention one bright spot to-day and that was receiving a nice, kind letter from Mutterle and a note from Fanny. It cheered me up much. My dear, dear Esslingen! dear on account of those there. How shall I thank God enough for raising up such kind friends to me.

BOHEMIAN STUDENTS.

Zwei boehmische Studenten, K. und L., Stipendiaten der schottischen Frei-Kirche, waren in Edinburgh angekommen und fuer ihre Unterkunft an Dr. Duncan

gewiesen. Natuerlich fiel die Sorge fuer dieselben der Professors-Tochter zu, die sich darueber folgender Maasen aeussert:

D.

September 24th, 1863.

I determined, wet as it was, to go in search of lodgings for my Bohemians. Accordingly I set out, it rained in torrents and I waded through streams of water to Cumberland street, and after looking at one or two, found a rather good one, kept by a respectable widow, who has frequently had Free Church students. I could not refrain from smiling when I took a pencil and sat down to sum up what a student would require for lodgings, food, wash, etc., a week. I do feel it rather a burden and also rather a delicate matter for me to do and yet I must—who else will?

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

D.

Edinburgh, October 16th, 1863.

I am afraid we dare not rely too much on any one, and yet how delightful it is to cling to and twine oneself around a congenial spirit, but the more we do this the greater will be the wrench, which must sooner or later come. How dreary to be left all alone, would not life then become a burden? And yet no! If He sees fit to wean us from all earthly affections, which He will not do, unless He sees it to be for our good, yea if we be left solitary and uncared for, as in a wilderness, then may He give us in His great mercy to cling the closer to Himself, however much we may sometimes feel dreary and sad and long for human sympathy,—for this, I am convinced, we will ever do. Did not the Lord of glory Himself in His hour of deepest agony long for sympathy? And methinks it must have increased His

anguish very much, that those whom He loved with a love greater than any man ever had, those for whom He had done so infinitely much and was at that very moment suffering for their sakes, those who should have considered it their highest privilege and honor to watch at such an hour to comfort and sustain the Master, those three especially beloved disciples should have been able to fall asleep at such a time. Verily He and He alone has trod the wine-press alone. If then we ever feel dreary and sad, let us remember what our blessed Saviour, whose humanity was perfect and whose affections therefore must have been peculiarly strong and unmixed with any selfish motives,—let us remember what He went through and how deeply and often His sensitive nature must have been wounded! He sympathizes with us and we may bring all our troubles and griefs to Him, only let our wills be in entire subjection to His, willing to be led His way, however dark and troubled it may seem, seeking to be enabled through all our infirmities and weaknesses to say as our blessed Lord did before us: "Not my will but Thine be done." Alas! how far we are from this spirit! O Lord bestow it upon us!

"DOUBTS."

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

3 Buccleuch Place, October 26th, 1863.

Papa, I am sorry to say, is far from being well. I cannot tell you, dear Maggie, how very trying it is for me to be with him *alone* when he is in this depressed state. It is indeed difficult to comfort the wounded spirit and to hear all the doubts and perplexities of another when you are yourself but too prone to fall into them. There is, no doubt, on the one hand a great danger of supposing that doubts and fears are essential parts of religion as the woman did, who on being questioned by the minister as to her evidences of being in a

gracious state after mentioning several things which she thought were evidences, concluded with, "and then sir come the doots"—and these as part of her evidences. But then there is a sort of doctrine abroad of an easy sort of faith, to be got in a sort of listless fashion, a forgetting that faith is a living active principle and that Christ has said: "Strive or agonize to enter in." There seems to me also a forgetting from whence doubts arise. It is not a doubting of Christ's willingness and power to save us *if we come*, but when we see much sin in us and comparatively few of the fruits of the Spirit, then comes the fear that we are not yet born again and have not truly come to Christ.

It casts quite a gloom over the house and over everything when Papa is this way, and I can assure you I have often a hard, hard struggle to keep down my nervousness. I am glad that, my health being much better, I am able not to succumb under it as I did before.

A.'S ANKUNFT IN SCHOTTLAND.

Gerade einen Monat nachdem M. in Edinburgh angekommen war, verliess A. die schwaebische Heimath, um seine schottische Hofmeisterstelle anzutreten. Sein Weg fuehrte ueber Nuernberg, Hof, Eger, *Karlsbad*, Leipzig, Koeln, London an das Ufer des Clyde, wo er am Abend des 28sten October eintraf. Von Erskine-house, wie spaeter von Roseneath aus machte er wiederholt kurze Besuche in Edinburgh, wie namentlich zu Weihnachten 1863, auch wurde den ganzen Winter hindurch eine lebhafte Correspondenz unterhalten, obwohl mit dem ausdruecklichen Verstaendniss beiderseitiger vollkommner Freiheit. Fast ebenso fleissig wurde zwischen Dr. Duncan und A. correspondirt, natuerlich vorwiegend ueber theologische Themata.

Unter M.'s Briefen an A. aus jener Zeit findet sich das folgende Lied, das sie ihm einmal zur Ermunterung zugesandt und an dem er sich damals und spaeter gar manchmal erquickt hat:

Lead, Saviour, lead amid the encircling gloom
lead Thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home,
lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
the distant scene,—one step enough for me.

It was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
shouldst lead me on;
I loved to chose and see my path, but now
lead Thou me on.
I loved the glare of day and spite of fears
pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me; sure it still
will lead me on
o'er vale and hill, through stream and torrent, till
the night is gone
and with the morn those angels faces smile,
which I had loved long since and lost awhile.

THE TWO COVENANTS.

DR. DUNCAN TO A.

3 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, Dec. 5th, 1863.

Maria tells me that she has referred the presentation of a theological question to me.

Certainly there are only two covenants, viz: The covenant of works and the covenant of grace, and no one can be under both at the same time. The quickening of the dead in trespasses and sins is the bringing from a state of spiritual death to a state of spiritual life, but between life and death there is no intermediate (though life be capable of various degrees of strength.) "He that hath the Son of God hath life, he that hath not the Son shall not see life," etc. He that *had* not,

receives and *hath;* here no intermediate, either having or non-having, receiving or continuing not to have. Justification is an *act* i. e. a judicial act, otherwise the whole Protestant (Lutheran) and Pauline doctrine falls to the ground and must be surrendered to the Romanists. But between justification (the *state* of jus into which we come by the *act*) and condemnation (the previous state of all) there is no state intermediate. "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness and translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." There is not a third or intermediate kingdom lying between that of the God of this world and that of the living and true God.

It is true that in the experienced phenomena of spiritual life, one who "has passed from death unto life" may not be able to state the precise time of the transition, nay may at times be in doubt if it has really taken place. For we are to judge a posteriori, by the fruits of the Spirit. Yet this does not hinder that there was a time when the transition did take place and that this is known to Him "of whom we are in Christ Jesus."

REMOVAL TO DEVANA COTTAGE.

M. TO A.

25 Rankeillor St., Edinburgh, Feb. 20th, 1864.

— The pleasure and joy of my birthday (February 12th) was all over by 10 o'clock in the morning, for only imagine, what an unpleasant piece of news we then got: "That the floors in the flat above us were in a very unsafe condition and might be down upon us at any time"—and then immediately afterwards it began to blow a perfect hurricane. We spent three most unpleasant nights, getting scarcely any sleep, and on Monday we resolved to take lodgings for a week or two, till our new house should be ready.

(On March 21st Devana Cottage was occupied.)

M. TO A.

March 22d, 1864.

— — Mein lieber Bruder, pride needs many a blow, how keenly do I feel this often myself, how deeply painful and galling it is to be in any way slighted. We pray to be made humble and to have pride taken away, but how gladly would we escape those "bitter pills," which are God's medicine to effect the cure. But forgive me writing in this strain to you, I do it only because I know so well by experience what it is. I feel assured that God who has, I firmly believe and trust, guided your steps hitherto, will continue to do so. "Have faith in God," this little text I got a little while ago when considerably cast down and dull about several little things which seemed to be going against me, and it wonderfully cheered and comforted me. — — You may be sure, dear A., that I pray the Lord daily to guide you aright and to show you clearly the path in which you ought to walk.

M. TO A.

April 4th, 1864.

— Our house is beginning to be somewhat in order now, of which I am very glad, for I have had rather more household work to do lately than quite suits my taste,—you know I am "keine gute Hausfrau." I have had almost no time for reading at all, which I have been missing very much; but I hope now to get back to my regular ways again, as Miss S. returned home this evening.

May 5th, 1864.

Having seen a "Missionsfest" advertised in the papers to be held last Sabbath in the "deutsche Kirche," I went there and heard some very interesting accounts of "mein liebes Deutschland," and particularly of Wuerttemberg. My heart warmed almost as much as if I

had been hearing of my own native land, for I do love Germany very, very much.

A.'S TAGEBUCH.

17. Mai 1864.

Nun ists wirklich schon der lezte Abend in Roseneath. Zum guten Schluss hatte ich diesen Nachmittag einen praechtigen Ritt mit Lord Lorne hinauf bis Garelcch Head und ueber den Bergruecken hinueber zu Loch Long. Es war die ganze stille, in ihrem Schweigen so grossartige Hochlandsnatur, die uns umgab. Nur wenige Minuten vom Ende des Sees hinauf und man ist mitten im Hochland drin. Ueberall hin theilen und verzweigen sich die engen, steilen Schluchten, da und dort auf den Bergruecken dazwischen eine aermliche Steinhuettc, mit Stroh gedeckt. Drueben am Loch Long schiens wo moeglich noch stiller und einsamer zu sein. Wir stiegen ab, liessen unsre Pferde grasen, setzten uns am Wegrand und genossen das herrliche Bild, das sich vor unsern Augen ausdehnte.—Um 7 Uhr waren wir wieder wohlbehalten zu Hause. Der Abend verflog vollends rasch am Clavier mit schottischer und schwaebischer Musik. Nun mein Herz ist voll Danks fuer die viele Liebe und Freundlichkeit, die ich hier, namentlich von Lord Lorne genossen. Der treue Gott fuehre mich weiter, wohin Er will.

20. Mai 1864.

Mittwoch den 18ten verliess ich Roseneath. Morgens brachte mir der liebe Lord Lorne noch eine praechtige Auswahl englischer Poesie: Walter Scott, Byron, Milton und Tennyson. Nach 12 Uhr war das Boot fertig. Lord Lorne, Lord George und Mr. Arthur giengen mit hinueber nach Helensburgh—und um 1 Uhr nahm der Zug mich fort. Mein Rueckblick auf die Zeit, die ich in der Argyll'schen Familie verlebte, muss mich mit dem groessten Dank gegen Den erfuellen, der meine

Schritte dahin gelenkt hat. Ausser dem interessanten Bild vom Leben dieser alten, hohen Familie, in welcher eben der Typus des altschottischen *Familien*lebens in einer Art patriarchalischer Liebenswuerdigkeit sich auspraegt bis hinunter zu den alten Gaertnern und Bootsleuten Matthew Bell, Sandy, Chalmers und Duncan Revy,—ausserdem hat mir die Bibliothek des Schlosses und die Freundlichkeit mit der man mir ueberall entgegenkam, einen reichen Schatz eroeffnet, der mein Wissen nach vielen Seiten hin erweitert und namentlich mein Eindringen in schottisches Leben, Fuehlen und Denken erleichtert hat. Fuer immer fuehle ich mich diesen edlen, treuen und feinen Menschen verpflichtet.

Nach dreistuendiger, heisser und staubiger Fahrt rollte ich durch die wohlbekannten Tunnels in den Edinburgher Bahnhof ein. Halb und halb hoffte mein Herz, M. da zu sehen, aber das Getuemmel war zu gross; ich verzichtete und wandte mich nach meinem Gepaeck. — — Aber richtig, da war sie! Wir setzten uns zusammen in ein Cab und fuhren durch die belebten Strassen hinaus nach Devana Cottage, wo ich Papa begruesste.

Wie huebsch dieser neue Wohnsitz meiner Lieben hier ist! Ein einfaches, aber huebsches und bequemes Haus ganz im Styl dieser Englischen Cottages, vorne und hinten ein Stueckchen Garten, wo M. nicht bloss ihre Blumen, sondern auch als tuechtige Hausfrau ihren Kohl und ihre Bohnen ziehen kann; eine liebliche Aussicht von den vorderen Fenstern ueber die sanft aufsteigenden Wiesen hinauf bis zum Kirchthurm des benachbarten Newington! Es ist ganz wie auf dem Lande.

Vom 18ten Mai an durfte nun A. ueber die Zeit der General Assembly 14 Tage lang unter dem gastlichen Dach von Devana Cottage zubringen. Das waren un-

vergessliche Tage mit ihrem Einblick in das so maechtig pulsirende religioese Leben der schottischen Freikirche, mit ihren traulichen Spaziergaengen nach Arthur's Seat, Craigmillar's Castle, etc ,— und mit ihrer schliesslichen Doppel-Entscheidung fuer unsere ganze Zukunft.

Am 23sten Mai naemlich kam der *Brief von Philadelphia* an, der nach wunderlichen Kreuz- und Querfahrten doch schliesslich in Schottlands Hauptstadt seinen Addressaten fand und A. zu der alten Muttergemeinde *nach Philadelphia* rief! Mit freudigem Herzen konnte er an demselben Tage sein Jawort dazu geben. Und gerade acht Tage spaeter, am 31sten Mai, gab ihm M. das ihrige zum Bunde fuers Leben

A.'S TAGEBUCH.

31. Mai 1864.

Gleichwie die volle, blaetterreiche Rose
demuethig sich der Last der Schoenheit beugt,
zur Erde niedersenkt ihr schweres Haupt
und aus dem duftgen Kelch ein Perlentropfen
darnieder faellt, der stumme Zeuge ihres Gluecks:
so zieht auch mir die Last des Gluecks das Haupt zur Erde,
ich wandle schweigend, ernst, wie stille betend, hin
und aus dem Auge tropft der Freude selge Thraene.

Beim Abend-Gottesdienst las M. den 136sten Psalm mit dem immer wiederkehrenden Refrain: "For His mercy endureth forever."

L. OF C.

V.

Brautstand.

Sommer 1864—Fruehjahr 1865.

"It is so sweet and blessed to pray for those we love." M.

V.

Am 2ten Juni schon schlug eine Trennungs-Stunde. Dr. D. und M. bezogen auf einige Wochen ein Sommerquartier in Gourock an der Westkueste; und A. folgte einer freundlichen Einladung in das liebe Pfarrhaus zu Kirkaldy, von wo aus noch mancher interessante Punct der Umgegend besucht wurde—(z. B. St. Andrews, Loch Leven.) Nach Edinburgh zurueckgekehrt bezog A. ein stilles Stuebchen in Brougham Street und wartete dort die weitere Entwicklung der Americanischen Frage ab. Hie und da wurde ein kurzer Streifzug nach der Westkueste unternommen und in Roseneath und Gourock ein Besuch abgestattet, waehrend in Edinburgh, wenn es eine Gelegenheit gab, der dortigen deutschen Gemeinde gepredigt wurde.

Auch Verse wurden gemacht, von denen einige, in specieller Erinnerung an einzelne Data jener schoenen Zeit, hier stehen moegen:

IM BOOTE.

Gourock, 11. Juni 1864.

Frisch tanzt mein Boot auf salziger Fluth,
ich ruder es durch mit froehlichem Muth,
und hinten das Steuer Maria lenkt,
mit sanftem Druck es regend,
bewegend,
wohin ihr Herze nur denkt.

Wohl ward ihr zuerst ein wenig bang
mit mir allein draussen im Wogendrang ;
zum Ufer zurueck sie sorglich sah,
ihr Auge bat halb fragend,
halb zagend :
"Nur nah am Ufer, nur nah !"

Doch bald lernt schaetzen sie meine Kraft,
die ruhig und stetig am Ruder schafft;
sie greift ins Steuer und treibt nun keck,
mit leuchtendem Aug aufschauend,
vertrauend
das Boot vom Ufer hinweg.

Und wenn dann die Woge hoeher steigt,
das Schifflein schwankend sich hebt und neigt,
dann kommt sie in meinen Arm geschwind
und lauschend meinem Liede,
voll Friede,
vergisst sie Welle und Wind.

WAS GEBEN?

21. Juni 1864.

Ich wollt, ich waer ein Koenig,
ein Koenig reich und gross,
um Perlen und Kronen und Schloesser
zu schuetten in deinen Schoos.

Es ist so selig geben,
austheilen nach Herzenslust,
beschenken muss die Liebe,
so gewiss sie lieben musst!

Da wird mir oft so traurig,
beschaemend fast zu Muth:
stets kommen mit leeren Haenden,
weisst nicht, wie weh das thut!

Nein stille! thoericht Graemen!
bin nicht so klein und arm,
hab ich doch noch mein Herze,
so reich, so voll und warm!

So reich und voll von Liebe,
wie's tiefe, blaue Meer,
so gross und weit sich spannend,
wie der Himmel drueber her.

Und drinnen in dem Herzen
ein goldner Fruehlingstag,
ein Singen und ein Klingen,
wie heller Lerchenschlag!

Laesst du dir das gefallen
als einzge, ewge Gab,
mein Herz und meine Lieder,
s' ist Alles, was ich hab!—

ROSEN UND DORNEN.

GOUROCK, 27. Juni 1864.

In kuehler Morgenfruehe,
—noch schlief Maria suess,—
eilt ich hinaus zum Walde,
der an das Doerfchen stiess.

Im Morgenthau die Blumen
sie blickten gar so schoen:
rasch fieng ich an zu pfluecken,
konnt nicht voruebergehn.

So kam ich emsig sammelnd
zum vollen Rosenstrauch,
an Bluethen reich und Knospen,
doch reich an Dornen auch.

Da brach ich erst die Dornen
mit wundem Finger aus,
dann band ich froh die Rosen
zum vollen, duftgen Strauss.

So moecht ich stets, Geliebte,
wenn dich der Schlaf umfaengt,
des Lebens Dornen brechen,
dass ja dich keine kraenkt!

Erwachst du dann: die Bluethen
streut' ich in deinen Schoos,
gern blutend von den Dornen,
wenn dich nur freut' die Ros'.

"MIA."

(Griechisch und Italienisch.)

Lieblich und fein hast in kindlichem Sinn du dich Mia geheissen,
lieblich des Wortes Music; fein ist der doppelte Sinn:
Lange Zeit warst du mir *Mia*, die *Eine*, nach der ich verlangte;
nun, da ichs gluecklich erreicht, *Mia*, die *Meine* du bist.

HUEBEN UND DRUEBEN.

Roseneath-Gourock, 27. Juni 1864.

Du drueben, ich hueben,
so gruessten wir beid
und liesen die Tuecher wehen,
du drueben, ich hueben,
dazwischen der Clyde,
gerad genug breit,
dass Keines das Andre konnt sehen.

Du drueben, ich hueben:—
doch wussten wir beid,
dass Eines das Andre gruesste,
du drueben, ich hueben,
so breit auch der Clyde,
s'war doch eine Freud,
die die bittere Trennung versuesste.

Du hueben, ich drueben,
—mich recht versteh!—
wenn das Schiff mich hinueber getragen,
du hueben, ich drueben,
dazwischen die See,
voll Trennungsweh,
voll Sehnsucht und langem Entsagen.

Du hueben, ich drueben,
doch wenn wir nur beid
uns innig und treu immer lieben,
du hueben, ich drueben,
dann ists kein Leid,
nur kurze Zeit,
Ein Jaehrchen,—so bist du auch drueben!

MINISTERIAL WORK.

M. TO A.

GOUROCK, June, 1864.

Though not present in the little German Church yesterday, I was much with you in spirit and trust that the Lord was with you, strengthening and refreshing your own soul and enabling you to speak a word in season. What you say about the blessed privilege of being a minister of Christ and the holy work, about which you must necessarily be so much occupied, I have myself so often thought and yet I could believe, the very contemplation of those high and holy subjects week after week might become a snare and tend to formality. How utterly impossible is it for any man, whether engaged in the study of the Bible and of divine things or in the ordinary every day business of this life to create or to keep alive one spark of the divine life in him, all must be grace, pure unmerited grace. These have often been my thoughts when inclined almost to envy ministers on account of the spirituality of their occupation.

SOLITUDE.

M. TO A.

GOUROCK, June 16th, 1864.

— You thought you would like so much to be alone and commune with your own thoughts for a season, it seems, however, that you do not find that so pleasant as you expected. I really did not expect you to like it and thought it would be dreary and lonely for you in Mrs. E.'s. I know, I at least always get nervous and in low spirits, if left much alone. We are always much the better off to have some one to talk with over our little disappointments, anxieties and doubts, and they seem to grow so much less when some one shares them with us.

M. TO A.

Rockside-Gourock, June, 1864.

I have often felt I would always like to have some one to cling to and to look up to, some one far my superior in intellect, understanding and still more important, in christian life and experience. Will you be such a one to me and I will be quite contended, if the Lord enables me to cheer and comfort you a little in that arduous and responsible and yet honored and blessed work, which He has given you to do. May your own soul be abundantly watered and blessed and may you have the blessedness of seeing many souls brought to Jesus through your instrumentality,—is my earnest wish and prayer for you.

Am 30sten Juni kehrten Dr. Duncan und M. wieder nach Edinburgh zurueck, wo die wenigen Tage vor A.'s Abreise nach Philadelphia vollends rasch dahin flogen. Am 12ten Juli Abends ½10 verliess er Edinburgh um sich am folgenden Tag in Liverpool auf der "City of Washington" nach New York einzuschiffen.

A.'S ABREISE NACH PHILADELPHIA.

A.'S TAGEBUCH.

An Bord der "City of Washington,"
14. Juli 1864.

Am 12ten Juli Abends betete Papa noch mit uns, nachdem er Epheser 5 gelesen hatte. Bald nach ½9 Uhr machte ich mich auf den Weg. Der Abschied gieng wirklich so leicht, als ich gewuenscht. Es war rasch vorueber und der schwere Druck, der in den letzten Stunden auf meinem Herzen lag, weg. Nach einer langen Warte Halbestunde flog ich um ½10 Uhr aus dem l. Edinburgh hinaus, ich darf sagen, mit von Dank ueberstroemendem Herzen fuer das, was die reiche Gnade Gottes im Lauf der letzten zwei Monate mir

hier erwiesen hatte und mit einem demuethigen Gebet um Seinen Vatersegen zu dem grossen Schritt, den ich thue. — — —

Spaet am Abend des vierzehnten,—schon zitterte der Mond auf der ruhigen Wasserflaeche, die mit rosigem Abendlicht ueberhaucht war, auf den Schiffen fiengen sie ueberall an die Laternen aufzustecken, deren Licht tief, tief ins stille Wasser hinunterhieng,—da giengs zur Bay von Queenstown hinaus. Und hier, wo ich keinen Menschen kannte, sondern Alles, Alles fremd fuer mich war, hier fiel noch einmal die ganze Schwere des Abschieds ueber mich. Es war ja hier mein alter Continent Europa, von dem ich mich endlich trennte. Lange gieng ich in der praechtigen Mondnacht auf dem Verdeck auf und nieder in tiefster Bewegung. Eine Last der widersprechendsten Gefuehle drueckte auf meine Seele. Aber die frische kraeftige Abendbrise, der glaenzend klare Nachthimmel, die wundervolle, spiegelglatte See, auf der der Mond in maechtigen Silberstreifen funkelte, und der helle froehlich blinkende Abendstern, dem unser Bug gerad entgegensteuerte,— das waren Alles zu freundliche Begleiter, als dass meine Stimmung lange haette truebe bleiben koennen. Und dann, M., hast du mir ja in deinem l. Andenken, dem Testamente, den besten Troester mitgegeben, den Zeugen von der Liebe meines Gottes, und —wenn ichs in Einem Athem nennen darf—nun auch deiner Liebe!—In Gottes Namen denn wohl ueber die See! —

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

M. TO A.

July 20th, 1864.

I have been busy reading Cunningham on justification this forenoon. Do you know, I think it is a great mistake to think, that Christians in general should not study such questions more deeply and thoroughly, that that is only for learned men and theologians. Do you

not think that more especially on the doctrine of the atonement and its whole bearing on a sinners justification before God, people speak and act very lightly. If they had deeper views of their utter depravity and guilt and consequent unability to do any good thing, also of God's justice as well as His mercy, it would greatly enhance to them the preciousness of the Saviour and make them more humble and far more grateful.

D.

July 24th, 1864.

How is God to be glorified in the common every day duties of life? Love for a fellow creature will give an impulse to all our actions, we do them for his sake and exercise many things in order the better to aid and be of use to him and also to give him pleasure, sometimes with this view expressly before our minds, but often unconsciously. But alas how little does the love of God and desire for His glory give an impulse to the cares and duties of life!

ONE IN THE FAITH.

M. TO A.

July 30th, 1864.

Oh it would be sad, very sad, to be bound by such tender and holy bonds to one, who was a stranger to Christ and the way of salvation and peace through Him and from whom you know, unless God changed his heart, you must at last be separated for ever. If the Lord spares us, dear A., may He make us helpful one to the other to cling to Christ and to walk in His ways and do His will. I feel it is one so to help me that I need, and if we seek to make this our great aim, the Lord will bless us and make us blessings, and those little differences of nationalities, which I fully expect

we may at times feel, will be as mere nothings, we will be members of one happy redeemed family composed of all nations, traveling together to one country, to one home.

DUTIES IN CONVERSATION.

D.

August 7th, 1864.

I have been led to think that it may be useful to keep a little book as an aid to my memory, which is very defective, in which I may note down any sayings or sentences or pieces of information which may appear to me worth remembering. There is much truth in the saying that we may learn something from every one with whom we come in contact, and if this were our aim, how much less frivolous would conversation be, we should seek to draw out the person in whose society we are thrown to converse on such things as he takes interest in and may have studied. We will thus make ourselves agreeable, for nothing pleases anyone more than an intelligent interested listener and our own minds will become stocked with divers information, we should think no subject beneath our notice.

God's glory should be the chief aim and end of our existence. One great source of God's glory is the salvation of souls. This then we should ever earnestly seek after. We should seek to make ourselves all things to all men, if by any means we may win some to Christ. A man will be all the more ready to hear a word from us about our Lord and Master, if he finds us taking an interest in and conversing with him about his wordly affairs (in so far as those are good and proper and not vain and foolish.) The more intelligent Christians are the wider will their sphere of usefulness be. I am but a poor, weak, nervous creature with so few gracious signs in me that I must often fear I am yet among those without, whose understandings and hearts are

unrenewed and unenlightened and yet—*I may be* one of the Lord's little ones and would at least seek to be one, and I would seek as my duty to improve the talents I may have got, so that if the Lord gives me grace and grants His blessing, I may not bring dishonor upon Him, but may be enabled with all humility and fear, and yet with intelligence to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in me.

FAMILY-LIKENESS.

Under this heading she quotes the following conversation between Miss S. and Mr. B., of Aleppo:

"'Your little boy is very like you.' 'Yes, do you think so, most people think him the least like me of my children.' 'Well people see differently.' 'Yes, it has been beautifully and well remarked, you know: It is strangers who see the many points of resemblance in God's people; they themselves are apt to see and dwell upon their points of difference.'"

PROMISES AND ANSWERS.

Conversation between Dr. Duncan and Mrs. M.

We must not confound prayers with answers, thinking our petition is already granted because we have prayed. The answer is to be waited for in patience, faith and expectation. Promises are like bank notes, they *are not* the silver and the gold, they only promise to give it. Let us not be discouraged if we have long to wait after presenting our bank note, because we are not paid immediately. It is not the Western Bank, our Bank has not failed, cannot fail, the promises are sure. In the exercise of waiting we will naturally think of the Promiser, of His character: He is faithful, He is strong, He is powerful! And the poor soul which may think it has been sent empty away, will thus

have a great blessing in the exercise of faith in the great Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

CREEDS.

D.

August 8th, 1864.

— A Church Creed is a powerful thing. It stamps a man's mind, his thoughts and feelings are all tinged by it. A mighty deep work in the heart, wrought by the Holy Ghost might indeed deliver a man from this thraldom, and yet we see men of whom we can have no doubt that God is their teacher, who, from this stamp of their creed have spoken and written in an unprecise and often contradictory way about divine things. God keeps His own children from going very far wrong. He leads them to His truth in spite of an unorthodox creed—"if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them."—And yet we should have a fear of the poison. If we drink it willingly, knowing it to be poison, God may bring us into great depths and darkness!—My mind is full of many great and perplexing things. Oh that the Lord would teach me and guide me! —

PORT RUSH.

Um die Mitte August gieng M. mit Dr. D. und Miss S. ins Seebad nach Port Rush an der Nordkueste von Irland. In vollen Zuegen genoss sie ihren dortigen Aufenthalt. Die frische, staerkende Seeluft, die haeufigen Ausfluege an der wilden, grossartigen Kueste hin, der Umgang mit dem warmherzigen, geistlich-lebendigen Pastor S., das Alles that ihr ausserordentlich wohl und sie nahm die lieblichsten Erinnerungen an Irland mit sich nach Hause.

In Port Rush erhielt sie die ersten Nachrichten von Philadelphia ueber A.'s Ankunft (am 28. Juli) und ueberaus wohlwollende Aufnahme daselbst.

D.

PORT RUSH, August 19th, 1864.

We (Papa, Miss S., Maggie and Miss A. S. from Tulloch) left for Ireland on Monday. We went first to Glasgow where we met Mr. and Mrs. S., who kindly saw us on board. We had a delightful calm passage over to Belfast, where we arrived early on Tuesday morning. Though riots were going on there, the streets through which we drove looked uncommonly quiet and deserted. We took the train to Port Rush, where we have succeeded in getting very nice lodgings. We bathe in the mornings, take walks before dinner and read, sleep or go out in the afternoon and evening. This is a very pretty sea girt town, built on a peninsula and a delightful sea-bathing place. The air is so delightfully fresh and pure and also so exhilarating that we declare it goes to our heads. We are certainly very merry.

A.'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

M. TO A.

PORT RUSH, August 20th, 1864.

— Well it is worth while after all to be separated for a little while, if it were for nothing but to get such a dear kind letter as yours is. I read the latter half first, for I was so anxious to hear of your arrival and reception in Philadelphia; but all was far above what I could ever have expected or hoped for. Oh A., I do indeed join with you in a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to Him, who has inclined the hearts of all so kindly and warmly towards you. I felt that was the first thing I must do after reading your letter. It is

really wonderful, dear A , how the Lord leads us and prepares Himself the way for you. I have often, often felt this in your dear family. The Lord seems so really to have taken the husbands and fathers place in providing for even the worldly needs of you all. It awes and solemnizes and rebukes me again and again for my faithlessness and cares and anxieties for many things.

I so wish I could come and share your responsibility and cares and happiness with you. I would do, what I could, to cheer you up and to encourage you. Till I can be with you however, I can pray for you, and it is so sweet and blessed to pray for those we love.

As for the being obliged to do many things which we do not think of doing at home, I do not mind that in the very least. It would be quite a pleasant variety even to blacken ones own shoes, and I will learn to be quite expert in those things, and the want of home comforts will be a very good discipline for me. I do not think my happiness is dependent in *the very least* upon such things.

I feel so glad and thankful to God that He is now allowing you to work more directly in His service. Oh may He abundantly bless your labors, both to your own soul and to the flock over whom He has made you overseer. Please always tell me your texts. I like to know the themes on which you have been meditating and which you have been studying.

M. TO A.

Port Rush, Ireland, Sabbath, Sept. 4th, 1864.

My spirit always seems to be drawn very forcibly to you on this, the Lord's day, more than on any other. I seem to be in the large church, seeing you mount the stairs, give out your subject and preach as on the day when I heard you the first time in Bittenfeld. O may the Lord be with you this day; may He be a mouth and wisdom to the speaker and may your own soul be

refreshed and comforted. Do you know, I almost feel sometimes (though perhaps it may be wrong) as if I were sorry that you are so soon to be placed in such a prominent, responsible position. Do you remember saying not long ago, you almost wished God would let you work for His glory in some quiet, retired, humble part of His vineyard. His thoughts are certainly not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways. He knows where to place us and what use He has for us, but humanly speaking, it is a very trying thing for a young man to have such a burden and responsibility laid upon him so soon. But the Lord is mighty. You have not sought this position yourself. He has placed you there and He Himself will be your instructor and guide and will keep you humble and dependent on Him alone.

I know, dear A., that you pray for me. I do not need to ask you to do so, but what I wish you would pray most for is, that the Lord would give me an humble heart, a meek and quiet spirit. Some days I feel so very irritable and proud and so many, many evils arise up in me. I feel so keenly every little slight or imagined unkindness and then my proud, angry heart is stirred up within me, so that lately I have thought, can it be possible at all, that I am a child of God's and these corruptions and evils still so strong, so powerful, so unsubdued? How can we know whether we be Christ's or not, but by a diligent searching of our own hearts to see if there is a work of sanctification going on, if indeed we are crucifying our affections and lusts and bringing forth those blessed fruits of the Spirit mentioned in Gal. v. I often think all is going on well and my sins are becoming weaker, but alas I find out, it is only because they are being allowed a quiet rest. Temptation comes, and oh such little trifling temptations they often are, but pride is wounded and to my great astonishment and consternation and sorrow, the whole mass of evil and corruption bursts out again. Then I think

it was not dead but sleeping. Oh A., I have much, much yet to learn and perhaps I may need much hard discipline and correction before this proud, unsubdued heart of mine is laid low. I tell you all this because I think it will help you better to pray for me.

M. TO A.

September 6th, 1864.

I am not one of those independent persons, who can go calmly on in the path of duty alone and without much sympathy or advice. I cling very much to those I love. I really think if you were to question Papa or Miss S., you would find that I am quite communicative and open enough with them, perhaps only too much for my own comfort sometimes, for I do not always find and cannot expect to find that sympathy which I so long and seek for. I often think it is well that there is no *perfect* sympathy on earth, that our affections may not find their resting-place in the creature, that we may learn to look up more constantly and abidingly to Him, that is the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" and who can sympathize with us because He Himself has a human heart.

M. TO A.

September 15th, 1864.

You must not be discouraged though your churches should gradually become less crowded. Curiosity to hear the new preacher doubtless brings many, and as this novelty wears away, the numbers will in all probability decrease. In the meantime it must be very encouraging and refreshing, as well as very responsible, for you to be addressing every Sabbath such large numbers of immortal souls. Oh may the Holy Ghost give you words in season to speak. In proportion as your own soul is built up and established, you will be able to warn, encourage and build up others. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

D.

September 18th, 1864.

Ten girls in my class this evening. Felt much discouraged by their inattentiveness and carelessness and apparent indifference. O Lord, I am weak, very weak, but oh bless Thine own word to them and awaken them to see their danger out of Christ. May I have grace to plead at the throne of Grace for each one of these dear souls in particular.

M. TO A.

October 9th, 1864.

I believe the great duty of a minister's wife is not so much to be engaged in any public work, but quietly *at home* to comfort and cheer him, who is dear to her and whose heart may often be cast down and his hands heavy.

D.

October 16th, 1864.

If all has gone as expected, A. has been installed today. O gracious Father bless him very, very abundantly, may his own soul be refreshed, may he have a new baptism with the Holy Ghost this day and may his heart burn for Thy glory and for the salvation of souls. O keep him humble.

A'S BIRTHDAY.

M. TO A.

October 29th, 1864.

— You have been much in my thoughts to-day, and among other things I have been glad that this day has augmented your figure, which has now reached the respectable height of 25. You smile, but you know I want to feel myself *very* inferior and little in comparison to my dear husband and the greater the height to which I have to look up, the better. And you know

you agreed with me that the difference in our ages was just little enough. It is almost a pity, I cannot stand awhile and let you advance, – but alas I too am galopping on and a month or two will see me at the great age of 21!—But enough of this badinage! How pleasant it is to think, that if it is God's will, we will traverse life together and grow old together. O that each returning year may see us a year's journey nearer our heavenly home, helping one another onward in that good way!

M. TO A.

November 11th, 1864.

There will be times, dearest A., when you may feel discouraged and desponding, feeling your own weakness, but "he that trusteth in the Lord, shall never be put to shame." It is His work you are doing, and how abundantly and gloriously will He reward His faithful laborers. Yes a minister's, though a very responsible, is indeed a glorious and honorable vocation, and I sometimes thank the Lord, that I am to have the honor of being a helpmate to one of His servants. It is, I think, almost the most honorable position a woman can occupy. Oh that our hearts may burn together with zeal for our Master's glory, that self may be sunk altogether! But for this we must have in the first place *personal* holiness and *humility*. Oh how far short we come in all things, but we must not weary nor despair. If we do not grow weary in watching, praying and fighting, the battle may be long and weary, but how blessed are the promises in Revelation "to him that overcometh!"

I sometimes think I have given you an immense deal of trouble, anxiety, suspense and pain, and that I would like to make up for it a little by giving you as much happiness as I can. I think I am capable of deep affections, my heart does *so* cling and twine itself around those I love and does so long to be loved in return, and

it is this which made it so difficult to think of a separation from those I have loved *so* much and so long.

SENSE OF DUTY.

M. TO A.

November 24th, 1864.

It is really wonderful how when a thing is seen to be clearly right all former difficulties and barriers break down and the mind sees gradually many pleasures and delights in that right way, which before seemed dark and unpleasant. —

Compare to this what her sister Annie (Mrs. Leckie) writes to A. about the same time.

MRS. LECKIE TO A.

St. Thomas, October, 1864.

Speaking of M., she says:—"Hers is no ordinarily affectionate nature, nor are all mental qualities of an inferior order, and she has a *keen sense of duty, whether it may be of a kind disagreeable to her or not;* and an attachment, where she gives her respect and love, will be the means of completing and finishing her character!"

Das strenge *Pflichtgefuehl*, das sich in den obigen Worten von M. ausspricht, war einer der prominentesten Zuege in ihrem Character, der Jedem offenbar werden musste, der mit ihr in naehere Beruehrung kam. Wo sie etwas einmal als Pflicht erkannt hatte, da war die Loosung "*durch!*"—und nicht bloss alle Schwierigkeiten, sondern auch die Unannehmlichkeiten der Sache schienen davor zu schwinden.

Die Sache, um die es sich in den oben mitgetheilten Worten (vom 24. November) handelt, war uebrigens von der Art, dass ihr die Entscheidung, und der Sieg

des Pflichtgefuehls keineswegs leicht wurde. Es war Anfangs A.'s Absicht gewesen, im Fruehjahr oder Sommer 1865 nach Schottland zu kommen, da dann in der Heimath der lieben Braut der ehrwuerdige Vater die Trauung vollziehen sollte. Die Verhaeltnisse, die er in Philadelphia antraf, liessen aber eine so baldige Trennung von der Gemeinde und waere es auch nur auf ein paar Wochen gewesen, als gar nicht rathsam erscheinen. M. musste sich nach und nach an den Gedanken gewoehnen, den ganzen erst gefassten Plan aufzugeben. Sie musste zu dem Entschluss kommen, die Reise allein zu machen und sich in Philadelphia trauen zu lassen. Dagegen hatte sich anfangs ihr Gefuehl maechtig gestraeubt und es war in mehr als einer Hinsicht ein schwerer Entschluss fuer sie. Aber so voellig hat die klare Erkenntniss ihrer Pflicht auch in diesem Fall den Sieg ueber alle widerstrebenden Gefuehle gewonnen, dass sie ganz froh und entschieden darueber schreiben konnte, als eine die an dem Wege der Pflicht nun eitel Freude und Wohlgefallen fand, waehrend sie zuvor allerlei Dunkel und Widerwaertigkeit darin gesehen hatte.

M. TO E. B.

November 22d, 1864.

I am sorry that we cannot manage to have our little prayer-meetings this winter. They always had a reviving, refreshing influence on me. O how constantly we are dragged down to the things of this world, to coldness and indifference! The spark seems sometimes almost out, at least I feel that often. O to be stirred up to more life, more activity, more *striving!* Do let us, dearest E., since we cannot pray *with*, pray *for* one

another, and this will also more closely bind us together. We had a very precious sermon from Mr. M. Stuart from the words: "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb!"

M. TO A.

December 11th, 1864.

— You are quite right in your guess about my present occupation and my not having so much time for reading as I used to have. I sometimes miss my books very much and have to deny myself often for I dare say you know sewing is no very great favorite of mine. However, I always like to have one hours reading of some good substantial sound book every morning before beginning other matters. I have nearly got through Dr. Cunningham's four volumes of theology, but I have often (when I found the food a little too strong and difficult to digest) laid them aside for a little and taken something else.

M. TO A.

December 29th, 1864.

I often fear I live too much in the future just now, anxieties and hopes about my future life and prospects occupy my mind too much. How humiliating it is to look back and see all the Lord has been doing for us and bearing with us and how dead and cold and ungrateful we are. You know the hymn, it is a great favorite of mine:

O for a closer walk with God, a calm and heavenly frame!

And there is one verse of it:

The dearest idol I have known, whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne and worship only Thee,
So shall my walk be close with God, calm and serene my frame,
So purer light shall mark the road, that leads me to the Lamb.

— May the Lord give us grace to devote ourselves

anew to *Him* and to *His* service in this New Year 1865, which is likely to be a most important and momentous one for both of us.

D.

December 31st, 1864.

The old year is silently and swiftly gliding away. We will soon see his face no more. It is now past eleven and he is bidding us farewell. How laded he goes, bearing with him a load of days, hours and minutes! He goes to give in his account of those who have been making use of him, of those who have despised and neglected him. The Master sent him with calls and messages to many; he has safely delivered them, but alas he has to return to Him who sent him, to bear witness how vain has been his commission to the many. A few see him depart with deep regret and will ever hold his memory dear, for he has been to them a messenger of good tidings and glad news. They have recognized a Father's hand in the dispensations of the past year and many a weary, restless one has found rest, where rest alone is to be found. Ripe sheaves have been gathered in and careless ones summoned to appear before their Judge.

A parting look the old year is now taking of many to whom his calls have been loud and frequent, if peradventure a sight of his departing wrinkled face may arouse them from their fatal sleep; but alas, he finds them eating and drinking, making merry, ready to welcome his young successor, hoping, anticipating, that he will come laden with many pleasures and honors to them. The old man turns away sadly from such, the place of merriment is no place for him. He remembers the reception he too got there a year ago; but he has received no grateful homage from them to carry back to Him, who has crowned the year with His benefits. Into one and another chamber he enters; some weep

over and regret him, and yet none would wish to retain him.

And what account bears he with him from me? He has borne me several important messages. He has spoken to me of the love and forbearance of the Lord. 1864 must ever remain deeply fixed on my mind, for in it a most important decision for my future life was taken. And yet I part with him willingly; I too have many expectations from his youthful successor. I have long been hoping for his speedy arrival in the midst of us. And yet, he brings me a sealed packet, gradually to be unfolded as the Master bids. What is in it? I know not.

Lord help me to begin the new year in Thy name. Oh go with me! Prepare me for what Thou hast prepared for me. May all things work together for good unto me.

Das "versiegelte Packet," von dem sie in der Neujahrsnacht geschrieben, brachte in den ersten Tagen des neuen Jahrs als erste Gabe—eine schmerzliche Todesnachricht von St. Thomas. Dort war Maria's Schwester Annie (Mrs. Leckie) am 6ten December nach kurzem Unwohlsein in Folge eines Blutsturzes in ihrem 27sten Jahre gestorben.

DEATH OF MRS. LECKIE.

M. TO A.

January 4th, 1865.

You know, dear A., how much I loved Annie and how truly and kindly she has always acted the part of an elder sister to me. The blank is great. I can scarcely realize it yet, it just seems like a sad, sad dream and then she not being here, the blank is felt less at first. I just feel stunned. I cannot believe it. But

in telling you of my great grief it would scarcely be right of me to omit the other feeling, which has been strongly felt in this sore trial. How wonderful are the Lord's dealings and ways, how marvellous His loving kindness, such has been my language. Oh, A., when I think of what this trial would have been to me, if I had not had you, I cannot but give thanks to the Lord. He has taken a beloved one away, but not before He has given me a heart in which I have the sweet feeling that I am loved and cherished. I have few very near relatives, but I think, the Lord must have seen that I am too poor weak a creature to face this cold world alone, to go out alone unprotected into it and He has in His infinite goodness provided a little corner for me, an arm which will shelter and protect me.

Though we sorrow much for our own loss, we have the sweet and blessed consolation of knowing that our loss is her gain, that she has gone to join the blessed company of the ransomed above and is waiting there with those dear ones gone before to welcome us there. How much more *homelike* it makes heaven to have beloved ones there! O that we may be prepared to join them when the summons comes for us. It makes one feel how little there is between any one of us and death, for how little warning Annie had! On one side it makes me long to go too, but, I must confess, life has strong attractions for me now.—This is, I think, natural in our circumstances, but still I must pray to be kept from setting my heart *too* much on any one here below; and to a certain extent my thoughts and heart are drawn heavenward just now. Oh to be ready, always ready, for we know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man shall come!

Papa is feeling this blow much, though he does not say much. It evidently recalls many memories of younger days and earlier bereavements. "One more tie to earth gone," he says: "I have now two wives and

two children in heaven." And his only remaining lassie is going to leave him, it seems hard, does'nt it?

M. TO A.

January 13th, 1865.

I still cannot realize, that she, whom I loved so dearly and who loved me, is gone from amongst us. Oh this *is* a world of separation and grief. That will indeed be joyful when we "meet to part no more." What need we have, to be stirred up, to remember more that this is not our home, that we are only "pilgrims and strangers" here below! O how apt we are to forget this, to settle down, to live at our ease, to promise to ourselves a long, happy life! O the castles in the air we build and then the Lord cometh suddenly in our midst and with one affliction after the other, one bereavement after the other, teaches us the lesson, which we are *so* unwilling to learn, which we are always forgetting.

THE GERMAN METHOD OF CONFIRMATION.

M. TO A.

February 2d, 1865.

— I sincerely sympathize with you in your difficulties about the *Confirmanden*. The German method of Confirmation has, it is true, many points, which I cannot quite approve of. But I have always thought the instruction received then by so many children an invaluable blessing, so much so, that I have often thought it covers many of the blemishes of the ceremony. Our young people as a whole have no such opportunity for Bible instruction. Those young people who are desirous of becoming members of the Church, have to attend, it is true, for some weeks their minister's class and each individually see and speak with him, but the large mass of our young people are, I think, sadly neglected. Some are gathered in Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes, but many have no such opportunities.

Therefore I admire and appreciate greatly the instruction which your Church provides for its young people. At the same time I quite understand that you should feel the responsibility of giving instruction to 120 young people and dealing with each one separately. May the Lord give you wisdom and strength to be *faithful* in the discharge of this difficult duty. You may be sure I will remember and pray for you and for those souls committed to your charge.

M. TO E. B.

February 13th, 1865.

— — What a world this is, dearest E., of joys and sorrows, vales and mountains! Little did I think when I was enjoying your society such a short time ago that I was so soon to be called to mourn the death of a beloved sister. God sends affliction to modify our joys and remind us that this is not our home, that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth. I have a friend less on earth, one more, I firmly believe, in heaven. We feel much for the dear wee motherless infants, too young to know their great loss.

M.'S DEPARTURE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Am 22sten April 1865 schiffte sich M. auf dem Cunard-Dampfer "Scotia" (Liverpool—New York) ein. Ueber ihre Abreise schreibt Miss Robertson, die sie von Edinburgh nach Liverpool begleitete:

I have been remembering since her death the night of my departure with her to Liverpool in April, 1865. Emma, Miss Sandeman and some others were seeing her off, and when the window was closed and the train about to start, she said through the glass in a comical way: "*I am in for it now.*"

She said to me on the journey:

"*Will you go over often and see Papa?*"

Das war die letzte Sorge, der letzte Auftrag von der scheidenden Tochter an die treue Freundin und Verehrerin des einsamen, alten Vaters.

Am 2ten Mai kam sie nach einer raschen und gluecklichen Seereise in New York und am Abend desselben Tages in Philadelphia an.

M. TO E. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Summer, 1865.

I had a most delightful voyage and met with great kindness and attention from both ladies and gentlemen on board, so that I did not feel at all lonely. On the morning of the tenth day Yankee land was in sight and the pilot, who being the first messenger to us from the outer world—from which we had been separated and been living in a little world of our own for nine days—was most warmly welcomed, brought us the astounding news of President Lincoln's assassination. In Queenstown we had heard of the surrender of the South and were expecting to arrive in the midst of all the rejoicings and festivities, instead of which the nation was mourning, the town of New York was dipped in black, flags which had been hung out in token of rejoicing were bound with a crape knot, everything looked melancholy and sad.

The harbor of New York is very beautiful and you can imagine my heart beat pit and pat as we slowly sailed up to the landing-place early in a beautiful sunny morning, for this new land was to be my future home, —would I ever leave it again to retrace my steps to my native land? One sad longing look I cast behind me in the direction of Scotias loved shores, thinking of dear ones left behind and then a hopeful, joyful look towards those green shores and hills where one who was

to be dearer and nearer to me than they all was waiting to welcome me. But even here a dark foreboding thought arose, would he be there? Our vessel had had an unusually quick trip and in Philadelphia they would not know of its arrival. Now we got into the little steamer which quickly bore us to the pier. Husbands, wives, brothers, children, friends standing there with eager faces directed towards us, anxious to pick out the well-known face. And no less anxious eyes from those on board the little steamer strained towards that crowd of eager ones: "Yes, there he is!—There's my husband!—Look, there's John!—There's my son!" In a little corner sat a doleful damsel forgotten in this happy moment of meeting by those who had been kind to her. Her eye could distinguish no well-known face; all were strange and the feeling of a stranger in a strange land forced the tears into her eyes. But no, there is a face I ought to know, true not the expected looked for one, but still at this moment scarcely less welcome. We step out and Dr. McR., doctor on board the "Persia," then lying at New York, welcomes me on my safe arrival in the New Continent. In a quarter of an hour some one rushes up behind me: "Gruess Gott Maria!" "Gruess Gott Adolph!" Poor fellow, he had suffered as much as I did. An inhuman gate-keeper, who certainly cannot himself have been in love, absolutely refused him entrance to the wharf without a card of admittance, which, as he had just arrived from Philadelphia, he had not time to procure. At last his bowels of compassion seemed to have been moved towards A. and he let him slip in. In an hour or two we were moving rapidly along to the Quaker City, where I was kindly welcomed by the K. family.

VI.

Eintritt in den Ehestand.

1865—1868.

"I am in for it now." M.

VI.

DR. DUNCAN TO A.

EDINBURGH, April 20th, 1865.

MY VERY DEAR ADOLPH!—The most precious jewel which I now possess on earth, I now send, committing her to your tender care, and to the tender mercies of Him, to whom she belongs more than to either of us.

I feel this to be one of those occasions, in which, when there is mutual understanding and sympathy, it is better to leave the friends heart to divine what one would fain wish to say, than to attempt to give it what is sure to be most inadequate expression. Maria will speak for me. — —

And now (supposing this bit to be read with your hands joined together) may the God of all grace bless you both individually and conjoinedly and make you a blessing to one another and to the Church of God; may He "cause all grace to abound towards you so that having all sufficiency in all things, you may abound in every good work;" may it please Him to spare you long together and may we in His good time be gathered together into His eternal kingdom and glory.

Vale! *Χαῖρε*! Yours with warmest paternal affection,

J. D.

In Philadelphia fand M. die liebreichste Aufnahme in dem gastlichen Hause von Dr. Koch, mit dessen einziger Tochter, (spaeter Mrs. Bigler) sie einen innigen Freundschaftsbund fuers Leben geschlossen hat. Rasch eilte die erste Maiwoche dahin unter vielen Gaengen

und Arbeiten zur Einrichtung des neuen Hausstands. Am Abend des 8ten Mai wurden M. und A. in Dr. K.'s Hause vor wenigen Zeugen von A.'s Collegen und Freunde, dem Ehrw. Dr. W. J. Mann getraut.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

May 6th, 1865.

— Well, in two days now, if it is the Lord's will, I will be a wife. Oh it does seem so strange, I cannot realize it. I feel and see that mine will be in many respects a difficult and responsible position, and yet, I think, with God's blessing, a happy one. I feel wonderfully calm and composed and far happier than I expected to be. I will have a wide field for usefulness if I get grace to improve it. I do feel sometimes frightened and wonder how I am to fill that place, but if the Lord has called me to it, surely He will give me the necessary grace. You must pray for me, for us very, very much. I am happy but feel solemnized. Who am I Lord, that Thou shouldst send me?

M. TO E. B.

Summer, 1865.

On the evening of the 8th (May) we were quietly married at Dr. Koch's house and on the following morning set out for Niagara. Mary Koch, whom I like very much and who is herself to be married shortly to a Professor, was my only bridesmaid. I missed you and all other kind dear home friends.

TRAU-REDE VON REV. DR. MANN.

Theuerste Verlobte!—So ist denn die liebe und lang ersehnte Stunde gekommen, welche zwei Herzen zu einem Bunde der Liebe und Treue vereinen soll, zu einem Bunde, der ich darf es sagen, ueber die kurze

Spanne der Zeit hinausreicht und auf ein ewiges Leben zielt, weil er in Gott, im Ewigen geschlossen ist.

Wir, die wir Zeugen Eures Gluecks in dieser Stunde zu sein uns selbst gluecklich schaetzen, treten Euch mit den herzlichsten Wuenschen entgegen. Und wir, die Wenigen, sind heute nur die Stellvertreter der Vielen, die um uns her an Eurem Gluecke Theil nehmen. Andre moechten wir heute herbeiwuenschen an unsre Stelle, als die wuerdiger, geeigneter waeren, die Feier dieses Tages durch ihre Gegenwart zu erhoehen. Aber im Geist sind sie bei Euch und freuen sich mit Euch, — ein ehrwuerdiger Vater, eine treu liebende Mutter; und sie senden ihr Gebet fuer Euch empor zu dem Gott, der segnen kann und segnen will und von welchem allein kommt jede gute Gabe und jede vollkommene Gabe. Und steht nicht ein Vater und eine Mutter dort oben am Throne und schauen sie nicht aus dem seligen, ewigen Vaterhause segnend heute auf Euch herab? Und die andern alle wuensche ich her, die lieben Geschwister und die Verwandten und die Freunde aus Nord und Sued, dass sie sich mit Euch, mit uns heute freuen und froehlich sein moechten an diesem Tage, den Euch der Herr gemacht.

Und was soll ich sagen, dass wir Euch Glueck wuenschen? Nein, dessen bedarf es nicht. Nur Antheil duerfen, wollen wir nehmen an dem Glueck, das euch nicht erst zu wuenschen, nein schon bescheert ist. Mit Euch danken wir dem Gott, der Wunder thut, dass Er Euch so wunderbar geleitet und Euch auf seltenen Pfaden in dieser neuen Welt zusammengefuehrt hat. Stand doch die Wiege des Einen draussen auf der herrlichen weltherrschenden, von Wogen umrauschten Insel im Meere; die des andern zwischen den rebenumschlungenen Huegeln im milden Sonnenglanze, der unsrem alten, lieben Vaterlande leuchtet. Redete doch Jedes in der Kindheit Tagen *seine* Sprache. Aber es gibt eine Sprache der Herzen, die aller Menschenrede

spottet, Euch verstaendlich, weil sie die Sprache der Liebe, der liebsten Himmelstochter ist.

Und in sie weihte der Gott der Liebe selbst Euch ein und mit innigem Dank Eurer Herzen lerntet Ihr Ihn Vater nennen und in der kindlichen Liebe zu Ihm ward Eure Liebe geheiligt. Das ist der Grund, der felsenfeste Grund Eures Gluecks in dem Bunde, dem dieser Tag die Weihe gibt, dass Ihr Euch in Gott zusammenfindet, dass Ihr Euren Lebensweg anseht als Sein wunderbares Fuehren, dass ihr vertrauensvoll Hand in Hand vorwaerts gehet, weil eins zum andern sagen kann: "Dein Gott ist mein Gott, dein Volk ist mein Volk, wo du hingehest, da gehe ich auch hin, wo du bleibest, da bleibe ich auch." Das ist die goettlich versiegelte Buergschaft des Gluecks Eurer Herzen heute und an jedem neuen Tage—und moege Gott Euch viele tausende solcher Lichttage schenken!—dass Ihr wisset, alle Liebe der Menschenherzen nimmt ihre Weihe, nimmt ihre tiefste Wahrheit, ihre beste Kraft und Bewaehrung aus dem Gottesherzen, das uns geliebet hat, aus der Liebe, die den Sohn in die Welt sandte, um uns zum Bund und zum Hochzeitsmahle der Ewigkeit einzuladen.

So sei denn Gott mit Euch und sei mit Allen die Ihr liebet, mit Allen, die Euch lieben! Er gehe mit Euch in den Ernst des Lebens; Er heilige Euch zu Seinem Dienst und hoere Euer Geloebniss: Ich und mein Haus wollen dem Herrn dienen! Er helfe tragen jede Last und schaffe Licht in jedes Dunkel! Sein Geheimniss stehe ueber Eurem Hause und freundlich leuchte Euch Seine Gnadensonne durch alle Pfade, ueber alle Hoehen und Tiefen des Lebens! Er lasse Euch vereint bis in des Alters Tage und Euch geschehe nach seinem Wort: "Die auf den Herrn harren, kriegen neue Kraft, dass sie laufen und nicht matt werden, dass sie wandeln und nicht muede werden!"

Und kommt einst der Abend des Lebens, dann er-

fuelle sich seine Verheissung: Um den Abend wirds helle, ja ewig helle und ganz licht werden!

Die Hochzeits-Reise gieng ueber Williamsport und Buffalo nach dem Niagara-Fall, Albany, West Point, den Hudson hinab nach New York. Am 16ten Mai kehrten die Neuvermaehlten nach Philadelphia in ihr eigenes Haus zurueck, um nun im Ernst in die Pflichten und Aufgaben ihres neuen Standes einzutreten.

M. TO E. B.

We enjoyed our trip exceedingly. I shall not try to describe Niagara, it is too grand, too awful for description, in presence of the mighty giant one feels his own littleness and insignificance. In going we traveled through the State of Pennsylvania and returned through the State of New York. The scenery on the Hudson, which we sailed down to New York, is sweet and pretty, resembling the Rhine, but not so grand, the old castles, one of the great beauties of the Rhine, being wanting. In the City of New York we remained two days and had pleasant drives through Central Park, the Hyde Park of New York, and Greenwood Cemetery, said to be the finest in the world.

Philadelphia is a flat, monotonous city. If you have seen one street, you have seen them all. The trees on both sides of the streets give it a pretty fresh green aspect. The houses are of brick with white shutters outside and beautiful white marble steps. The eye looks in vain for any hill or elevation, all is flat, terribly flat, and yet for the kind of city, one must confess, it is fine, —

KIRCHLICHE FESTE.

(Church Festivals.)

D.

June 4th, 1865, (Pfingstsonntag.)

— My mind was naturally called to the subject of the Holy Spirit and His work in the soul and I felt it good that a particular subject be brought before the mind on a particular Sunday (this being Pfingstsonntag) as it helps considerably to concentration of thought and gives a special request to a throne of grace.

I felt influenced in favor of Church Festivals. May I not be so prejudiced as to shut my eyes to what may be good and right in other Churches beside my own. Still there is a use and purpose in one Church at least disregarding those days and keeping strictly to God's command alone: Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. —

In diesem Stuecke hat sich M. spaeter immer mehr ins alte schoene Kirchenjahr hineingelebt. Seine Festzeiten, Weihnachten, Passion, Ostern und Pfingsten wurden ihr lieb und werth und sie machte kein Hehl daraus, dass sie einen besonderen Segen darin fand. Ganz besonders hat sie Weihnachten und Ostern im Kinderkreise zu Haus und in der Kirche genossen, wie sie denn auch die alt-kirchliche Gottesdienstordnung, die ihr ja von Hause aus ganz fremd war, immer mehr schaetzen lernte.

HOME SICKNESS.

M. TO M. S.

June 2d, 1865.

— My heart was cheered this morning (if it needs cheering) by the arrival of three Daily Reviews containing accounts of the Assembly-meetings. I have not yet had time to read them, but it was with a pecu-

liar sense of pleasure, almost enthusiasm, that I glanced at the well-known names and could not help exclaiming, rather, I expect, to A.'s amusement: "Well, after all, what country is at all equal to my own dear fatherland, what Church like the noble Free Kirk of Scotland?"

M. TO A.

(During his first absence at the meeting of Synod at Easton.)

June, 1865.

I made myself quite home-sick this afternoon lying in the study devouring my Daily Reviews (containing the account of the General Assembly's proceedings.) One speech by Dr. Cairns from Australia quite overcame me. "After twelve years' absence," he says, "Scotland is dearer to me than ever. I love her better, I love her in every feature and in every aspect, I love her beautiful scenery, her mountains and streams, her mists and her winter torrents, her wimpling burnies and her bonnie Highland lochs. Dear to me are her quiet glens and her heathery braes. Dear to me her strange eventful romantic stories. But dear to me as these all are, beyond expression dear also is the memory of all her noble army of martyrs and confessors from Hamilton, from him of the lion heart and the eagle eye, down through the noble and illustrious succession of sons of God, of whom this world was not worthy, to him of many sons, the brightest and fairest of them all, the great champion of righteousness, goodness and truth, that tongue of fire, the old man eloquent, the benignant, gracious, kindly, incomparable Chalmers.

Oh why left I my home?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh why left I the land,
where my forefathers sleep?

I sigh for Scotia's shore
and I gaze across the sea,
but I canna get a glimpse
of my ain countrie."

But here I quite broke down and had to shut my paper and you will not thank me for filling my letter with such a home-sick extract. And yet I would not wish, I could not be there now without *you*. Strong as is my love to my "ain dear countrie" and to the "auld folks at home," there burns a still stronger love now in my heart, which enables me to say "whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, thy God my God, where thou diest, will I die and there will I be buried, the Lord do so to me and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

D.

June 12th, 1865.

To-day A. left for Synod. I feel very lonely. Lord bless this time of solitude to me. O may I seek Thee and find Thee now, O Lord hide not Thy face from me, Oh give me grace to wait on Thee.

D.

June 13th, 1865.

I have not felt so home-sick to-day. Saw reason to thank the Lord very much for this quiet time. Oh for grace to improve it!

D.

June 14th, 1865.

A. seems well and in good spirits. I firmly believe a wise Providence has overruled this time of separation for good to us both. A. will be strengthened, interested and encouraged in his work and I have time for reflection and repentance. Oh may the Lord give us much strength and grace to live together for His glory, to help one another onwards and upwards.

D.

June 19th, 1865.

Felt forcibly to-day, what a terrible responsibility a minister's wife has and I very particularly. If the minister is not growing in grace himself, is not being taught by the Spirit, is not getting a blessing for his own soul, how can a blessing be expected to follow his labors. May he not rather be the hinderer of the blessing which God is so willing to send down, and will not God require those lost souls at his hands? How dreadful the responsibility; may not I, do not I hinder and cast a stumbling block in A.'s way? Am I such a blessing to him, as with God's help I might be? These are solemn questions. O Lord help me to prove myself. Have felt in those last days some enlargement in prayer, some degrees in earnestness, some longings of soul after Him, who is "chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely." But with what am I to prove myself? Not by a few occasional tears or natural emotion, for I should (whilst not forgetting to thank the Lord for those stirrings and desires) ever remember how prone we are to deceive ourselves! No it is not sufficient to spent a few minutes in prayer, it may even *seem* earnest prayer and shed a few tears. Am I bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit? Is God answering my prayer? If it is prayer, He will answer it. Am I waiting continually on Him for the answer? Am I willing that He should answer it according to the good pleasure of His will? Am I willing to have the flesh crucified? to deny myself? to be humbled, to be sober, to be vigilant? Am I redeeming the time? living as one who is hastening on to eternity?—O Lord have mercy on me a poor, weak, unworthy sinner! May Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness. O Lord, give me faith, strong, unwavering and yet simple, childlike faith!

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

July 6th, 1865.

MY DEAR MARIE!—I was much interested in various ways by your last letter. Your account of the state of German society in Philadelphia is precisely such as I anticipated. But in your intercourse with it, you must seek rather to give than to get. Now, on the whole, I think on this point, your judgment and wish will accord with mine. But remember, dear, the constitutional fault of your character. You do wish, I am sure, to do to others all the good you can, but then you wish to force it upon them in your own way and this is taken as pride of superiority and there is too much of this may-be *very latently* at the bottom.) Love, gentleness, condescension, (so real as to act without showing itself as such) patience,—these things seek as *graces*, and aim to practice as *duties*, ultimately they will become *pleasures*.

About home-sickness—there are elements in it which I would fain see preserved, but also others, which I would wish removed. But into this analysis I cannot enter now. Only remember ever (I know you will) auld Scotia and her Kirk and study not only contentment with your lot, but gratitude for your many great mercies. Amongst these the increase of mutual conjugal affection has no mean place.

I would have wished to send you some verses on your marriage, but all I can make out for an epithalamium is one poor verse:

> By a sweet tie together bound
> which nought save death can sever;
> to Christ—in Him together—joined,
> that bond endures for ever.—

D.

July 9th, 1865.

I could not help thinking how much of that, which I consider almost indispensable and at any rate nearest

to the right and biblical manner of worship and church government and discipline arises from the force of habit and the fixed idea, that all in my church must necessarily be the truest, best and most biblical, instead of my mind and judgment being formed from a study of the truth for myself. "We do so at home" is generally all I require to the fixing of an opinion or the satisfying of conscience. What a poor argument this is with others of different creeds! Oh that I were able instead of pointing to the rule and practice of my church, in the first place to point to the written word of God, which we all profess to take for our rule and guide! —

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

Summer, 1865.

— You often think of Devana Cottage, but I cannot fancy to myself your dwelling. I can think of the "Esquimaux"*) and I some times do and smile. Could you not favor me with a sketch, however rude, of the room in which you sit by yourself and of that where you are with A.? Also you might send us some views of Philadelphia, for I am sure that go-a-head Jonathan cannot be behind us in that respect. I would like Philadelphia to be to me something more than a name or an abstract idea, a place that I could, in imagination at least, walk about and when tired, step in and enjoy a rest and a crack in.

EMMA'S ANKUNFT IN PHILADELPHIA.

Am 16ten August 1865 wurde der kleine haeusliche Kreis in Philadelphia durch die Ankunft der lieben Schwester Emma vermehrt, durch deren Eintritt manche neue Freude, aber auch manche neue Aufgabe erwuchs.

*) An allusion to a sketch, which had been sent to Dr. D., representing A. and M. in waterproof-overalls at Niagara Falls, looking very much like "Esquimaux."

Sechs Jahre lang hat sie in treuster Liebe und Aufopferung Freud und Leid mit uns im Hause und im Gemeindeleben getheilt und ist besonders auch der l. M. eine wahre Herzensfreundin und Schwester gewesen und den Kindern eine zweite Mutter.

WORK IN ZION'S CONGREGATION.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

Sepember 5th, 1865.

— We are all getting along nicely together and are quite a happy little family. It is such a comfort for me to have Emma to speak with and consult about matters.—E. and I have begun a little working society of girls. We have taken for our object to try and support an orphan child at an orphan home near Philadelphia, but our principal aim is in this way to get at some of the young people and try to do them some good. We begin our meeting by reading a chapter and prayer. I read aloud something which I have looked over before and then we talk together a little about it I often feel so helpless here and yet there is such a large field of labor. Will you, dear Miss S., remember our little Thursday meeting that the Lord would bless this feeble work undertaken in His name. What Papa says about trying to get hold of the young is very true, but also has many difficulties and here particularly one requires to act with great wisdom and prudence.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

D.

October 17th, 1865.

— In the evening we spoke about women, their position and education. E. thought fashions altogether sinful and that out of a hundred ninety-nine girls had their minds mostly and chiefly occupied with dress.

I contended that I knew instances where men were fully as vain about their dress as women, but allowed, that as a general rule, women occupied themselves with small and paltry things. Was this in the nature of women? I contended that it was not necessarily so and blamed the manner of woman's education. Her studies are mostly of the lighter kind and do not tend to give solidity and depth to her character. I thought, women would, instead of being spoiled, as most aver, be greatly raised and make more intelligent members of society and be better wives and mothers, if they could have the advantage of continuing their studies much longer than they do and if they could have two or three years of a college education.

Of course A. and E. differed from me and certainly in German eyes such a plan and such a position given to woman must appear monstrous, if not decidedly sinful. But has not the general training of women in Germany and the duty constantly inculcated upon them that their business is principally and indeed altogether in the proper manufacture of soups, cakes, etc., washing, ironing and making the husband's *body* comfortable,—has not this had the effect of destroying true family-life in many instances? The husband finds, it is true, his house outwardly comfortable, lives well and is congratulated and congratulates himself on having got a good, a capital wife. But he is a politician and naturally wants to give vent to his opinions and be understood and to get sympathy. His wife has been brought up with the idea, that for her to know anything of politics is a shame or a sin. So her husband scarcely dare mention the subject in her hearing. He goes off in the evening to his club to seek and find there the sympathy he cannot get at home,—and the same if he is a theologian, etc.

His wife must needs meet with those, whose business and concerns are akin with hers, she too has her

"Kraenzle," where the comparative goodness of different receipts, the carelessness of this servant and the stupidity of this other are discussed. The sons soon form clubs for themselves, for their sisters interests lie wide apart from theirs. The young ladies have also their societies, where, as they have not yet household cares and anxieties, the latest fashions are spoken of, this and that new style of work, who danced with whom at the last ball, etc., indeed such talk as the most of young ladies indulge in if left entirely to themselves. And thus the family is divided and yet, everyone says, what a capital wife, what a thrifty housekeeper Mrs. N. N. is, what a lucky man Mr. N. N. is!

This picture may be overdrawn and it may not be true of all German families, but, I think, the principle in it is undeniable. No woman, I think, can become unwomanlike through learning, provided her petticoats be long enough to cover the blue stockings.

Ueber die "*Frauen-Frage*" konnte sich M., wie dieser Auszug beweist, manchmal ziemlich stark und scheinbar vielleicht radical aussprechen. Sie eiferte fuer ihr Geschlecht. Aber der Hauptgedanke war ihr dabei, dass auch die jungen Maedchen "etwas zu thun" haben sollten und nicht in eiteln Taendeleien ein zweckloses Dasein fuehren! Ganz besonders vertheidigte sie und interessirte sie sich fuer das Studium der Medicin von Seiten der Frauen. Und wenn ihr Lebensloos nicht so gefallen waere, wie es in Gottes Fuehrung einmal war, moechte wohl eine begeisterte Studentin der Medicin aus ihr geworden sein.

Dass bei all dem ihre Ansichten in diesen Puncten durch ihren Respect vor der Schrift und auch durch ihre practische Lebenserfahrung wohl balancirt waren,

beweist ihr Urtheil ueber Miss Dickinson und ihre Ideen. (D. Jan. 10. 1867. Auch Briefe an M. S. Febr. 11. 1867, April 9. 1872 und Febr. 26. 1873 und an E. B. Winter 1873.)

D.

November 13th, 1865.

In the afternoon A. and I went to Laurel Hill Cemetery and enjoyed the beautiful scenery there very much. The sight of the winding river, the sloping hills, the graves peeping out from among the trees and the little village with its stone houses was a great relief to the Philadelphia weary eye. There was also a lovely sunset and I never saw so many and such beautiful tints in the sky at once.

D.

November 18th, 1865.

Lord give grace to my dear A. to be more faithful, to long more and wrestle more with Thee for the salvation of perishing souls.

D.

November 20th, 1865.

A. preached in the evening from Phil. II: 17. 18.— Oh that the Lord would cause it to take root in many a heart to His praise and glory! Oh may it prove true what dear A. concluded with, that he hoped he heard just now a rustling among the dry bones. O Holy Spirit come, come abundantly, stir up Thy ministers, stir up Thy people and oh may a rich harvest be gathered in of those who are still enemies of the cross of Christ, over whom Paul shed bitter tears.

ELECTION AND GOSPEL OFFER.

DR. DUNCAN TO A.

December 27th, 1865.

I have no need to say how glad I am that you are all so well, and so engaged in evangelical and other congruous subsidiary work in the congregation. May an abundant blessing be vouchsafed upon your labors in the conversion of sinners and the building up of believers in faith, holiness and comfort unto eternal life.

In one of her letters Maria told me that upon the ground of election and particular redemption you would feel yourself precluded from *freely* preaching the gospel. I think this difficulty arises from confounding genuine Calvinism with that which we oppose as Hypercalvinism and to which is some times given the harsher name of Antinomianism. Now most undoubtedly the gospel is by the command of the eternal God to be preached to every creature under heaven. This gospel is thus proclaimed by the Apostle Paul: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." By the angel: "I bring you glad-tiding of great joy, *which shall be to all people*, to *you* is born a Saviour." By the Heavenly Father: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him." By the Saviour Himself: "God so loved the world," etc. Indeed if the gospel inclusive of the offer or gift of the Son of God to be received by faith be not to be made to sinners of mankind indiscriminately, what gospel (glad tidings of great joy) is there at all? None. A certain universality there must therefore be and this universal aspect must be the warrant of appropriating (i. e. receptive) faith. This is the doctrine of our church (as well as yours.)

The question then is not who may, (I don't say can i. e. are able, but *may* i. e. are warranted and ought,)

but who *can*, will and do so receive Christ Jesus the Lord. You must not therefore confound us with the Hypercalvinists, who object to gospel offers and invitations. We do preach the gospel most freely. Do we so consistently, in connection with absolute election, particular redemption and grace effectual simply by its own divine and so omnipotent efficacy? This is another question and must be reserved for another time.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

518 Wood St., Philadelphia, April 3d, 1866.

— It is almost a year now since I left home and arrived on the shores of this new world. The time to me has seemed short and I can truly say it has been a very happy year. I have truly much to be thankful for, almost my only grief is the separation from many that are so near and dear to me. After a years residence here, however, I can scarcely say that I have a liking to the peculiarities of American or Yankee character. I am too fond of an aristocracy to relish the democratic spirit here and I suspect it will always "go against the grain," though I am making efforts to reconcile myself to it. — — —

TEACHING AN IMBECILE.

I am attempting just now to teach a poor imbecile child who cannot speak, but who at times gives some little tokens of understanding. But it is work which requires great patience and a peculiar knack, and I do not know whether I shall be able to make anything of her or not. Her mother is very anxious that she should at least be taught something about God. When she is told she must die and go to God, she shakes her head and begins to cry bitterly. —

Obige Worte beziehen sich auf ein idiotisches Maedchen (L. M.) von sehr armen deutschen Eltern im

Southwark. Es war ruehrend zu sehen, mit welcher Geduld, Hingebung, Zartheit und Energie M. sich dem armen Geschoepfe widmete. Woche um Woche wurde sie von ihrer Mutter ins Haus gebracht und M. versuchte bald durch Zeichensprache, bald mit Hilfe der Schiefertafel ihr einige Begriffe beizubringen. Wir haben auch Grund zu glauben, dass die Muehe, die sie darauf verwendete, nicht ganz verloren war. Mehrere Jahre nachher starb das ungluecklicke Kind im Alter von etwa 19 Jahren. Kurz vor ihrem Ende bedeutete sie ihrer Mutter wiederholt und dringlich dass sie M. zu sehen wuensche, "die Frau die ihr von Gott gesagt."—M. war aber zur Zeit nicht in der Stadt. A. gieng hinunter und hielt der armen L. in einer engen "Court" des Southwark die Leichenrede.

LONGING FOR SCOTLAND.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

April 21st, 1866

— This evening it is a year since I left you all at Devana Cottage and set off for the Far West. It seems a short year to me and has been a happy one and yet on looking back how far, far short I have come of the many resolutions and intentions with which I entered into the married life. I have indeed much to be thankful for, but also much, much to repent of. Oh how I *would* like to set sail and in a fortnight to be in my own dear home again and to spend a week or two with those so very dear to me there. If I were only rich enough I think I would do it. the voyage I would take very easily and I could be back here again in a few weeks. But these are vain wishes and I must not indulge in them or else I may get very home-sick, for those days, those opening days of spring bring you and

Pappie so vividly before me and also my dear Maggie, with whom I often long to have a talk. What a pity that there must be so much separation here! I sometimes indulge in the thought how delightful it would be to gather all those we love and respect round us and have intercourse, exchange of thoughts and feelings with them whenever we like, but this would not be good, we must continually be reminded that this is not our home, that we are strangers and pilgrims here below and then it is good to learn to mix with those, who are not so congenial to us, that we may learn that great lesson of true Christian love and charity, which is often—at least to me – a hard task.

D.

April 23d, 1866.

I have long neglected my diary, but feel I should not thus discontinue it altogether. It helps me to meditate and also if I put down my thoughts on paper, I have less need to speak out so strongly and I fear often unwisely on many subjects. As Dr. Chalmers says: "Wisdom is as necessary as zeal." —

Yesterday heard Dr. Wylie preach in the forenoon from Eph. II: 14. 18. Was much pleased and felt at home. He made an observation which pleased me much. Paul speaks of the Jew and Gentile as composing one Church—"*we both* have access," etc.—"made both one"— and yet there were many points of difference between the Jewish and Gentile Church in Paul's days. The former were permitted to retain many of those outward ceremonial laws and ordinances, which their fathers had kept and from which the Gentiles were free. Dr. W. said he could not help thinking that the difference was greater than that between many evangelical churches of the present day.

Went up from Dr. Wylie's to Fifteenth and Ogden Streets, where the lecture room and school rooms of

the new German Lutheran Church*) were to be opened. A. spoke in German and Dr. Krotel in English. It was interesting and solemn. The decorations still are contrary to my Scotch Presbyterian mind. But I must try, in a spirit of true charity, to overlook those outward things in which as church and a nation we differ.

DEATH OF MRS. LIEBERMEISTER (FANNY SP.)

Ende April traf eine Todesnachricht aus Deutschland ein, die auch M. sehr nahe und tief beruehrte. Unsre liebe Fanny (Frau Prof. L.) war nach 1½jaehriger gluecklicher Ehe am 6ten April ganz ploetzlich in Basel gestorben. Sie war mit M. waehrend ihres Aufenthalts in Esslingen in einem sehr innigen Verhaeltniss gestanden und hatte ganz besonders die Correspondenz zwischen M. und dem Esslinger Kreise gefuehrt.

M. TO M. S.

May, 1866.

It seems a mysterious and dark Providence when a mother is thus taken away, but the Lord must have wise and good purposes, which we are too shortsighted to see. She was just nineteen and had everything in this world which could make her happy and but little or indeed no time to prepare for eternity, for thoughts of death were, I dare say, far from her, poor child. She was always so lively and cheerful and full of spirits that it is difficult to realize her *lifeless*.

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*) St. John's, to which A. was called in 1867, as its first pastor.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF MARRIAGE.

M. TO M. S.

May 15th, 1866.

On Tuesday last we celebrated the anniversary of our marriage day by having a pic-nic in the woods in a beautiful valley not far from here, watered by the Wissahickon Creek. It was quite refreshing to the weary eye to get a glimpse of hill and vale, of tree and meadow. You have no idea how the monotony of the cities here, the even streets, brick houses and white outside shutters and doors everywhere alike tire the eye and even depress the spirits. I never before longed so much for a breath of country air as I have done here this spring, so you may fancy how perfectly enchanting it was for us in the woods, listening to the singing of the birds, the fluttering of the leaves and the murmurings of the little brook beside which we made our encampment After our dinner, which we had brought with us, E. and I made sofas out of shawls we had. A. set himself on the trunk of an old tree and read to us for an hour or two. Then we rambled about, pulled ferns and flowers and returned home with the cars, wearied but delighted with our day's excursion.

BESUCH VON LORD LORNE.

Am 24sten Mai hatte M. die Freude, die ihrem schottischen Herzen ganz besonders wohl that, Lord Lorne als Gast an ihrem Tische bewirthen zu duerfen. Er war auf seiner Reise nach Westindien and den Vereinigten Staaten nur auf einen Nachmittag nach Philadelphia gekommen und nahm bei seinem frueheren deutschen Lehrer das Abendbrot ein.*)

*) Auf die Nachricht von ihrem Tode schrieb Lord Lorne an A. (1. April 1879):—Wie traurig, was Sie mir schreiben!

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

June 1st, 1866.

— One event of last week I quite forgot to tell you. Lord Lorne, who has been traveling in the United States, came to Philadelphia with the express purpose of seeing his old tutor He seems to have liked A. much and was as cordial and warm-hearted as ever. He called in the afternoon, remained at tea with us and was exceedingly pleasant and easy. He offered to take anything I should have home, but as he left early the next morning the time was rather short for me to arrange anything.

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

Summer, 1866.

I wish I had your knack of chatting with your pen, for then a hundred things, about which I would talk, if you were present, would drop from pen to paper, and I have no doubt, would interest you, not from their own importance, but because they concern those whom you love.

I have read A.'s paper on the Centenary of the Church and was much pleased with it. —When an additional Church shall have been built, then will begin the arduous work of excavation, which would be greatly aided, if a band of intelligent and active young men (and young women) could be found to visit the non-church-goers at their homes and in a kindly way induce them to attend.

ENGAGING A "HELP."

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

September 4th, 1866.

I have been obliged to look for another servant and

Ich hoffte einmal wieder Sie und Frau Sp. in Philadelphia besuchen zu koennen und gedenke mit so viel Freude, wie ich Sie im Jahre 1866 sehen konnte. — —

in America that means something, I assure you. I trembled almost the whole day after the visit of a "help," who came "to inquire after the place." She seated herself in the parlor and from her manner you would have supposed she was engaging me instead of the contrary. She asked me how long I had been in this country and on my replying "only a little more than a year," she remarked, "oh then ye're jist a greenhorn yet. I would like to see the kitchen, suppose we go and look at it" And off she strutted down stairs. I was wondering how I was ever to get her out of the house and I was perfectly relieved when she asked a higher wage than I intended giving. "Then it won't suit." I said. "I guess not," and with a contemptuous toss of her head my lady marched off. "Oh E.," I said, as soon as her back was turned, "if we could only have dumb machines to do the work; such a woman as that would be enough to drive me almost out of my senses." Indeed I was trembling all over.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

October 5th, 1866.

O *that* ocean that divides us! I would just be in a mood this afternoon to have a long chat with you, but paper is such a dead thing to commit ones thoughts to and the time is so long before an exchange can be made. I feel as if you, dear M., had in many respects taken the place of dear Annie and I write to you just as I would have written to her.

INTEREST IN THE SERVANT.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

December 14th, 1866.

— We continue to be very well satisfied with our Irish girl, which is a great blessing in this country. I find it somewhat of a trial her being a Roman Catholic, for I sometimes feel I ought to speak with her on re-

ligious subjects and to do that without seeming to attack her religion, I find difficult. She attends our family worship regularly, but we are sometimes afraid, when she goes to confession that may be put a stop to. Had you ever a Roman Catholic servant and in what way did you try to win her for Jesus? for I know you would not have any one in the house without trying to do so.

DECEASE OF FRIENDS.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

518 Wood St., Philadelphia, Jan. 4th, 1867.

— Does'nt the thought of those, who have but yesterday been with us and taken an interest in our joys and sorrows, having been called away and really entered into that world beyond, about which we indeed know so little, help to give us a more realizing sense of the uncertainty of this life and its shortness and does it not bring us into closer contact with the unseen world? So many we know so well, are already there, they have tasted already of the blessedness of being forever with the Lord.

I have just to-day heard of another death which I can scarcely realize. Mons. Troyon, M W. writes to us, died of pleurisy very shortly after his friend Pastor B. of Lausanne. So they drop off one by one, a friend, a sister, aunts, cousins, teachers, old and young, death knows no distinctions.

FRIENDSHIP.

After all it is not intellect and intellectual society which we miss most, but warm hearts. You ask me if I have made any intimate friends here? Have you made any *intimate* friends since you left school? I find it is a very different thing to make such friends now than it was when younger and brought more constantly into contact with those who in school affairs at least had

the same interests as myself. Making calls is not the way to make friends. I therefore cling all the more to those to whom I can really give the name of friends, for I find such are rare and costly things.

WOMAN'S POSITION.

D.

January 10th, 1867.

Miss Anna Dickinson lectured to a large assembly on "Something to do for Women." It has been and still remains somewhat of a problem to me how woman's mind is to be cultivated and trained to something higher than it now is; the aimless life of many girls and married women be removed and that craving for something to do, which lives and struggles in many hundred breasts, be satisfied without removing her womanhood and taking her out of that place to which in my opinion the Bible has allotted her. I cannot agree with Miss Dickinson in many of her principles, chiefly for this reason that I cannot reconcile what she says with what my Bible teaches me. "Woman must be taught that she was made for herself and not for others."—Miss D. The Lord God said: "It is not good that the man should be alone. I will make an help meet for him."—Gen. II: 13. "Man is arrogant in so far as he is ignorant. When other years have passed away and the gates of death have been opened to him, he will learn to understand that she, who stood by his side, was his equal and may be far above him in her soul."—Miss D. After the fall God said: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee," (this as a punishment to woman.) This seems to imply inferiority. Also in Eph. V: 23 we are told distinctly: "The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church." Being "*the head*" does not give one the idea of equality. Also

1 Peter III : 7 : "Giving honor to the wife as the *weaker* vessel."

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

February 11th, 1867.

After giving an account of Miss Dickinson's lecture, she continues to say:

— I do not think that as a general rule fair play is done to woman even in our Christian lands. I think the general education of young ladies is most miserable and that very many after school days are over, spend miserable lives and are much to be pitied. They want "Something to do," and on this point Miss Dickinson said and argued much in which I do most heartily agree with her. Men have stimulus to work, ambition, getting on in the world, etc. What stimulus have women? How aimless the rich young ladies' life, how insipid, how full of ennui! Professions and situations which are now closed to woman, should be thrown open and that false idea that women in general only exist to spend money and in no instance to make it, to bask in the sunshine among the flowers and never to face manfully the world and fight their way through it, should be banished and that not because she is poor and requires it, but because it is her desire and her happiness. In America this is done much more than with us, but there is still much to be done. — —

Please, when you write, tell me what you think on the whole subject. I see an evil, a crying evil, but I confess I do not see the cure clearly. Is woman's sphere after all *only* and exclusively in the *kitchen* and the *nursery?* I cannot think so. If her tastes lie otherwise, may she not consult and follow those tastes, provided she does not neglect that which is her first duty and that, I believe, does lie in the care of her household. But for those who have no households? who have nothing to do? It will be said, I know, every one

if they really wish, can find something to do, but — you, I think, can understand what I mean by the want of stimulus and the unsatisfactoriness. Woman *can* work. There are thousands around her to whom she can be a ministering angel, but as the tide of opinion now is she has to work at an immense disadvantage and she requires comparatively much more strength of purpose and will than a man does to do the same work. Some women have this strength, and noble women they are, for instance Elizabeth Fry, whose life I have just been reading with great interest But how few girls possess this strong purpose and will! Can and will nothing be done to help them?

On the same subject she writes a few weeks later:

I am longing to hear what you have to reply to my long jumble about woman. It is to me also an unsolved problem, but occupies much of my thoughts. They are making a great fuss here just now about the right of woman to vote. Well, I don't think that woman as a whole has much to do with politics. My difficulty lies in knowing where to stop *consistently* when I begin. What are the *necessary* indispensable ingredients of womanliness, which we would never like woman to lose? Can't you give me some light on the subject? (See also letters to the same of April 9, 1872, and February 26, 1873.)

FORM OF WORSHIP IN CHURCH.

Yesterday I heard Dr. B. preach for the first time. His subject was also upon woman and marriage, rather queer style I thought for the pulpit, essay-like and refined, but little depth or practical teaching. I must hear him again, however, in order to judge. You could scarcely believe you were in a Presbyterian Calvinistic Church. The style is elegant, seats superbly covered and cushioned, floors carpeted, etc. The organ peels as

you enter and soon after you are seated several voices or one voice starts up a hymn.—You fancy you are in a concert hall and not in a church. In the hymns sung during the service a feeble voice here and there from the congregation joins; most prefer to sit and listen to the choir and indeed the tunes chosen are so difficult and complicate and so quickly sung often that it is almost impossible to join. This is a dark side of Presbyterianism here and as for the outward form of worshipping, the attitude and spirit of the congregation I much prefer our German Lutherans here. There fine chorals much resemble our psalm tunes, which are so despised here and the whole congregation singing as only Germans can sing, drown the choir and even the organ. A short liturgy we have, short and simple, the people chanting the responses but not to the exclusion of extempore prayer. A liturgy in its proper place I like. (See also letter of November 1, 1867.)

DESIRE OF A VISIT FROM DR. DUNCAN.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

January 22d, 1867.

— Do you think Papa would not be able for a trip across here this coming spring? It is such an easy journey and the sea voyage might be as it has often been—beneficial to him. I scarcely like to cherish the idea. I am afraid it would make me *too* happy, but I could not help thinking about it lately a good deal. If he is ever to come it would seem, humanly speaking, necessary that he should come ere he becomes still more feeble and infirm and as it seems likely that our sphere of labor is to be here in America (for I do not think A. would suit Germany now at all) and as there is no prospect of our coming home even for a visit in the meantime, I think it would be of value to dear Papa to see and know where and under what circumstances his *only* lassie now is in God's providence placed.

I feel so often I would like him so much to see things as they are here and to have his opinion and hear his advice about so many things about which it is impossible to write and I do believe if he should see his way clear to come, God might make his being with us for a short time a great blessing to us all in many ways. I rely somewhat upon his intense love of roving which even now in his old age comes so strong over him and I am sure he would find here much, much that would deeply interest him and after leaving us he would be so much more able to think of us, to give us advice and to remember us in our special needs and circumstances at a throne of grace. I can truly say it is the most ardent earthly wish, which I at present have to see my own dear Pappie *here*.

M. TO E. B.

February, 1867.

— — I have not at all become a convert to the system of "glorious republicanism" here and think a well managed and limited monarchy a much more agreeable thing to live in, however grand and imposing the maxim of "all men being born free and equal" may be and I do not deny is. America has done more however than we expected it to do; there is certainly as yet nothing visible of that bankruptcy and ruin which many at home predicted and considered inevitable. — — —

READING.

I do not find so much time for reading and study as I would like. I try however to have at least an hour in the forenoon. I am at present plodding through the "Symbolical Books" of the Lutheran Church, as I am anxious to become acquainted with them. A. has been reading to us in the evenings, when he has time, which is however seldom, Hagenbach's "Vorlesungen ueber Kirchengeschichte," which I find very interesting. I

have just finished reading Mary Powell's "Single and Married Life" and "Deborah s Diary," both by the same author, written in the old English style. I have also read this winter Elizabeth Fry's Life, having become in this Quaker City interested in the Quakers, and also Wesley's Life. Methodism here flourishes marvellously.

RUF NACH ST. JOHANNIS.

Am 12. Februar 1867 (M.'s Geburtstag) erhielt A. den foermlichen Ruf an die neugegruendete St Johannis-Gemeinde im nordwestlichen Stadttheil. Nach sorgfaeltiger Ueberlegung und wiederholter Besprechung mit erfahrenen Amtsbruedern kam er zu dem Entschlusse, diesem Rufe zu folgen. Darin wurde er von M. auf alle Weise ermuntert und bestaerkt, die dem neuen Arbeitsfelde die waermste Liebe und Begeisterung entgegenbrachte und bis an ihr Ende die innigste Theilnahme fuer das innere und aeussere Gedeihen ihrer lieben St. Johannis-Gemeinde bethaetigte. Dafuer durfte sie auch von jungen und alten Gliedern der Gemeinde, mit denen sie in naehere Beruehrung trat, allzeit eine herzliche Anhaenglichkeit und aufrichtige Hochachtung geniessen. Besonders war dies der Fall in dem engeren Kreis der Sonntagschule und des auf M.'s und E.'s Betrieb gegruendeten Frauenvereins, dem sie lange Zeit als Schreiberin diente, und dessen Glieder nie muede wurden, ihre Liebe und Verehrung fuer M. in thatsaechlicher Weise zu bezeugen.

A.'S CALL TO ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN.

February, 1867.

— A. has now received a formal call to the new congregation and will in the course of next week give in his resignation here. It is a responsible charge, a new forming congregation and a large mission field, much will depend on a good beginning. Both Emma and I expect to find plenty of work to do, especially among the young people. Oh may the Lord give us wisdom and *humility!* I often feel most deeply the want of those two most essential christian graces. How difficult to have a single eye to God's glory in all we do, how keenly sensitive we are to man's opinion of us. I often fear I am as yet very unfit to work in God's outer vineyard, till I have learned more of my own heart. I am sometimes afraid of the outer work, because it is in many respects pleasant and gratifying to me and I am afraid of neglecting that which is less pleasant and much more mortifying, the *inner work* and then if there is a great deal of the former, one is so apt—at least I am—to make it an excuse for neglecting the latter.

"UNION."

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

May 2d, 1867.

Although I write but seldom, I peruse your letters with increasing satisfaction

About the "Union" paper I know not what to say. The articles are of very different quality. Some of them have an air of decided vulgarity. What the Union desired is it is difficult to determine. It would seem not to involve ecclesiastical incorporation That those who hold the truth in the love of it should unite as far as possible in efforts for the defence of the gospel and the conversion of sinners is most desirable, and differences

between evangelicals should not be exaggerated nor estrange from one another.

But existing differences will not be so easily got rid of e. g. between pedobaptists and anti-pedobaptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, Lutherans with their abhorrence of the decretum absolutum, and Calvinists, who find it in Scripture and hold it logically involved in the essential doctrine of salvation to be altogether of grace—of grace alone—not of grace and free will (Arminian) or of grace and non-resistance (as Lutherans seem to me to think)—but of grace which prevents or overcomes resistance and renews the will. While theologians exist these points will be discussed and while symbolical books remain (which are needed to guard against error and vagueness, the parent of error) the churches formed upon them will retain their affection for these safe-guards.

Still brotherly love should remain and increase among those who hold fundamental truth. As such I would enumerate the plenary inspiration of Scripture, the Trinity in Unity, the fall of all in Adam, Salvation altogether of grace, the person of Christ the God-Man, Redemption by His blood, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, Justification by faith alone (solâ sed non solitariâ,) Sanctification by the Holy Spirit (by means of the Word and ordinances), the obligation of the ordinances of Christ on believers. On these points I believe there is room for most friendly communion in various ways among all the friends of gospel truth.

With much love to A. (whom I would remind of the ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ) and to E.

I remain your loving father, JOHN DUNCAN.

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

May 16th, 1867.

MY DEAR LASSIE!—On the whole I believe that A. has done right in accepting the call to the new church.

There are times when all to whom the glorious gospel and gospel holiness (the doctrine which is according to godliness and the godliness which is according to the doctrine) are dear, have special need to stand fast and close together for the hope of the gospel.

To sail between latitudinarian indifference on the one hand and ignorant bigotry on the other, so as neither to be wrecked on Scylla nor Charybdis is very difficult. Medio tutissimus ibis. But to find and keep this 'medium' requires higher than human skill. May the Holy Spirit pilot His Church in the track which He has marked out in His inspired Word.

Much love to A. and E.

Your, etc.

SPIRIT OF RELIGION IN AMERICA.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

May 31st, 1867.

— Thanks for your remarks on revivals and also on union I am afraid the tendency here is too much to indifferentism and that purity of doctrine is considered a very secondary question. There is another thing which strikes me also on becoming more acquainted with the different denominations and churches here and that is the strong tinge of Methodism which they all seem more or less to have. I mean principally in the externals of Methodism, but also in the way conversion is spoken of, too much I think, as if it were a work of man's, also too much expectation of the Spirit to be sent down in some mysterious sort of way and not so much in the diligent use of the means of grace on which he has promised his blessing. The spirit which I speak of however is more especially seen in the excitement which is so often *got up* in connection with religious services, etc. There seems also among the young so little grounding in the truth. The *Sunday Schools*

have certainly much that is attractive to the young, beautiful school-rooms, mottos, anniversaries where the children dress in white and bear banners in their hands and sing lively hymns (rather watery and poor however.)—All this seems so different from our good old-fashioned Scotch way of the children of a household being gathered round the parents and taught by them and taught the *whole* truth of God from the Bible and the Catechism. I know America is considered to be far ahead in this matter of Sabbath Schools, but I sometimes wonder if after all it is such an improvement. — — I do believe the Sabbath School is a strong instrument for good here, but I believe many evils are mixed up with it. Perhaps however it is only to my canny slow Scotch mind that it appears so, though I know there are ministers and laymen here who warn against those evils.

UMZUG NACH ST. JOHANNIS.

Im Frueh-Sommer 1867 wurde nach der 15ten Strasse umgezogen und im Herbst, nach Dr. M.'s Rueckkehr von Deutschland, unternahmen A. und M. noch eine kleine Erholungsreise nach Atlantic City, Reading und Allentown. Am 10ten October wurde A. als Pastor der neugegruendeten St. Johannis-Gemeinde installirt. Maria warf sich auf dem neuen Felde mit grossem Eifer in die Arbeit. Ganz besonders war ihr Wirken in der Sonntags-Schule ein gesegnetes. Sie hatte eine zahlreiche Bibelclasse von aelteren Maedchen. Ihr Unterricht, auf den sie sich immer mit grosser Sorgfalt vorbereitete, zielte besonders auf zwei Puncte: Einmal die jungen Leute in eine moeglichst zusammenhaengende Schriftkenntniss einzufuehren, wobei sie meist Kurtz' heilige Geschichte zu Grunde legte; dann

aber war es ihr auch allezeit ein ernstliches Anliegen, die *Herzen* zu gewinnen und zu erwaermen in persoenlicher Liebe zum Heiland. Auch mit den Lehrerinnen veranstaltete sie regelmaessige Zusammenkuenfte im Pfarrhaus. Dafuer suchte sie immer zuvor passendes Material zum Vorlesen aus, wodurch wichtige Anregungen und Winke fuer die Arbeit in der Sonntagsschule gegeben und Fragen und gegenseitige Aussprache geweckt wurden. Den Schluss machte dann gewoehnlich A. mit Schriftverlesung und Gebet.

DISTRIBUTION OF TRACTS.

D.

Went with my tracts this afternoon. They were everywhere gratefully received. Found several German families, Roman Catholics, Methodists and Reformed. Had a long conversation with a Methodist woman: "Gleicht die lutherische Kirche nicht so, weil nicht darin bekehrt wird." She was full of the "Conversion system," anxious bench, etc. Tried to show her that the Lutheran Church did believe in and preach conversion, "Bekehrung,"—but it was something quite different, she wanted. I fear those people deceive themselves often and trust as much in their own works to save them as many Roman Catholics do, only in another form. She did not seem to find what she wished in A.'s preaching, though "man kann nichts gegen ihn sagen." — — She did not know me, of course, and therefore spoke out her mind freely, rather to my amusement. May the Lord bless this seed scattered on the waters.

MOVING TO THE "NORTHWEST."

M. TO E. B.

August 7th, 1867.

The week after returning home we moved into our

new house (922 North Fifteenth Street.) We now reside in a much pleasanter neighborhood, more in the suburbs of the city, surrounded by gardens and trees and only a few steps from our new church. Mr. Sp. is not yet formally installed in the new congregation as he has still the charge of the old one in the city, Dr. M., his colleague, having gone on a visit to Germany this summer. We expect him to return next month, when we will probably go to the seaside for a short time and then return here to take definite charge of "St. Johannis-Kirche." It is not yet quite finished, but we hope it will soon be, at present we have service in the lecture-room, the church proper being on the second story, lecture-room and school-rooms parterre. Our people up here received us very kindly; they papered, painted and repaired this house for us; on the day of our removal we found it profusely decorated with flowers, over the entrance: "Unsern Eingang segne Gott."—In the evening we were astonished just as we were going to bed to hear a full choir of voices strike up a hymn before our house. Opening the windows and looking out we saw it was our church choir come to serenade us. They sang several pieces very nicely. We then invited them in along with our elders and deacons. Mr. Sp. thanked them and then we had worship together. It was very pleasant and encouraging.

LITURGICAL FORMS.

M. TO DR. DUNCAN.*)

November 1st, 1867.

— Surely it should not be so difficult to get something to say to your lassie so far away, who takes such a deep interest not only in every little detail in the home

*) M.'s letters to Devana Cottage were always in common for both Miss Sandeman and Dr. Duncan. But there was hardly one letter sent, in which she did not beg for some lines from her beloved father himself.

life of the little family at Devana Cottage, but also in all news relating to her much beloved Scotland and more especially in all church news. I should like to hear your opinion for example on the union question. Do you still decidedly think matters are in too immature state for decided action? I should also like very much to hear your opinion on the liturgical question. Not so much that side of it, which Dr. Candlish took up in his closing address, which had mostly reference to written forms of prayer used by the minister. The Lutheran Synod of Pennsylvania as well as those other Synods who sympathize and agree with her in doctrinal points—are decidedly liturgical, urging more especially the desirability of the congregation having an active part in the service of the temple. I myself have a strong prejudice against written prayers, yet I cannot but enjoy our short and appropriate liturgical service, much shorter and simpler than that used in the Episcopal Church; the responses are chanted by the congregation with great warmth and heartiness and A. often says, he has often gone drooping and fainthearted to church and been wonderfully refreshed and stirred up by the prayers or responses of the congregation.—The principal argument of the supporters of liturgical worship here among the Lutherans is that the people ought to have more opportunity of taking an active part in public worship and of course in order that this may be done becomingly and appropriately a certain form must be prepared.—I cannot remember to have seen and heard this side of the question criticised at home and should therefore be very glad to hear something about it from you. Here it certainly seems very plausible when no one can help lamenting—and no one I am sure would lament more than you, dear Papa—at the apathy of the majority of congregations (Presbyterians not excepted) during public worship. The Lutherans deprecate this exceedingly and I am sure

you would too and that you would much enjoy to hear our German congregation joining with soul and heart in the singing of a good, sound German choral, which remind me much more of our psalms than those too often "wishy-washy" hymns with newfangled tunes in such general use here.

"UNION."

Speaking of the Union Question—there is to be a large meeting of New and Old School Presbyterians to consider the question of Union in Dr. Wylie's church next week. It is most likely, I think, that there will be a Union very soon. From what I hear, however, I do not think the differences are so slight as they are often represented to be. I sometimes fear that the love of Christian Union among the Americans and the desire for peace and harmony in order to be able to do more as they say for the cause of Christ make them rather careless and easy about confessions of faith and sound doctrine. I am afraid that much which goes under the name of Christian charity and love does damage to the love of the *truth* and paves the way to much looseness and disorder in the church. In this respect I cannot but agree with you in admiring and respecting that portion of the Lutheran Church here, which is determined to stand fast to the truth as she believes it, contained in her confessions and I cannot but think her principle is right, though of course not being a Lutheran, there are many points on which I differ. On the great and essential truths of the Reformation, man's depraved and guilty state by nature, the necessity of Regeneration as a work of the Holy Spirit and Justification by faith alone her ministers give out, I do think, no uncertain sound (the sacramental doctrine differs of course from ours) and though dear A. and I still feel sorry that there are some points in which we cannot come to a full and satisfactory agreement, yet we can rejoice and

feel truly grateful to God that on the great essential points we are one, and then, though those other things do still sometimes cause us a little trouble and a warm discussion and leave me sometimes a *little* sad, yet when we feel how strong our union is, those minor points (though certainly important and essential) seem to dwindle away and almost vanish.

REFORMATION JUBILEE.

Yesterday the Lutheran Church throughout the country celebrated the 350th anniversary of the Reformation, the 31st of October, 1517, when Luther posted up his theses. We had service in the evening, the church being crowded to overflowing. Suitable mottos, devices and texts of Scripture, encircled with evergreens, decorated our lecture-room. A. lectured from the two words: "The word of God endureth for ever" and "The just shall live by faith." He has for the last few weeks been lecturing on Sabbath evenings on the Reformation, dividing it into five lectures: 1. The Night. 2. The Dawn of Day (the forerunners of the Reformation.) 3. The Day (Luther and the other Reformers.) 4. The Light of the Day (the doctrines of the Reformation, this being the subject yesterday evening.) 5. The Days' Duty, which I suppose will be the practical application of the whole to us.

WORK IN THE NEW CONGREGATION.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

November 10th, 1867.

My heart is much more in the work here than it ever could have been in the old church. There is a life and energy among the people, which is most refreshing. We all three find plenty of work to do. — — (After giving an account of A.'s work, she continues:) Emma has taken charge of the Infant Sabbath School, where

she has between sixty and seventy children, from nine years old downwards, all unable to read, to take charge of and instil into their infant minds Bible verses and stories and teach them to sing hymns. In this she has the help of a younger teacher, who however has enough to do in keeping the little ones still and in their places. E.'s post is as you can suppose by no means an easy one, but I think it is almost the most important one in the school.—In visiting the children and their parents, many of whom are non-church-goers, E. finds a large field of work and usefulness. – I have taken the Bible-class which E. had. Of course we all read and teach in German; this I find becoming easier the more practice I have, though I do often feel tempted to explain something in English, especially when I know my girls would most probably understand it much better, as most of the young people here understand and speak English easier than German. If however they are to join the German church and understand German sermons, they must of course become acquainted with their German Bibles. Most of the girls in my class intend to join the young communicant class this year, so I feel it to be a very serious and important duty to show them and impress upon them the solemnity of the step they are going to take.

My afternoons I devote mostly to visiting among our people, more especially among the sick, of which there are just now several.

In spite of all there is to encourage I often feel very dull and low-spirited, my old enemy nervousness still troubles me oft, but I always find the best cure for such a state of mind is to go among the people and the sick, get out of myself and think and care for others and I seldom return home without feeling much better and brighter. A happy home and plenty of work to do, I find, will not *kill* nervousness, it still lives and costs me many a battle.

REVIEWING THE PAST.

D.

January, 1868.

How short a year now seems! A few more years and my course will be run. What more certain and yet what more difficult to realize than that some day must be *my* last day, *I* must die! Self-examination shows but little, if any progress. Have I not rather gone back, is not pride stronger than ever,—is not will as strong as ever, not subdued and turned in the right direction, for oh for any good and holy purpose, how wavering, how weak, how impu'sive, how little perseverance! Excitement, even religious excitement, is not good. I often feel this, even on Sabbath, which is for me an exciting day, the still hour fails and it is more generally in such an hour, that the soul experiences its own emptiness and distance from God. There can be much interest in religion and much zeal for the Church, for true doctrine and for the conversion of sinners all arising from the natural heart and the soul itself remain in darkness, far away from God. Is not this too much my case?

O there is certainly nothing more terrible than continued backsliding. It grieves the Holy Spirit more than anything else. And yet how gracious the call still is: "Return ye backsliding children!" But if we provoke the Lord so often, is He not just in making us feel His anger after we have strayed from Him and been willing to remain at a distance from Him? When we would return, weary and miserable, will He then be always willing? Does He not punish and make us feel that we cannot return? We would and cannot! He must draw and yet His face seems turned away. O to be able to say every morning and every evening and at all times with truth and with the child's feelings in our hearts: "My Father!" —

"MY DEAR QUEEN."

M. TO MISS SANDEMAN AND DR. DUNCAN.

January 14th, 1868.

— A. is reading aloud to us just now in the evenings when he has time Queen Victoria's book on Prince Albert, and I like it very much. The mixture of English and German feeling suits us so well and I fell quite in love with my dear Queen. I can however quite understand the dislike of many of the English people and their harsh criticisms, she is too "gemuethlich" for them, (beg pardon, dear Miss S., but it is really impossible to translate that word) and they are exceedingly jealous of a foreigner.

DR. DUNCAN TO M.

Portobello, April 16th, 1868.

Well Mia Dearie!—I have again to say, as always, that I have nothing to say, tho' no doubt, if you were beside me, we could spin out a crack as long as the day and the *morn* and great deal longer too. - If you would ask me questions, it would put me on my mettle to try and answer them. Between A. and yourself, I think you could manage it. Many thanks for your long letter and the German paper. I am glad to find dear A. so usefully employed. I sympathize with him in the pressure of his many avocations amid his infirmities. May the Lord bless his labor to his own good and that of many others.

I am glad that your Lutheran Church aims to show an example of simplicity amidst the gauds, which (proh pudor!) disgrace even Presbyterians.

Your affectionate father,

J. D.

Mi Adolphe!

Nil desperandum duce Christo et auspice Christo.

Unmittelbar nach der Einweihung der neuen St. Johanniskirche (10. Mai 1868) gieng M. einige Wochen aufs Land und zwar nach Coopersburg, in der Naehe von Bethlehem, wo sie auch zwei Jahre spaeter den Sommer 1870 zubrachte.

M. AN A.

COOPERSBURG, Sommer 1868.

— O wie dankbar bin ich oft, dass wir in unsern heiligsten Stunden nicht getrennt sind, dass wir dieselben Kaempfe, dieselben Freuden, dieselben Hoffnungen haben! Wie oede und leer waere unser Leben, wie aeusserlich und arm unsere Liebe, wenn es nicht so waere!—Sei dem Herrn befohlen besonders ueber diese schwere und fuer dich angreifende Zeit. Ich bin nicht bei euch, aber ich bitte taeglich fuer dich und die l. Kinder.*) "Cast thy bread on the waters and thou shalt find it after many days" The Lord's blessing does not - happily—depend on our faithfulness, else how miserable we must always feel, but it is His word and His promise standeth sure: "My word shall not return unto Me void." —

LECTUERE.

Diese ersten verhaeltnissmaesig leichte und freie, weil kinderlose Ehestandsjahre hat M. fleissig ausgekauft, neben all ihrer Arbeit in Haus und Gemeinde auch ihre eigene Fortbildung und Bereicherung nicht zu versaeumen. Sie las viel und mit guter Auswahl, von belletristischer Literatur nur das Beste und darum wenig; mit besonderer Vorliebe Biographieen tuech-

*) Die Confirmanden. Es war naemlich die Zeit der ersten Confirmation in St. Johannis.

tiger, scharf ausgepraegter Charactere. Eine nur unvollstaendige Liste von Buechern die sie in dieser Zeit gelesen, enthaelt nicht weniger als 26 Werke und darunter eine Anzahl von drei- und mehrbaendigen. Dabei liebte sie es, ein besonders gehaltreiches Buch mit der Feder in der Hand zu lesen. Zahlreiche und mitunter hoechst werthvolle Excerpte, die sie gesammelt, zeigen, was fuer Gedanken besonders ihre Aufmerksamkeit fesselten und ihr des Festhaltens vorzueglich werth erschienen.

Unter unsern deutschen Dichtern war besonders FRIEDRICH RUECKERT ihr Liebling. Sein "Liebesfruehling" ist ihrem warmen, treuen Herzen bis in die Herbst- und Wintertage ihres irdischen Laufs hinein frisch und jung geblieben. Und noch in den letzten Leidenswochen hat sie sich wiederholt an seinen "Kindertodtenliedern" innigst erquickt.

VII.

Kinder und Reisen.

1868—1875.

—"Resolved in God's strength and imploring His aid to be a true mother."—M.

VII.

DIE KINDER.

Das Jahr 1868 hat in M.'s Leben ein neues Blatt aufgeschlagen. Am 27sten September, eines schönen Sonntag-Morgens, während A. auf der Kanzel stand, erblickte ihr Erstgeborner John Duncan E. (Hans) das Licht dieser Welt. Die Vaterunser-Glocke vom Thurme der St. Johanniskirche grüsste ihn mit frommem festlichem Geläute bei seinem Eintritt. Die Predigt hatte vom "Machtwort des Lebensfürsten" gehandelt, das den Jüngling zu Nain der weinenden Mutter wieder gab. Eine ganze Schaar von Geschwistern ist in den nächsten Jahren diesem Ersten gefolgt und hat ein wundersames Leben in das vorher so stille und geräuschlose Pfarrhaus gebracht: Heinrich Douglas, geboren 18. October 1870; Maria Elizabeth, 1. Sept. 1872 (auch ein Sonntagskind, während der Morgenpredigt geboren); Ernst Philipp, 4. November, 1874 (zur Zeit des Mittwoch-Abendgottesdienstes); Adolph, 3. December 1875; Martin Theodor, 10. Febr. 1877.

Mutterfreuden und Muttersorgen bilden natürlich von da an den Hauptinhalt in M's Leben. Ihre beste Kraft und Zeit gehörte jetzt den Kindern. Mit musterhafter Umsicht und Hingebung war sie

auf das leibliche, geistige und geistliche Wohl der theuern Gottesgaben bedacht. Ist auch manche Theorie, mit der sie an dem Erstgebornen einen mehr oder weniger versprechenden Anfang gemacht hatte, später im Sand verlaufen oder in den Wind geschlagen worden, im Ganzen darf man doch sagen, war ihre Behandlung der Kinder bei allem warmen Pulsschlag mütterlicher Liebe, eine ungewöhnlich planmässige, systematische, ruhig-überlegte. Auch bei schweren Kinderkrankheiten konnte sie äusserst kühl und besonnen bleiben. Ebenso war sie den Fehlern und Schwächen der Kinder gegenüber. Ihre grösste Freude war, die Kleinen selbst ins Wort Gottes einzuführen. Die Lust zu lehren hatte sie als Erbstück vom Papa, aber sie übertraf ihn weit an pädagogischem Geschick und Tact; besonders in der Gabe, etwas Angefangenes nach einem bestimmten Plane fort- und durchzuführen. Sie verstand es, den Kindern die Beschäftigung mit der Biblischen Geschichte allezeit so gross und theuer zu machen, dass die Kleinen selbst es als die schwerste Strafe und den herbsten Verlust empfanden, wenn ihnen daran etwas abgezogen wurde. — Ohne sich je darüber auszusprechen hat sie in der Behandlung der Kinder, ihrem ersten Unterricht, ihren Spielen u. s. f. deutschen Anschauungen und Anleitungen den Vorzug gegeben. Sie ist mit den Kindern selbst erst in's ächt deutsche Gemüthsleben hineingewachsen und hat so manches Schroffe und Herbe ferne gehalten, das ihr ihre eigenen Kindheitstage manchmal getrübt hat.

Mit besonderem Interesse vertiefte sie sich in das Studium des Fröbel'schen Kindergarten-Systems, dessen Beschäftigungen sie regelmässig für die Kinder benutzte.

Bei allem Bestreben, bis ins kleinste hinaus eine feste Ordnung und Methode mit den Kindern einzuhalten, verirrte sie sich aber doch nicht ins Schablonenhafte, sondern suchte mit feinem mütterlichem Tact der Individualität jedes einzelnen Kindes sorgfältig Rechnung zu tragen.

M. TO E.

The more children I have the more I feel the want of a well conducted Christian Kindergarten, at prices which people in moderate circumstances can afford to pay, for children between four and six. They don't want to play all day, and even if parents have the time, and devote some time every day to them, I find there is a special and very needful training in companionship, seeing other children obey they obey, in fact they teach and train one another.

An die Stelle ihrer Tagebücher trat nun seit 1869 „die Geschichte meiner Kinder"—("the History of my Children,") woraus im Folgenden verschiedene Auszüge gegeben werden.

A MOTHER'S JOY.

FROM THE "HISTORY OF MY CHILDREN."

Who can describe a mother's feeling, when her first-born is placed in her arms for the first time! The perfect bliss, the holy awe, the hallowed name of mother now belongs to her, an immortal soul is given to her charge to train for eternity. But the weight

of responsibility does not now seem heavy, the little one sleeps so peacefully, looks so helpless; can it be, that there is sin there, and that it will ever be anything but a delightful and easy task, as body and mind gradually develop, gently to woo it on in the right way? Alas, how awfully soon does the truth of the Psalmist's word, "born in sin," manifest itself!

But, in the meantime the mother is happy, as perfectly and purely happy, as one can be, I think, on earth; weak, yet happy and peaceful, and she imprints her first fond kiss on the brow of her little son,—and what mother does not like to call her baby boy her son? It seems to make her, all at once, older and wiser, more dignified and important, and already in spirit she sees herself an old woman, leaning on the strong arm of *her son.*

And then,—oh, how her heart seems running over with joy, almost too great to bear, as the husband and *father* comes in and looks on her and the little one beside her, with tears of joy in his eyes, so tender, so loving, and she can take his hand and say: "Papa, God has been very good to us and given us a precious babe."

And the babe sleeps sweetly; the mother is weak and weary, but cannot sleep; it is all so strange, so new, she can scarcely realize. At length weary nature succumbs, and mother and babe sleep. But a wee, plaintive cry awakes her, and the same strange, holy thrill again seizes her. It is her babe! She soothes him, calling him all manner of sweet names. And then for the first time curiosity is awakened, she examines him, she looks into his blue eyes, and admires his tiny arms and hands. All is well and in right order; how thankful a mother feels for that, and with tears of joy and gratitude in her eyes, she breathes the prayer: "God bless the lad!"

Now all seems to centre round her and the little one. Her room seems such a holy, happy place, and the days and nights—strange nights, when she cannot sleep, but is so glad just to lie and think, and dream, and when she does sleep, to be awakened by a little cooing sound, her little darling wanting the mother's breast,—these all pass on, and the time comes at last, to leave this separate little world of her own, from which everything which could jar or annoy has been so carefully, so lovingly excluded. Now she again must bear her share of the cares and labours, again must resume her usual duties. But a new one has been added, and she steps out resolved in God's strength and imploring his aid to be—

A TRUE MOTHER.

DR. DUNCAN TO A. AND M.

October 15, 1868.

My Dear Bairns:—

After thanksgiving to the Giver of all good, for his kindness to mother and child, I congratulate you on your new appellations of pappy and mammy, though it will be some time before the darling wee-ane will be able

—"risu cognoscere matrem."

The event is, however, to me a new "memento mori," added to the many warnings given by the removal of so many of my friends of my early days. But while "one generation goeth, another generation cometh," and now for the second time a grandfather, I hum the words of our Scotch poet (Allan Cunningham):

"Oh wha would rot awa, like a tree in the moold,
An' nae leave a sprout for kind heaven to poo,"

[Follows Psalm 127 in Hebrew.]

But this great blessing brings a great responsibility —on that, however, I need not enlarge, although it may be permitted to stir up pure minds by way of remembrance. I think I have heard that it is not usual for American ladies to act as nurses to their children. I am sure my Maria, if able, would on no account dispense with the performance of this endearing maternal office.

I will allow little J. D. E. some time for the development of his features, before asking for his photograph.

The enriching blessing of the Lord rest upon you all. Grandpapa, JOHN DUNCAN.

MISS SANDEMAN'S DEATH.

M. TO E. B.

February 23, 1869.

You may perhaps have heard of the death of dear Miss Sandeman (Jan. 24, 1869). She has been suffering for years and was for two months quite prostrate, and almost unconscious before the end. Her niece, Miss S., was with her from the time she was confined to bed. It is a sad loss for us; she has been as a second mother to me for many years, and knew dear papa's ways so well. I find it very difficult to realize that when I return home I will not find her in her old place. What a world of varied feelings is this; giving and receiving, meeting and parting, births and deaths all rapidly succeed one another, and time hurries on; one generation is passing away; we will soon belong to the old ones, as the little ones grow up and take the places we occupied so lately in the nursery, at school and in the family.

M. TO MISS MARG. D. SANDEMAN.

March 1, 1869.

It is so hard to realize that dear, dear aunt Mary is no more. I have no one to whom I could write as

I did to her; my home does seem so strange; and oh, M., my heart is sore. I think I am feeling it more every day, realizing more and more what dear papa and myself have lost. Like you, many things trouble me. Oh, that we could only follow the dear departed one's advice and "go to Jesus" with them all; but we do yearn for human sympathy. We remember dear aunt's kind and cheering words, often has she comforted me, too, and now we feel sad and desolate. Dearest M., I think I can sympathize with you. I know what you have lost, and fain would be with you that we might weep together; in such a loss we long to be also with those who have also lost.

I know that though papa may not say much, he will feel her loss very keenly. She understood all his ways so well, and was so wise and judicious, and in his low turns she knew so well the word in season, and often I know has she been the means of bringing a bright smile on his face even when the storm and the clouds were terrible and dark.

ERSTE REISE NACH EUROPA, 1869.

Das Mutterglück liess M. ihre Kindespflichten gegen den alten einsamen Vater nicht vergessen; ja es schien ihr umso mehr ein Anliegen, ihm noch alle mögliche Kindesliebe zu erzeigen, seit sie selbst Elternfreude geniessen durfte. Der im Januar 1869 erfolgte Tod der treuen Miss Sandeman war auch eine Mahnung für M. dass sie nimmer säumen dürfe, wenn sie ihres betagten Vaters Angesicht hinnieden noch einmal sehen wollte. So wurde denn im Frühjahr ein kühnes Project geplant und ausgeführt. M. wollte mit ihrem Erstgebornen nicht blos den lieben Grossvater in Edinburgh, sondern auch die Gross-

mutter in Esslingen besuchen. Ein Plan, dessen Ausführung nicht bloss grossen Muth und Energie, sondern auch ein Maas von körperlicher Kraft erforderte, das fast über M.'s Vermögen zu gehen schien. Aber sie scheute vor keiner Beschwerde zurück, als es nun galt, den einmal gefassten Entschluss auszuführen.

FIRST JOURNEY TO EUROPE, 1869.

"THE HISTORY OF MY CHILDREN."

In May, a grand plan was projected and carried out. Mamma and baby left Philadelphia May 21st, for New York, papa accompanying them thither. In New York they went on board the steamship "India," of the Anchor Line. The tears were in papa's and mamma's eyes. Baby was pleased at the novelty around him. Papa held him in his arms till the bell warned him to leave, then he stood on the pier waving his handkerchief to his dear ones, and threw an apple to baby. Then the ship began to move, and mamma and baby were on their way to Scotland.

Poor mamma soon got very tired and homesick, and the first night thought, if only a steamer would come, and the offer be made to her to return, she would do so at once. It was well, therefore, that no such offer could be made, and each hour bore us away from the American towards British shores. Mamma's task was no easy one; baby was well, and full of spirits, and required constant attention, and poor mamma's arms and back often ached badly, and she thought it was impossible to stand it a day longer. At night it was not much better; though the little fellow slept well, mamma could not, cramped up as she was in the little berth, and afraid of moving lest she might either suffocate or waken him.

There were many kind people on board who would have relieved her from time to time, but Master H. insisted on being constantly with mamma. To gentlemen he would, however, rather go than to ladies. The fog whistle alarmed him very much, and mamma was obliged to keep as far away from it as possible. Sometimes for a little relief, mamma tied a strap round baby's waist, and sitting herself down on a rug on deck, let him crawl to the extent of his tether. Then again she would bind him to his little chair, and give him his little playthings. Once, all the boys on board, harnessed themselves to the chair, and drove it about, much to everybody's amusement. So the days and nights passed away, and at last we sighted land, then one night more, and we had crossed the Channel, and were slowly sailing up the Clyde. At Glasgow, Rev. Mr. S. met us, and saw us in the train for Edinburgh. Miss R. met us at the station, and soon we were at dear Devana Cottage. O, how quiet and lovely everything looked, no words can express the feeling of perfect rest and repose after so much mental and bodily excitement. Grandpapa was at a meeting, and baby was thoroughly tired out and went to sleep immediately. Soon the well-known form was seen at the gate, and mamma rushed out to throw her arms around the much-loved one. He kissed her, but seemed only half satisfied: "Where's the laddie?" With difficulty he could be got to wait till the little fellow awoke, and then his delight was great: "O, man, ye're a strong little fellow, come to grandpa." Master H. was not, however, so sure about the long, gray beard, which he eyed wistfully, and it was some little time before he got accustomed to it. Then he used to delight in pulling it, and make grandpa make funny faces, and say "tut, man." It is almost impossible to describe the enjoyment of these days; now, they have become

doubly dear and sacred.* Baby spent most of the day in the garden with his nurse, crawling about and enjoying himself amazingly. Grandpapa often asked: "Where's the laddie? bring him here!" and took great pains to teach him to make his first steps. If grandpapa gave him a stick and held it, he would raise himself and try a step or two. Many an hour did the two thus spend together, mamma sitting by smiling, with often a tear in her eye, and yet hoping that grandpapa might be spared to see him grow up to be a blessing. Thus the time flew only too quickly past; mamma often wished Miss Sandeman might have been spared to see her little pet. Aunt M. came, admired and played with him, staying several weeks, and bringing him in *almost every* day some new toy.

The time drew near to set out on our travels again—so mamma and baby were accompanied to Leith by Aunt M. and Miss R. There we once more established ourselves on board ship, and had a lovely calm voyage to Rotterdam. There we spent the Sabbath—the honest, cleanly Dutch men and women seeming to be remarkably fond of H. Once when mamma lost sight of him for a moment, she found him in the pantry, surrounded by male and female waiters, and his hands and lap full of sweetmeats, and he evidently much pleased, looking up with a smile to them all. In the night he was very restless, and in the morning mamma was alarmed to find him all covered over with an ugly-looking rash. However, he took his food and seemed otherwise well, and mamma just dressed him, and in a few hours was with him on her way to Germany. (Uncle E. told us afterwards this was chicken-pox; it was, however, mild, and disappeared after a few days.) On we rattled through

* Dr. Duncan departed from this life a few months after this visit of daughter and grandson.

Holland, and then through the much frequented and bustling Rhine-region, H. behaving on the whole well, mamma feeling sometimes rather nervous, particularly when she had to pack all together, and carpet-bag swung over her shoulder and baby in the other arm, had to open her trunks to the inspection of the custom-house officers, who were not over-polite or thoughtful. However, "all's well that ends well," and the evening found us nearing Mainz, a lovely summer evening, in the midst of the sweetest scenery. In Mainz we found, as we expected, Tante J., and at once the burden of solitude was taken off us, though Master H. protested against going to any one but his mamma. Tante J. had provided a nice room for us and a nice crib in it for baby, and after a comfortable night's rest we were ready to continue our journey. At last Stuttgart was reached, and now only a few stations and Esslingen is in sight. The train stops. There they are, grandmamma and Uncle E., and behind them the servant with a child's carriage. What a happy meeting! The only thing missing is papa. Oh, if he only could be here!

Arrived at grandmamma's, H. was soon at home crawling about the floor, surrounded with playthings which grandmamma had got ready for him. Mamma was gradually relieved of the care of her little boy as he became better acquainted with his grandmamma and aunts. These too were happy days. Tante O. came from Heidenheim, and was delighted with her little nephew. He slept in a little bed beside Tante Julie, whom, however, he often deprived of hours of sleep, as he was very restless at nights, feeling at first the extreme heat. It soon, however, became cooler, and many delightful little excursions were made. Every morning Uncle Ernst came to see his little nephew, who soon crowed and laughed and crawled to meet him whenever he heard his voice. Then

there would be great fun together. Mamma's delight as well as baby's was great when, standing at the music-stand, which had rollers, he began to push it and walk behind it all through the rooms,—but no step was as yet attempted alone. Soon the time of parting began to draw near. All mamma's persuasions could not induce grandmamma to make up her mind to accompany us, but J. again accompanied us a short way on her way to Basel.

The first night we stopped at Coblentz, but found the hotels so crowded that there seemed no corner for us; and mamma walked about from one to the other with baby on her arm, till at last we found a resting place. The next forenoon we were again in motion. In Cologne we had a weary and anxious time of waiting, the station being exceedingly crowded and bustling, and no one being polite enough to give a little attention to a solitary lady with bags and packages and great fat boy to carry. At last, when poor mamma's arms and back were almost breaking, we succeeded in getting into the right train and carriage, and again we rattled through that beautiful district, mamma trying to draw baby's attention to the different points of interest. There was then, of course, the unavoidable custom-house to be passed through; then night came on, and mamma and baby both slept. The guard woke us up to get our tickets, and told us that in a few minutes we would be in Rotterdam. Quickly every thing was gathered together. In Rotterdam we got a cab and drove to the wharf to our ship, which we found to be the same we had crossed in some weeks before, so that we were at once greeted as old friends. Mamma was completely worn out and faint, having tasted almost nothing all day. So after getting H. to bed, she begged the stewardess to get a little hot water and make a cup of tea for her, which she kindly did, though she had to get one of the firemen to heat

it for her on the engine-fire. Again a fine, smooth passage and we arrive in Leith, take a cab and drive home to dear Devana Cottage, where we find all well. Again a few weeks of quiet, delightful enjoyment, in which Grandpapa had the satisfaction to see his labours crowned with success, and his little grandson taking his first steps alone.

But the weather was beginning to get raw and cold, and much as mamma felt the parting, she knew it was time to be thinking of getting across the big sea before the bleak winter set in, and poor papa and auntie on the other side were wearying to get us back. On the 29th of September we set out for Glasgow. We had a weary stay of twenty-four hours before Greenock, and another of equal length in Lough Foyle, Ireland, and then a rather stormy passage across. One or two days and nights quite a little hurricane blew and mamma got quite nervous. In the night boxes and stools rolled about the floor at a great rate, and mamma had great difficulty keeping herself and H. from tumbling out of their berths.

On the whole, however, we were more comfortable than on our homebound voyage, having a double-bedded berth and room all to ourselves, and the stewardess being very fond of baby. She kept him during meal-times, and took him sometimes up on deck, to allow mamma to rest a little. The days, however, seemed long and weary, and oh, how cheering it was at last to see New York bay. This was late on Saturday evening, too late to land the passengers, so we had to compose ourselves to another night in our berths. On Sabbath forenoon a tug took off the cabin passengers and landed them on the wharf. Mamma expected surely to find some one waiting for her, but in vain she looked around. Then, seating herself on her trunks with H. beside her, and holding her keys in her hand, she told the custom-

house officers they would have to open them themselves and examine. They grumbled, of course, but at length all was safely and satisfactorily got over, and mamma with all her burdens and packages safely housed in a New York hotel. The next thing was to telegraph to papa that his wife and son had arrived, then to wait patiently. In the evening Mr. de M., who, though he had been on the look-out, had missed us, found us out and paid us a visit, sending off another telegram to papa.* Back came the message: "I leave Philadelphia this evening; expect me about midnight." H. of course had to be put to bed, and then mamma settled herself down with a book to wait as patiently and quietly as possible. At length a step comes up the stairs, along the passage, stops at the door, and dear papa and mamma are again united after five months' separation. "There's our boy, papa; see how sweetly he sleeps; isn't he a great big fellow? There, now, give him a kiss, but don't wake him; you'll see his bright little eyes in a few hours, for he wakes early, and it is now past one A. M." After kneeling together and thanking our Heavenly Father for His most gracious and loving preservation by land and sea and for this happy and unclouded re-union, we were soon asleep—mamma being almost too excited to sleep much, and yet enjoying exceedingly the luxury of a bed on *terra firma.*

Als Ergänzung zu diesem Reise-Bericht dienen noch folgende Briefauszüge.

* Poor papa had to deny himself very much on that day; it being communion Sunday in his congregation, he could not get off until the day was fairly over. On Saturday he had been to New York, but returned in the evening, as the steamer had not yet arrived.

DEVANA COTTAGE, June 4, 1869.

My own Dearest Husband:—Yes, safe at home, sitting in the dining-room in Devana Cottage. Is it not a dream? It almost seems so to me. Oh, if you would only be here, my cup of happiness would be full. — —

How delightfully quiet and peaceful it seemed, after the noise and bustle of the steamer, the garden looking so pretty, and I once more in the home of my girlhood. A feeling of rest came over me, and though very tired, I seemed to forget it. Papa soon came in; dear, dear pappie; I ran to the gate to meet him. I see no change in him, except his long, venerable beard, which is rather becoming than otherwise; he seems as fresh and hearty as ever, and gave his lassie a warm greeting.

Papa is more delighted and taken up with baby than I thought. You have certainly given him a treat in his old age, by allowing us to come over.

"I am glad he's a laddie." "Now, papa, don't you like your lassies?" "Oh, aye, but I've had enough of lassies, I want laddies now. Give me a lump of sugar, may be he'll come to me then." At another time, to Miss R., "Ma'am have you any marmalade? I would like to give him some." Luckily, I came into the room in time to instruct him a little on the stomachs of little fellows eight months old.

M. TO A.

DEVANA COTTAGE, EDINBORO', July 5th, 1869.

— — The first three weeks I was here, I felt so happy and delighted to be once more in my dear home, that I had no tinges at all of home-sickness. I did often long to have you and E. here, but I seldom wished myself back. These last days, however, I have been wandering over in spirit to you. Where you are is now my home, I feel that; even baby's

presence here is not all-satisfying. A part of me seems wanting. I am only a half. Do not suppose, however, that I am not enjoying myself here. O, I am, very much indeed, and the parting will not be easy. Papa said yesterday to baby: "What *will* grandpa do without his little darling, when he goes away?"

The perfect rest I have is most refreshing, and I hope, will brace me up to set to work again in earnest, and with more diligence and cheerfulness than ever, when I return. I enjoyed exceedingly being at the communion in Dr. Bonar's, last Sabbath, and hope it was indeed a blessing to my soul. It seemed to me as if the constant whirl and worry I was in since baby is born, had given me no time for quiet meditation. I have been so little able, in the midst of it all, to have a quiet spirit resting on the Lord. I have been far too much taken up with the cares of this life, and I have much reason to fear that they have been choking the word and preventing its taking root and bringing forth fruit. O, to be stirred up to serve the Lord more faithfully! What poor, back-sliding, cold-hearted, changeable beings we are, and what reason have we for deep humiliation! Let us not neglect to pray earnestly for one another, that our time of separation may be blessed to us, and that if spared to meet again, we may stir one another up to faith and good works.

M. TO A.

DEVANA COTTAGE, Summer, 1869.

— I said to papa on leaving: "Now, papa, take care of my bairn, to-day." He seemed afraid I meant the entire charge of him, for he said: "Where's the servant?" However, on assuring him I only meant a general supervision, he smilingly said: "O, aye." On returning in the evening, I asked him if

he had fulfilled his promise; he said: "Yes, I fetched him a flower from the garden."

M. TO A.

ESSLINGEN, Sept. 2, 1869.

How sweet it is to think that I belong to you and you to me, and that nothing but death can separate us. We will leave it in a loving and wise Father's hand, to which of us the trying lot will fall to be left alone here and to see our beloved one depart. If it be the Lord's will, we may yet spend many happy years together, and when the one departs, it may be the other is grey-headed and bent and can say, "You are only going home a few days before me, I am ready to follow, very soon we will meet again." And if not, if we are called upon sooner to sustain this, at present unbearable loss, the Lord, who chasteneth in mercy, can and will give grace in the dying hour. We must beware of making idols of one another, else if we are Christ's, He must wean us from our idol, in order to unite us to Himself, and the only means of doing this is often *the hewing down of the idol.*

KIRCHENTAG U. BIBELFEST IN STUTTGART.

We were in the "Emporkirche" and looking down on the immense mass of people, many country folk, passages crowded, etc., etc. I had the impression very strongly "there is still much life and much interest here.'

The subject for the Special Conference at seven A. M. was Sabbath-schools. I was anxious to hear this, and also especially anxious for O. to become interested in this matter. I have been trying to give a little push toward the establishment of a Sabbath-School here. In Stuttgart there are several and also in Cannstadt. Frau von S. seems interested and I hope will be a leader and take the matter in hand.

I have spoken to her about it. The speeches were all short and *very* good and to the point, much better on a whole than those I have heard in Sunday-School Unions in America. It seems to me the German mind takes longer to seize a new thing, but if after ripe and long consideration it really finds a thing good, it lays hold of it and uses it *much* better, more solidly and with less humbug than the American. It was greatly refreshing. I wish I could write more but my time will not allow me.

Hinsichtlich der Vorträge von Wichern und Kapff, über die Frage: "Wie die der Kirche Entfremdeten wiedergewonnen werden;" sagt sie von dem ersteren:

It was a capital discourse, full and pithy. Very interesting it was to me to hear those subjects broached, upon which we have so often talked together: Could not Confirmation be separated from Abendmahl, and the latter left free for those who had personal interest? What good could members do, who come once at the Confirmation to Abendmahl and then entered into the world and left the Church?" Prälat Kapff in the afternoon: „Wir müssen eine Reformation in der Kirche haben. Wir können keine ideale Kirche haben, aber besser muss es werden und ich bin überzeugt dass es mit der Confirmation anfangen mnss. Die Zulassung zum Abendmahl muss vom persönlichen Verlangen abhängen. Wir müssen eine *Abendmahls-Gemeinde* haben. Viele Schwierigkeiten sind im Weg. Wir müssen vorderhand den Gedanken ins Volk hineinwerfen, sie auffordern ihre Kinder nicht so bald zu bringen, sondern erst reifer werden zu lassen. Vielleicht können wir bald mehr erreichen. Was man will, kann man. Die Liebe nicht nur „duldet Alles, träget Alles," sondern auch

„versuchet Alles." Das allgemeine Gefühl ist: es muss etwas geschehen."—

DR. DUNCANS TOD.

Nicht gar lange nach M.'s Rückkehr von ihrem Besuch in Schottland, am 16. März 1870 traf in Philadelphia die erschütternde Nachricht ein von dem am 26. Febr. in Edinburgh erfolgten Heimgang des theuren Vaters, Dr. D., der sein Leben trotz aller körperlichen Schwachheit auf 74 Jahre gebracht hatte. Er war nicht lange unwohl gewesen und da gerade die unmittelbar vorhergehenden Nachrichten über sein Befinden sehr ermuthigend und beruhigend gelautet hatten, so kam die Kunde von seinem Hinscheiden, als ein recht unerwarteter, schwerer Schlag besonders für M. Wie dankbar aber war sie nun erst für die köstlichen Stunden ihres Besuchs im vorangegangenen Sommer. Es war gerade die letzte Gelegenheit gewesen, und sie war glücklich benützt worden!

DEATH OF DR. DUNCAN.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

March 17th, 1870.

You must allow me to pour out my heart to you, for you, dearest M., are now my dearest and best friend in my old home. O, M., I have lost much, for I do think papa was a great and venerable man in many ways, and a most tender and loving father to me. I know you loved and valued him, he was particularly fond of you and you had opportunities of knowing him, which few others had, therefore I

feel assured that you can sympathize with me. Oh, I did love and revere him, though it sometimes rather disgusted me, the sort of idolatry descending into little and most insignificant things and therefore at times absurd, with which some people worshipped him. Yet M. I made an idol of him myself, I not only loved him, I was proud of him. I thought it an honor to be his daughter, every feeling in me was roused if I thought him the least slighted or undervalued. Now I will hear his voice no more here, no more bring him my difficulties and problems for solution. Yet as you say how selfish is grief! Now he is at rest, perfectly happy, perfectly glorious, no more doubts and fears, no more days and nights, weary, weary seasons of darkness and perplexity, when the Lord's chastening hand lay sore on him, and spirit and flesh failed; Oh, is it not blessed to think that he is now done forever with such. One cannot but rejoice for him. Our loss is most assuredly his great, unspeakable gain.

I find my thoughts much turned heavenwards. I cannot seek him now at home in the familiar rooms there. These are desolate, but he has only changed his home (a glorious change) and there in the blessed realms above I seek him. What is he now doing? With whom is he holding intercourse? What is his mansion and what his work? The eye would fain peer through the darkness, how much we would like to know, how little and yet how much the Scripture tells us. I have just been looking up and pondering over the texts which give us glimpses into that glorious world. Is there not enough to satisfy us? and yet our restive spirits seem not content. And then, there is another painful feeling of doubt creeping over you, "Are those things in heaven a reality or only a beautiful myth?" Oh, for a strong, unwavering faith, a clinging to the word of God, "for without faith it

is impossible to please Him, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is and that he is the rewarder of all who diligently seek Him." The final reward being in heaven it seems remarkable that belief in this stands so closely connected with belief in God Himself.

My home at the Grange is broken up; when my spirit travels there in thought it will be to the little spot of earth in the Grange Cemetery. But Scotland is, and ever will be my home, and Scotch friends my dearest.

Is it not strange that papa should have followed your aunt Mary so soon? Little more than a year they had been separated after being so long together here below. It is certainly now a great satisfaction to me that I was home and saw dear papa so lately, and our visit cheered him; he was so fond of his little grandson; I feel so glad I can tell him, if he is spared to grow up, that he saw his grandpapa and that he taught him to walk. I feel very grateful to Miss Robertson for her kind and loving care of papa. I know he could not have been more tenderly nursed, though of course a daughter's heart would fain have been there to nurse and to watch a beloved father's last hours.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

April 22, 1870.

—After writing a great deal about her first-born, she continues:

But you will be saying this is a real mother's letter, full of nothing but her boy. Well, he *is* a great comfort and blessing to me, and I know you will excuse my weakness: for some time after papa's death, I could scarcely bear to hear his merry voice and laugh, but now he cheers and comforts me, and when he sees me sad, comes and puts his wee, dumpy

arms around my neck, and squeezes me terribly, saying, "liebe, liebe, mamma."

M. TO E. B.

SPRING, 1870.

—Now, my dear home seems broken up, there is no little spot in my own dear country which bears that sweet name for me, and yet home, in a wider sense, it will always be to me.

Though I knew of dear papa's illness, still my anxiety was all over, as I had been getting such very good reports of his recovery, and I felt so thankful that the danger was over; so the blow came very unexpectedly. I have lost very much, but I know his gain is great, and it would be selfish to wish him back again. For long I could not believe it, I could not think that I would really see him no more here below. How very thankful I now am that I was enabled to take the journey and spend such a pleasant time with him last summer. It is doubly precious now.

M. TO E. B.

HOUSEKEEPING.

May 20, 1870.

You can have no idea how little time an American housekeeper can call her own, especially if she has a nursery in the house. It is a continual worry from morning till night. I sometimes feel quite worn-out, and long for a European home with its comparative ease, and yet I have to struggle against this and try to realize that God may be glorified in the faithful discharge of these seemingly insignificant things, which, after all, are those things which make a home comfortable or the contrary. Perhaps I have felt it more trying than usual, owing to the state of my health, which has been anything but good this winter; and then I was at first homesick after returning, and

required some little time to get accustomed again to things and people here.

COOPERSBURG, 1870.

Im Sommer 1870 brachte M. mit dem Erstgebornen wieder einige Zeit in Coopersburg zu. Einige Worte über das dortige Leben aus.

"THE HISTORY OF MY CHILDREN."

When summer came, we all went to C. for a month, which was of course a source of special delight to Hans. He could be out of doors all day, though he was quite a little coward, and would never go five steps alone without papa, mamma, or "tante." Sometimes papa made him a hanging bed on one of the trees in the orchard, sometimes took him long walks in his wheelbarrow, then there were the cows, sheep and pigs to see, and the chickens to feed, and "Shep," the dog, to play with, and so the days passed till it was time to return home. The event, however, which made the most lasting impression on his mind, was the terrible encounter with the wild cow shortly before we left; poor mamma falling into a ditch, and the cow jumping or rather stumbling over her, whilst papa seized H. in his arms and brandished a huge stick, the others running off in all directions. Mamma was wonderfully and providentially preserved, though the fright deprived her of the use of her limbs for some time.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

COOPERSBURG, PA., July 17, 1870.

— It is refreshing to be here among the green fields, fresh-mown hay and ripening harvest. Though sometimes, even more than at home, when I sit alone under a tree and listen to the sweet warbling of the

birds, bleating of the lambs, gurgling of the water, etc., a feeling of melancholy will steal over me when I think of dear ones whom I shall see no more here below. Heaven seems nearer in the country than it does in the busy city, with its noise and tumult.

I was very much pleased with those "Colloquia." They are indeed papa's words. I think I hear his voice, and I feel personally indebted to W. Knight for preserving such precious mementoes. You know I was never good at taking notes myself and now that I am asked to furnish something towards the memoir, my pen utterly fails, though my heart is full to overflowing.

ZWEITE REISE NACH EUROPA.

(SECOND JOURNEY TO EUROPE.)

Im Frühjahr 1871 lag M. an einer heftigen Lungenentzündung mehrere Wochen schwer krank darnieder und es gingen damals schon gar trübe Ahnungen dem besorgten Gatten durch die Seele. Doch erholte sie sich im Mai so weit, dass sie im Juni in Gemeinschaft mit A. und den beiden Kindern eine Reise nach Schottland und Deutschland antreten konnte, wohin ihnen Tante E. schon einige Wochen zuvor vorangegangen war. Sie selbst schreibt davon:

"June 3d we sailed from New York to Liverpool. A bad cough which baby had, turned out to be hooping-cough, which greatly increased the difficulties of the journey, poor papa having a hard time of it particularly at nights, jumping out of his berth every half-hour, and oftener, to hold up baby when the coughing came on and getting himself very sea-sick before he managed to tumble back again. We had

a nice commodious cabin (in the Cunard steamer "Batavia,") which was of course a great matter, as owing to stormy weather we were obliged to be so much down stairs."

Mittwoch d. 14. Juni kamen die Reisenden in Liverpool und am nächsten Tage in Edinburgh an, wo sie von Miss M.H. Robertson am Bahnhof empfangen wurden und im Hause ihrer Schwester, Mrs. Whitehead, sowie bei Prof. Dr. Smeaton die gastlichste Aufnahme fanden. Am 26. Juni wurde die Reise fortgesetzt per Dampfer „Windsor" von Leith nach Rotterdam. Am 30. erfolgte die Ankunft in Esslingen. Es war eben die Zeit, da die siegreichen deutschen Truppen von Frankreich heimkehrten; am ganzen Rhein hinauf, ja bis nach E. überall Flaggen, Guirlanden, Triumphbögen, Schaaren von martialissh drein schauenden Brandenburgen, Hessen, Baiern auf dem Heimweg und in den Festungen noch Tausende von gefangenen Franzosen, die sich ebenfalls reisefertig machten.

Ein kurzer Besuch in Tübingen und auf dem Hohenzollern war Alles, was M. in der schwäbischen Heimath geniessen durfte; dann lag sie wieder sechs Wochen lang krank darnieder.

M. TO MISS COWAN.

ESSLINGEN, Aug., 1871.

—I hope that if it is the Lord's will, I may not yet be so completely laid aside as to be unable to help my dear husband in his field of labors; this would be indeed a great trial to me, but I must seek to have my own will broken in this respect also. Do remember us and our little ones in your prayers.—

May our heavenly Father richly reward you with His best blessings, His peace and His comfort in Christ Jesus for your kindness to us.

Die Rückreise wurde am 28. August angetreten und ging über Bremen, Southampton, Baltimore. Am 15. Septr. glückliche Ankunft in Philadelphia, wo den Reisenden ein gar liebreicher, festlicher Empfang von Seiten der Gemeinde zu Theil ward.

EMPFANG IN PHILADELPHIA.

Die lutherische Zeitschrift vom 30sten September berichtete den Empfang in der Kirche mit den folgenden Worten:

— — Pastor Sp. war mit seiner Gattin und den zwei Kindern am Samstag Nachmittag nach einem Sommeraufenthalt im alten Vaterland glücklich in Baltimore angekommen und erreichte noch gegen Mitternacht desselben Tages seine Wohnung in Philadelphia. Er war mit den Seinen angenehm überrascht an seiner Thüre in tiefer Nacht von Freunden und Gliedern der Gemeinde empfangen und begrüsst zu werden. Nicht minder überraschend war es ihm das Haus nicht nur in neuem Schmuck, sondern auch mit den unmittelbaren Bedürfnissen vortrefflich versehen, ja den Tisch bereits gedeckt zu finden. Am Sonntag war ihm eine Art von mildem Hausarrest aufgelegt und Prof. N., der während der Abwesenheit des Freundes den Dienst an der Gemeinde mit Treue und Hingebung gethan hatte, versah denselben auch noch an diesem Tage und lud die Gemeinde, die mit freudiger Erregung von der glücklichen Wiederkehr ihres Seelsorgers hörte, auf Montag Abend zur Begrüssung desselben in die Kirche ein.

Wir hatten die Freude uns zu überzeugen, dass Pastor Sp. mit frischer kräftiger Farbe und verjüng-

tem Aussehen aus dem Vaterland angekommen ist. Und das war auch der sehr erwünschte Eindruck, den seine lieben Gemeindeglieder empfingen, als er am Montag Abend vom Präsidenten des Kirchenraths und vom Secretär desselben mit ein paar Amtsbrüdern durch die ganz gedrängt volle und glänzend erleuchtete Kirche in den mit Blumensträussen und schönen Kränzen und Inschriften lieblich geschmückten Altarraum eingeführt wurde.

— — — Nun erscholl der Orgel fröhlicher Klang und tönte ein Lied des Chores und die Gemeinde stimmte an: Lobe den Herren den mächtigen König der Ehren. Pastor Grahn pries Gott im Gebet über der glücklichen Rückkehr unsres Bruders und über der Freude dieses Abends und über all seinem Thun und Walten. Dann hiess Dr. Mann den wieder angekommenen Bruder herzlich willkommen im Namen der Gemeinde, des Kirchenraths und der Amtsbrüder; er erinnerte an die eigenthümlichen Winke der Vorsehung, die unsern Bruder vor mehr als acht Jahren zuerst nach Schottland und dort in die Bekanntschaft einer vom Staat freien Kirche einführte; den auch dadurch umso besser für den Dienst an der Kirche unsres Landes Vorbereiteten dann hieher leitete; ihn zuerst in seinem Wirken an der alten Muttergemeinde so sichtbar segnete; ihn nach und nach an diese Gemeinde, die damals ins Leben trat, mit starken Banden knüpfte, die im Lauf der Zeit fester und fester wurden: es ihm dann nach Jahren ernster Arbeit vergönnte, — die liebe deutsche Heimath eben in dieser weltgeschichtlich grossen Zeit im Schmuck der Triumphbogen und Siegeszeichen wieder zu sehen; mit Gattin und Kindern der lieben, solchen Besuch längst ersehnenden Mutter und den Geschwistern zueilen zu dürfen, sich dort zu erlaben und zu erholen und auch den Schmerz des Abschieds sich zuletzt bei der Rück-

kehr durch tausend Zeichen und sprechende Beweise der herzlichsten Liebe der Gemeinde und durch die freudige Theilnahme der Amtsbrüder also versüsst zu sehen. Da ist ja alle Ermunteruug gegeben, mit Dank gegen Gott und mit neuer Lust und Liebe wieder ins Amt zu treten.

Nun bewillkommte die grosse im besten Schmuck erschienene Kinderschaar den lieben Freund und Lehrer mit einem lieblichen für diese Gelegenheit verfassten Liede und dann brachte Past. Sp. selbst den Kindern, der ganzen Gemeinde und den Amtsbrüdern seinen Herzensgruss mit grosser Bewegung des Gemüthes dar. Er dankte für diesen lieblichen Empfang und alle an ihn so zahlreich sich knüpfenden Liebeszeichen und erzählte, wie das ja erwartet wurde, auch von den Erlebnissen der Reise über Schottland nach Deutschland; über die Eindrücke, die er in den damaligen Siegesfesttagen im Vaterlande empfangen hatte, über die Freude des Wiedersehens der Seinigen, über allerlei Erfahrungen, die er machte; er redete von den Nachwirkungen der schwerbewegten Zeit des Krieges auf das kirchliche und geistliche Leben und führte uns aus der Stunde des Abschieds wieder über Land und Meer hierher, schilderte, wie er an einem Sonntag einer grossen Versammlung auf dem Meer predigte, wie aber dieses Schifflein Christi bei der Gelegenheit von Wind und Wellen ziemlich unsanft berührt wurde und dennoch das Lob Gottes vielstimmig erklang und Gottes Wort über den Wellen vernommen wurde. Mit neuem Danke für alle ihm erwiesene Freundlichkeit brachte er der Gemeinde auch neue Liebe und Willigkeit entgegen, mit allen Gaben ihr und in ihr und mit ihr dem Reich Gottes dienen zu wollen.

Past. Vogelbach schloss mit einem herzlichen Dank- und Freudengebet. Nochmals stimmte der Chor ein Lied des Preises an und die ganze Gemeinde

erhob sich zuletzt mit dem alten Jubelliede: Nun danket alle Gott. Sofort wurde sie mit dem Segen entlassen. Mit dem Heimgehen gieng es aber gar langsam, denn die lieben Gemeindeglieder wollten ihrem Pastor auch die Hand reichen zum fröhlichen Gruss und kamen von überall herbei, Väter und Mütter und Alte und Junge. Es gieng endlich keines nach Hause, das nicht gedacht hätte: es war doch recht lieblich an diesem Abend bei der Gemeine Gottes in den Vorhöfen des Herrn. Psalm 122.

PHILADELPHIA, 19 Sept. 1871.

M. hatte die grosse Freude, diesen unvergesslichen Abend in einem stillen, geschützten Eckchen der Kirche mitgeniessen zu dürfen. —

M. TO MISS COWAN.

March 22, 1872.

— I only wish we lived nearer, perhaps you could be persuaded to come and pay us a little visit, too. It is a great deprivation to be beyond reach of friends whom we would desire to see often, and hold intercourse with, and indeed I feel this to be one of my crosses, otherwise I ought to be truly grateful for such a happy, comfortable home, kind husband, and two dear wee bairnies, whose bodily and mental growth and progress is all a fond parent could wish.

WOMAN'S WORK.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

April 9, 1872.

— With all the talk there is here, continually, of woman's rights and woman's superiority, there is a great deficiency of any means for elevating and cultivating her mind. Less talk and more quiet work-

ing in this way would certainly be a very great deal better. Let woman *prove* what she can do, and not be always talking about it, and there are doors enough open for her in this country.

My work at present—and a higher and greater one I don't desire—is the care and culture of the two little plants growing in my nursery, and plenty they give me to do. I am trying the Kindergarten system with them, and they delight in the blocks, strips of wood, of paper, etc., with which the lessons are given. If able, I intend teaching them myself as long as possible, for I dislike and distrust the schools here, and I find it exceedingly interesting to watch the growth of thought in their little minds, and think it a very great and most momentous work to watch over and train those rising ideas in the right direction. But how little the mother's work is spoken of by these advocates of women's rights and work for women, and if alluded to, it is in a sort of condescending way, as good and satisfactory for those poor, weak ones, who cannot rise to anything higher and nobler.

M. TO MISS M. D. SANDEMAN.

February 26, 1873.

— I am hoping, that if spared, at some distant day there may be more leisure and rest for me, when the boys are grown up and Else becomes my right hand in household cares. In the meantime, I am kept very busy, and after all, is not a busy life the happiest? Sometimes the drudgery *will* seem weary and tiresome. I seem to have yearnings for something which will exercise more my mental faculties. A weary feeling often creeps over me, and I think surely Christ's word applies to me: "Martha, Martha," etc. And yet those things must be done, if we only had grace to do them, as unto the Lord, and not to men,

and be enabled to fly upwards again without getting our wings stained and polluted with the dust of the ground.

When you wrote about your literary society, I felt inclined to envy you, and when I see women devoting their lives to the study of medicine, etc., etc., I feel as if I too, might have done something. But I soon recover myself; for am I not doing something? Can I not by training up my little ones to be good and useful members of society, be doing as great a work—aye, perhaps a greater—as those lady doctresses, lecturers, politicians, etc.? With the latter, by the way, I do not at all sympathize. I think they are a most unwomanly set of beings, and would have God's order of nature set all upside down. I am perfectly satisfied with the "rights" I have, only I am glad to see more doors of usefulness and good honest work being thrown open to ladies of refinement and education; for I do believe many noble and intelligent women's lives have been in a measure wasted only for the want of a sphere to work in; and how paltry, trifling and empty is the life many girls and young ladies lead; how much better for such of those as do not marry to have a fixed aim in life, an honorable occupation. Certainly, if our Else is spared to us, she will, as well as our boys, be trained for that position and calling for which she seems the most suitable and talented, only nothing which will make her unwomanly, or unfit her for becoming a true wife and mother, should that be the lot prepared for her.

You see how far ahead my plans go. In the meantime I am trying to teach my little bairnies what I can, and a delightful occupation I find it. It is almost the brightest spot amidst the necessary cares and worries of a household, especially of an American household, when, as I make a point of doing every forenoon, I get my two little boys

around me, Dunnie on his little stool, looking up to me with his thoughtful, deep look, and little Dougly, all beaming with life and fun, on my lap, and we read and weep together (for often the tears run down Hansie's cheeks, though he is anxious to hide them) over the sweet story of old, of Jesus here on earth; and the little lips lisp His praise, and Dunnie comes with his deep questions of the wherefore and how, whilst Douglas receives all with a sweet, childlike simplicity; then their little prayers prompted often by our reading are so sweet and childlike, and often do me much good.

SOMMER-FRISCHE.

Eine Hauptsorge in diesen Jahren war ihr, so oft die heisse Jahreszeit herankam, die Wahl eines Sommeraufenthalts für sich und die Kinder. Sie selbst konnte Philadelphias Sommerhitze nie ertragen und litt immer schwer darunter, wenn sie davon in der Stadt überrascht wurde. Und für die Kinder suchte sie den Landaufenthalt nicht bloss um der Luftveränderung willen, sondern auch damit sie das Landleben kennen lernen und geniessen möchten. So wurde das Sommerquartier 1872 in Weaversville, 1873 in Pughtown, 1874 im Schweizerhaus bei Reading bezogen, wo sie der Besuch ihres Schwagers, Rev. W. Allen von St. Thomas erfreute.

Der liebste Sommeraufenthalt aber blieb ihr doch immer die *Seekuste.* Bei all ihrer körperlichen Schwachheit wirkte die Seeluft Jahre lang Wunder an ihr. Am Meere fühlte sie sich heimisch wie nirgends sonst in America; und das Seebad war ihr bis in die zwei letzten Jahre der grösste Genuss.

Darum war es hauptsächlich auf ihren Wunsch und Betrieb, dass im Sommer 1876 die Somerhütte zu Sea Grove gebaut wurde, die von da an zum regelmässigen Sommeraufenthalt dienen sollte.

"Why is it that the human heart is seldom so moved as when it is by the shore of the sea? That the noblest thoughts, the divinest aspirations, the most ardent longings after the great and the good, are felt there? Is it that we unconsciously connect that glorious ocean with our own destinies and see Eternity and Deity reflected there? or does the Spirit of God yet move as of old upon the face of the waters?"—
(*Except.*)

Bei diesen Sommer-Ausflügen hat sie meistens die fröhliche, heitere Seite ihrer Natur am vollsten und freisten herausgekehrt. Muthig und lebensfroh war sie immer, so dass Andre sich an ihr erquicken und aufrichten konnten. Die Vorarbeiten und Zurüstungen zu diesen Sommer-Reisen, vor denen Manches zurückschrecken mochte, waren ihr eine Kleinigkeit. Sie liess sich dadurch den Genuss des Landes oder des Meeres nicht verbittern. Wer tiefer in ihr Seelenleben hineinschauen konnte und eine Ahnung hatte von dem gewaltigen Ernst, mit dem sie ihren Christenberuf auffasste und von dem täglichen Ringen um die Heiligung im Selbstgericht und Kampf wider die Sünde, der musste es umso mehr schätzen, dass in ihrem Umgang mit Andern kein Sauersehen und kopfhängen zu finden war, sondern ein allezeit freundliches, leuchtendes Angesicht, dessen liebreicher Sonnenblick Andern die Wolken von der Stirne scheuchen konnte.

Eine Ausnahme davon machte eigentlich nur der Sommer 1873, in dem sie längere Zeit unter einem schweren Gemüthsdruck dahingieng, bei dem äussere und innere Ursachen zusamenwirkten.

Andeutungen darüber gibt der folgende Brief.

M. AN A.

PUGHTOWN, Sommer 1873.

— Was die Kinder betrifft, ja ich bin ihrethalben auch betrübt. Ich hoffte hier auf dem Lande recht Zeit und Lust zu haben, sie zu erziehen, und es ist doch so schwer, freilich muss ich mir oft sagen, gerade das freie Leben hier ist geneigt sie wild und ungezogen zu machen und dann A. o wie viel mehr Geduld hat nicht Gott mit uns gehabt, als wir noch mit unsern Kindern gehabt haben! Will Er uns nicht damit zeigen, wie wir Ihn täglich prüfen und betrüben mit unsern Sünden? Es war sonst nichts Besonderes mit den Kleinen wie du gefürchtet hast, nur meine ich, wenn wir so mit ihren Unarten geprüft sind, muss es uns demüthigen und uns auch geduldiger machen, wenn wir denken: das haben die Kleinen von uns geerbt. O A. mein lieber, lieber Mann, hilf mir ein Kind Gottes sein und bleiben mitten unter den Versuchungen und Sorgen dieser Welt! Ich fühle mich so schwach wieder herauszutreten und meine Pflichten wieder aufzunehmen. Aber Lieber sei nicht zu viel besorgt und betrübt, weil ich in solcher Stimmung bin. Ich danke Gott, dass Er mich nicht glücklich sein lässt, wenn Er sein Angesicht vor mir verbirgt. Ich möchte nicht glücklich sein ohne Ihn. Gottlob, ich kann heute, wenn auch in grosser Schwachheit rufen: "Ich glaube, Herr, hilf meinem Unglauben!" Ich habe heute morgen dich und mich und die lieben Kleinen so recht in Seine Arme legen können und fühlte etwas wie stillen Frieden in mei-

nem Herzen. Ich will nicht leugnen, dass meine niedergedrückte Stimmung auch von meinen Nerven herkommt. Du weisst, wie schwach die sind und dann kommen auch allerlei irdische Sorgen dazu. Die beste Arzenei dafür ist Arbeit; ich denke, ich habe eben lange genug gefaulenzt! Dass ich mich nicht so gut erholt habe wie letztes Jahr, das glaube ich doch nicht. Freilich der Schmerz in der Seite wollte nicht besser werden und half auch dazu mich zu drücken. Er ist aber in den letzten Tagen bedeutend besser.

M. TO E. B.

Winter, 1873.

The care of my household and nursery leave me little time for congregational work. I still, however retain my Bible-class and take part in our Dorcas Society. We have a young lady boarding with us this winter who is studying medicine in the Women's College here, and will graduate in spring. She is making half a doctor of me, and I do believe if I had nothing else to do I too would study medicine. I am no believer in woman's emancipation, but do think it well that fields of usefulness are being opened for her, and I think female doctors are a great want. Studying along with gentlemen I think dubious; here there is a good college, where women study alone under good professors, and they are admitted on certain days to the hospitals.

To come back to home, to my duties and pleasures, in which for the present at least my sphere lies; we have been enjoying Christmas in true German style. We had a fine large tree at home with all manner of presents, and in the church we had quite a nice celebration for our Sunday-schools with two large trees, each child receiving a book and a box of candies.

EMMAS RUCKKEHR NACH AMERICA.

Das Jahr 1874 brachte M. die Erfüllung eines von ihr lange und sehnlichst gehegten Wunsches. Die treue Schwester E., welche a. 1871 nicht mit von Deutschland zurückgekehrt war, sondern in Wolgast die Leitung eines von Commercienrath Quistorp gegründeten Waisenhauses übernommen hatte, verlobte sich in diesem Jahre mit Pastor Ph. Pfatteicher in Easton, und wurde am 18. Septr. in der St. Johannis-Kirche zu Philadelphia getraut. Wenn sie nun auch nicht mehr wie früher ein Glied des Hauses selbst war, so that es doch M. unaussprechlich wohl, sie so nahe zu haben, so dass man leicht zusammenkommen konnte. Es geschah von da an wieder weder Grosses noch Kleines im Hause, an dem nicht die l. Tante den innigsten Antheil genommen hätte. Im Herbst desselben Jahres benützte M. ihre Anwesenheit, ihr den ganzen Haushalt zu überlassen und mit A. eine Reise nach Erie zur Versammlung des General Councils zu unternehmen, — ein Ausflug, der ihr viel Genuss gewährte, besonders auch durch den im Heimweg ausgeführten Besuch in dem gastlichen Pfarrhaus zu Warren.—

VIII.

Leidens-Zeit.

1876—1878.

"Solls sein, so seis gelitten."
(Geistl. Volkslied.)

VIII.

Seit dem Frühjahr 1871, da M. schnell nach einander die zwei Anfälle von Lungenentzündung gehabt, hatte sie immer von Zeit zu Zeit an Husten zu leiden, der sie daran erinnerte, dass ihre Gesundheit zu wanken anfing. Doch wurde es ihr lange schwer an ein ernstliches Leiden zu denken. Einmal war sie immer sehr hart gegen sich selbst und machte andern gegenüber nie viel aus ihren körperlichen Beschwerden, an die sie von Jugend auf viel gewöhnt war. Und dann behielt ihre geistige Frische und Energie immer so entschieden die Oberhand über alle Schwachheit des Leibes, dass auch als sie ernstlich krank war ihre Heiterkeit und ihr Lebensmuth unveränderlich blieben. Ganz besonders belebte und stärkte sich ihre Hoffnung immer wieder durch die Erfahrung, dass der Sommer am Meer Wunder an ihr that. Noch im Sommer 1875, den sie nach zwei anstrengenden Monaten der Krankenpfledge am Bett ihres Erstgebornen in Ocean Grove zubrachte, schien sie gesunder und kräftiger als je in ihrem Leben und entfaltete eine Rührigkeit und Energie in der Verwaltung ihres Hausfrauenamts und dabei eine Ausdauer und Kraft, die Alle in Erstaunen setzten.

Ihre eigentliche Leidenszeit begann erst mit dem Sommer 1876. Da lag sie an einem so schweren An-

fall darnieder, dass man ernstlich um sie besorgt sein musste. Aber gerade in jenem Sommer erholte sie sich auch in Sea Grove noch einmal so rasch und wunderbar, dass selbst die Pflege der kranken Kinder und die beiden Todesfälle jenes Sommers ihre neu auflebende Kraft nicht zu erschüttern schienen. Aber, wie gesagt, erst von diesem Jahr an hat sie selbst angefangen, ihren Zustand ernstlicher zu nehmen, wie sie denn auch mit schwerem, unwilligem Herzen erst im Februar 1876 ihre Bibelclasse in der Sonntagschule aufgab und ihre Resignation als Glied des Vereins einsandte.

Nach mehrwöchentlichem Krankenlager brachten wir sie am 29. Juni 1876 nach Sea Grove, wo sie unter der freundlichen Pflege von Frl. Emilie Schwarz eine Woche im Hotel zubrachte, bis das eigne Sommerhäuschen fertig war, das sie mit so vielem Eifer geplant hatte und in dem sie nun doch mehr Leidens- als Freudenstunden verleben sollte! Indessen übernahm die treue Tante E. den Haushalt in Philadelphia und rückte in der zweiten Juliwoche mit der ganzen Kinderschaar nach ans Meer. Aber die beiden Babies, die kleine Anna Pf. und unser kleiner Adolph erholten sich nicht wieder. Am 28. Juli ging die erstere, am 3. September der letztere in die Ewigkeit hinüber,—ernste Vorboten der noch ernsteren Tage die unser warteten. Es war gewiss kein Kleines für die selbst schwache und leidende Mutter, als sie am 4. September Morgens mit der kleinen Leiche vom Meere nach der Stadt heim kehrte, wo sie von dem trauernden Gatten empfangen wurde, der die

Todesbotschaft den Abend zuvor erhalten hatte, als er eben zur Abendpredigt die Kanzel betrat.

M. TO E.

June 20, 1876.

I find our trials are united with blessings, and He who knows how frail we are, will not lay on a burden too heavy to bear. As He has helped us through many a dark hour in the past, let us, dear E., trust Him for the future and not desire to see a long way ahead, but be satisfied with a step at a time and grace for that step.

M. TO E.

June, 1876. (In bed.)

DEAREST E.:—I feel sometimes quite confused and cannot see at all how things will go. I repeat hourly to myself: "Er wird wohl Wege finden, da dein Fuss gehen kann." The trouble is, I feel so terribly weak, can scarcely stand on my feet, though I have been up for part of the day on Saturday. My cough is still troublesome in the evening especially, though on the whole much better. It is trying to keep my room and see so much to be done and not be able to do anything. I cry and sigh to the Lord for a submissive spirit.

Gar oft hat sie in jenen Tagen, als es anfing Ernst zu werden mit der Leidenszeit, die Anfangslinie des folgenden Lieds vor sich hingesummt, dessen characteristische Melodie selbst ihr unmusikalisches Ohr behalten konnte. Wie manche Wolke hat sie damit von A's. Stirne verscheucht!

Solls sein, so seis gelitten,
liegt doch wenig dran,
Solls sein, so seis gestritten,
gehn doch mehr voran:
Mein Jesus hat Angst und mehres gelitten,
war doch Gottes Sohn.

Solls sein, so seis, mich quæle
Angst, Pein, Furcht und Noth;
Solls sein, so seis, mich würge
auch der bittre Tod:
Mein Jesus hat auch gelitten, gestritten,
war doch Gottes Sohn.

SUMMER 1876 IN SEA GROVE.

M. TO E. B.

November, 1876.

I myself was sick all spring—so that I think my good husband and many others scarcely expected me to recover. The Doctor said it was absolutely necessary that I should have a time of rest away from the children; so it was arranged that Emma should come on to Philadelphia, with her two little ones, take charge of my household and superintend the packing for our summer quarters, while Emilie Schwartz, who was here on a visit from New York, was to accompany me to Sea Grove, where we took rooms at the hotel for a week. I was so weak that I had almost to be carried on board the steamer. We had secured a lot (given free to ministers) in Sea Grove, a new sea-bathing place, and this spring built a small cottage on it. I found it so difficult to secure suitable summer quarters for our family, and thought this by far the best, and in the end the most economical plan. But as the building had been commenced rather late, it was not ready for us till about the middle of July, when the hot weather had set in with a vengeance. It was the last week in June when E. Schwartz and I left home, and we hoped the rest of the family would join us in a week, when the cottage would be ready for occupancy. Emma, you may be sure, had her hands full with my five and her own two, and when they came down on the boat with the seven children under eight years, and the two nurses, people thought Emma was the happy mother of them

all, and that there were two sets of twins! The sea air does wonders for me. I recovered rapidly, and was able to be at the cottage and prepare for their coming in a week's time. I was not, however, prepared to have such a sick-looking baby brought to me. The excessive heat had been hard to bear on both babies, and I at once thought little A. was dangergerously sick, but had all hopes that the sea air would put him all right again. The first days he seemed to grow worse, was very restless by night and day. E.'s baby too pined away, and there they lay in their cradles on the porch, to catch all the sea breeze going, as pale as little corpses—both in a sort of stupor. We had little hopes of their recovery. E.'s baby, a week older than mine, was the first to be taken. It was very sad, away from home, and her papa not there. She died Sabbath, 28th of July; and next day E. accompanied by A. took her remains home to Easton.

M. TO E.

Sea Grove, 7 Aug., 1877.

—— There are breakers ahead, but I have more courage than I had last week. The Lord knows how frail we are. He knows just how much we need and can bear, and I can with full confidence leave all in His hands. He has always proved Himself true, and sends help and strength when we need it. My earnest prayer to Him is that He may abundantly reward you for all you have done for me and mine, though to us it seems not so at present. But His ways are hidden ways. I do thank Him that He comforts you. ——

M. TO E. B.

Little A., seemed to pick up, revived, looked quite bright and took his food with relish. We thought

God was going to spare him to us. Ernst, the second youngest, took sick, lay several days in a high fever, taking no notice of any one, and eating nothing. His papa was greatly distressed at the thought of losing his little pet, and sent to the city for our physician. The means used were graciously blessed, and he recovered. Little A., on the contrary, died on Sabbath, September 3d, just five weeks after the death of little Anna. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

M. TO E.

SEA GROVE, September 3, 1876.

Our little Adolph has gone to join your little Anna among the hosts of ransomed ones above. He had a restless night, moaning piteously. I was with him till three in the morning. Since Friday morning his condition has been such that really I did not expect him to live long, and though in praying for him to the God who can work wonders, I asked for his recovery, if possible, still my principal petition was: "Lord, shorten his sufferings, if it is Thy holy will, and take him soon home." It was of course hard to see A. go off, still he seemed to think he would live over Sunday, and I did not at all urge him to stay. Miss Schnabel was with baby from 3 A. M. this morning, when he seemed to get a little quieter. After breakfast I took him out on a pillow on my lap on the porch. It was such a lovely morning, and I thought the air would soothe him. He lay quiet, only suffering from time to time from sickness. I sent the two boys to church, and sat on the porch with baby till they returned. Then dinner was ready, and I said I would take him in and lay him in the cradle; that was quarter past twelve. When I rose I saw at once a change come over his countenance; sat down on the sofa with him, and thought

for a moment that it was all over. However, he continued breathing; of course I could not leave him, and asked Miss S. to give the children their dinner. She did so and returned. There was a little struggle for breath, lasting about ten minutes. One thing I felt especially thankful for, indeed, I received it as an answer to prayer, that there were no convulsions of any kind; I felt so nervous of anything of the kind. He breathed his last at seven minutes to one, I believe, almost to the minute, at the same time when little Anna was released five weeks ago, also on Sabbath, and whilst the children were at dinner.

Dr. Wylie, who is here at present with Mrs. W., has been inquiring kindly every day. Last night, when they were here, I had no hopes of baby, and he had worship with us. He preached to-day, and it seems had prayed for baby. He kindly offered to do anything for me. He walked to Cape May, but they cannot telegraph to A. till five P. M. I am sorry that he will just receive the telegram before preaching. I have resolved to take the seven o'clock train to-morrow morning, and have telegraphed to A. not to come down, but meet me to-morrow morning in Philadelphia.

M. TO E.

PHILADELPHIA, September 13, 1876.

I never thought a baby could make such a blank. We all felt as if we had nothing to do, and I lay awake often for hours thinking about and longing for him.

I find that I must be very sparing with my strength. I already don't feel so well since I returned; have a cold and pain again in my side. I would fain go right ahead, and find it very hard to keep back.

M. TO E.

1615 Girard Ave., Sept. 20, 1876.

The fact is, I am not at all "fest," and I am so afraid of getting sick again; not that I am not willing to bear what the good Lord sends, but it is such a trial to be a burden and trouble to everybody.

I feel so sorry for A. and the children; my greatest trial is what they suffer and "entbehren."

Trotz der schweren Prüfungen des Sommers hatte sich M. im Herbst wieder so weit erholt, dass sie im October zu einem längeren Besuch nach Easton reisen konnte. Von dort aus kam sie wiederholt zu den Sitzungen des General Councils nach Bethlehem herüber, denen sie mit gespanntem Interesse folgte, wie denn die Theilnahme an den theologischen und kirchlichen Fragen ihrer Umgebung bis zum Ende ihr ganzes Herz in Anspruch genommen hat.

SOMMER 1877 IN SEA GROVE.

Im Frühjahr 1877 fühlte sie sich verhältnissmäsig ziemlich stark, so dass sie, da der kleine Martin unter der Hitze in der Stadt zu leiden anfing, schon Anfangs Juni mit ihm nach Sea Grove eilte, wo sie die Pflege des schwachen Kindes bei Tag und Nacht selbst übernahm. Damit aber hatte sie ihre Kräfte bedeutend überschätzt und die Folge war ein totales Zusammenbrechen. A. war in jenen Tagen weit ab bei der Versammlung der New Yorker Synode zu Buffalo. Ihre Briefe dorthin liessen ihn nicht merken, wie mühsam sie sich noch durchkämpfte, und wie nahe sie dem Zusammenbrechen war. Sie rief ihn nicht nur nicht zurück, sondern forderte ihn sogar noch auf, seine Reise noch weiter auszudehnen und

andre kirchliche Körper zu besuchen, weil sie das für wünschenswerth im Interesse unsrer kirchlichen Arbeit, besonders unsrer Mission hielt. Aber trotz ihren Briefen schien A. zu fühlen, wie nöthig seine Gegenwart in Sea Grove sei. Er eilte von Buffalo dahin, sobald die Synode vertagt war, und kam eben zur rechten Zeit an, um die Pflege des Kindes dem treuen Weibe abzunehmen, und sie selbst ins Bett zu legen. Da lag sie denn Woche um Woche auf Besserung harrend, aber es wollte keine kommen. So mussten wir uns endlich entschliessen, sie wieder nach der Stadt zurückzubringen und die armen Kinder unter fremder, freilich treuer und zuverlässiger Pflege in Sea Grove zu lassen.

A. AN E.

Philad., 29, Juni 1877.

Heute Morgen kam ich mit M. glücklich hier an. Es ist gerade ein Jahr seit sie mit Emilie und mir hinuntergieng und nun muss ich sie heute so heimbringen!—Ihr Zustand war in den letzten Tagen sehr unbefriedigend: bald scheinbar besser, bald wieder so schwach, dass man kaum den Muth behalten konnte. Ich hatte ihr oft gesagt, du darfst nicht so liegen bleiben, der Doctor muss dich täglich sehen. Da, — gestern Nachmittag, nachdem sie ein paar Stunden recht elend gewesen, richtete sie sich plötzlich auf im Bett und sagte: "Ich gehe mit dir heim nach Philadelphia." — Das Wagniss schien fast zu gross in Anbetracht ihrer grossen Schwachheit und das Wetter sah gestern Abend so stürmisch und kalt aus, dass es schwer war, einen Entschluss zu fassen. Als aber beim Sonnenuntergang die Wolken brachen und einige Strahlen durchblitzten, gieng ich und bestellte ein Gefährt auf heute früh 6 Uhr.

Der Morgen war prachtvoll, ganz windstill. Mit grosser Energie stand M. auf und war um 6 Uhr reisefertig. Da der Phaëton nur für zwei Platz hatte, kutschirte ich selbst. Die Luft that ihr gut und sie hustete fast gar nicht. An der Ferry hier nahm ich wieder einen Wagen und hielt auf der Heimfahrt bei Dr. K. an, um ihn wissen zu lassen, dass sie hier ist. —

Während nun die Kinder allein in Sea Grove waren, und M. schwer krank in Philadelphia lag, schrieb sie an E.

— "Wie es weiter mit den Kindern gehen wird, wenn ich nicht bald hinunter kann, weiss *ich* nicht. Nun *der Herr* wird schon Weg und Bahn für unsre Füsse finden, wo jetzt Alles schwarz ist." —

Anfangs August hatte sie sich so weit erholt, dass sie noch einmal sich ans Meer hinunter wagen konnte, wo sie selbst noch zwei oder drei Seebäder zu nehmen im Stande war.

M. TO MISS ROBERTSON.

SEA GROVE, Aug. 14, 1877.

—— I fear this attack has broken my constitution more than any former one; however I ought to be very thankful to be able to be up again, though even this has brought its trials with it. In bed and the children kept away from me, I could keep a comparatively easy mind; up and about, surrounded by five children, I see so many things that ought to be done, that other people don't seem to see, and not be able to do anything or very little, oneself, is no easy task, and I am afraid I sometimes get irritated and impatient under it.

Dear Miss R., continue to pray for me and mine,

for I have need of it. It seemed, lying on a sick-bed, which might be a death-bed, as if the cares and troubles about worldly things were so very insignificant, if only myself, dear husband and little ones were safely housed in the everlasting habitations above; what did it matter much, how the little time here below was got through, as concerning the care of these poor, weak, sinful bodies of ours; and yet, when able to be around again, how necessary those little cares seem, and how really necessary they are to the comfort, not only of body, but of soul! But alas, the wings of the poor bird which would fain keep on heavenward, get soiled and dusty, and he is dragged downward, downward, and with a sigh sees heaven at a distance, growing dimmer, and earth nearer, and everything on it magnified in his eyes. There, you have a little bit of my feeling in those days. Your letters comfort me and do me a heap of good. I think, for myself, I would have been satisfied to go home, though death looked very terrible, when called to face him, but my children! What would become of them? And so my prayer was: "Lord, I know not which is best; Thou knowest, Thy will be done," and it seems as if I were to be spared a little longer,—not *very* long, I often think—and I would like to devote all my time on earth in rearing and nourishing those tender plants given to my care.

M. TO MISS COWAN.

EASTON, October 1, 1877.

— I have a long summer of sickness behind me, but a gracious Father has again raised me up, and given me again a measure of health and strength.

I often thought, lying on a bed of sickness, "to depart and be with Christ would be far better," and yet, the thought of my little flock of wee lambs then left motherless, troubled me, and for their sakes I

prayed, if it were possible and in accordance with the Divine will, I might be spared a little longer to them, and my prayer seems to have been granted, though I sometimes think, it will not be for very long. I have been obliged to give up all work, and feel often like a poor, useless, broken tool, and yet I know the Lord may be glorified by patient suffering as well as by untired working, indeed I find the first harder to the flesh. Even the education of my little ones I can only very partially attend to. I am forbid to speak much.

Die Versammlung des General Councils in Philadelphia im October 1877 fand sie soweit gekräftigt, dass sie, obwohl mit grosser Anstrengung; nicht bloss den vermehrten Anforderungen der häuslichen Verwaltung nachkommen, sondern selbst die Sitzungen ziemlich regelmäsig besuchen konnte, obwohl damit für sie immer eine tiefgehende geistige und gemüthliche Anspannung und Aufregung verbunden war.

WINTER 1877–1878.

Den milden Winter 1877–1878 brachte sie meist auf ihrem Zimmer zu ohne das Bett hüten zu müssen. Nicht selten ging sie auch über die Mittagszeit ein paar Strassen weit im Sonnenschein, aber immer mit ziemlicher Anstrengung und unter beständiger Angst vor Hustenanfällen.

Am Weihnachten (1877) war sie nicht bloss Abends bei der Bescheerung recht heiter unten im Parlor, sondern sie liess es sich auch nicht nehmen, Nachmittags bei den Zurüstungen zum Feste noch ein wenig zu helfen, obwohl sie nicht viel auf den Füssen sein konnte.

THE LAST BIRTHDAY.

M. TO E.

February 12, 1877.

Many thanks for your kind, comforting letter, with its comforting words. Yes, I have again experienced in this last year, that the Lord is *very* gracious, and that whilst laying His chastening hand on me, it has, after all, been laid on—oh, so gently! What an abundance of mercies has been mixed with the cup of suffering. I have great cause of thankfulness for the comparative rest and quiet of these months, for you know how apt one is to get into a whirl of work and worry, and the inner life, neglected, is in danger of being extinguished, or at any rate, growing very lean and barren.

"Ebenezer! hitherto hath the Lord helped," I can truly say, and I think I can in some measure with a cheerful heart, leave the future in His hands; I get along wonderfully well as long as I do not attempt to do anything; the least exertion brings on the cough. However, though I do not do much myself, I am not wholly *idle*. I do the *thinking* for the household, and keep the engine going.

Now, I must tell you something of my birth-day: I had quite a splendid "Bescheerung" held at midday in our sitting-room. On the table, canary-bird, statue of a little boy writing for my wall shelf in the sitting-room, note paper, Cameron's journey through Africa finely illustrated, etc., and drawn up in line, Hansie with flower-pot, blooming geraniums, Douglas with ditto, Ernst and Else each with a cake with flowers stuck in, Baby with a "hefen-kranz" and a garland of flowers, with which they crowned me, also a very fine calla-lily from Elise, so you see I was literally loaded and felt very rich.

SOMMER 1878.

Anfangs Mai machte sie ihren letzten Besuch in Easton. Mit Einsetzung aller ihrer Kraft ging sie dort den Weg vom Bahnhof nach dem Haus unsrer Lieben zu Fusse, selbst den steilen Ferry-berg hinauf, an dem sie die Probe machen wollte, wie weit ihre Kräfte noch reichen. Mitte Mai kam sie aber recht krank und erkältet von Easton heim und musste sich sogleich zu Bette legen, von dem sie erst im Juli aufstand, um zum letzten Mal ihr liebes Meer zu sehen.

Vom Bett aus dirigirte sie alle die Zurüstungen und Anordnungen zur Abreise nach Sea Grove und hatte dabei bis aufs kleinste Detail hinaus Alles im Kopfe. Es wurde ihr freilich recht schwer in dieser Weise ihr Haus zur Reise fertig zu machen, während sie selbst manchmal so elend war, dass wohl Zweifel aufsteigen mussten, ob sie denn selbst je noch reisefertig werden könne.

M. TO E.

May, 1878.

—It requires a good deal of faith to lie here in bed, feeling weak and feverish, and my chest racked and sore with coughing, and be planning and giving orders for going down to the seashore so soon. Of course I have now put off all idea of going to Sea Grove before the middle of next month. Oh, if I only had a good sister, or sister-in-law, or anybody capable to take care of these children! My heart sometimes seems almost to break on account of them!

LETZTER BRIEF NACH ESSLINGEN.

M. AN MUTTER (ESSLINGEN).

Sea Grove, Juli 1878.

— Ich habe oft ans Sterben gedacht und hoffe der Herr hat mich in der Leidenszeit Manches gelehrt und mich vorbereitet, in die Ewigkeit zu gehen. Aber wenn ich so drüber nachdachte, bekam ich eine namenlose Unruhe und Angst. Ich fühlte, wenn ich auch gewiss sein könnte in Jesu Armen zu liegen und im Himmel von aller Sünde und Weh frei zu sein, — ich konnte mich nicht freuen. Und warum nicht? Der Gedanke: "Was thun mein armer Mann und meine kleinen verlassenen Kinder?" — wollte mich nicht verlassen. Ich weiss, dies ist auch Unglaube oder wenigstens Kleinglaube. Der Herr hat Wege und Mittel, wo wir keine sehen. Doch dachte ich: "Wäre nur Jemand da, zu dem ich Zutrauen haben könnte, wäre mir das Sterben so viel leichter." — Und das bringt mich jetzt zu meinem Anliegen. — — —

So lange es aussehen konnte, wie wenn ich bloss für mich selbst Hilfe suchte, habe ich nie den Muth gehabt, eine Schwester zu bitten, — jetzt thue ich es, nicht um meinet willen, — ich glaube nicht, dass ich sehr lange mehr leben werde, — sondern um A.'s und der Kinder willen. — Liebe, Liebe zu meinem Mann hat diesen Brief dictirt. Da ich nicht mehr viel mit ihm sein kann, möchte ich so gerne ihm eine andere Stütze verschaffen. Jetzt will ich mein Anliegen in deinen Händen oder besser noch in Gottes Händen lassen. "Er wird machen, dass die Sachen gehen, wie es heilsam ist." A. weiss nicht, dass ich geschrieben habe. —

Einen recht heitern, ermunternden Brief an A. aus jener Zeit schloss sie mit den Worten.

Your treasure, your burden, your crown, your cross, your comfort, your care. alias wife,

M. D. S.

M. TO MISS R.

Sea Grove, Aug. 26, 1878.

—— How humiliating it is that our places can be filled up so quickly and we scarcely missed, and yet how well it is so. I often, too often, unbelievingly brood over the future, wondering what my little ones would do without their mother, though as it is just now they are much neglected ——.

It seems as if the sea air, which used to do me so much good, was now in the present stage of the disease too strong for me, and instead of soothing and strengthening as it used to do, irritates the cough. I am often sadly cast down; your cheery letters always do me a world of good. I do not know whether the progress of the disease can be arrested or not. I often feel otherwise so well and full of life and spirits, but the breathlessness has been steadily increasing, and I get at times attacks of nervous anxiety and fear of suffocation, which are a great deal harder to bear than the cough ——.

This is a long story of myself, but it is not easy out of my sick-room to find much else to write about. I feel quite melancholy that my dear old friend, the Ocean, and I can't agree as we used to do, for I would so enjoy it here. The breeze on the hottest day is delightful, and I cannot think of any thing more luxurious than lying and swinging to and fro in the gentle breeze in the hammock on our porch.

IX.

Das Ende.

September bis December

1878.

"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Christ, He is my all in all."

IX.

THE END.

The summer months of July and August, 1878, had been spent as usual at the sea-coast, but it soon became evident, that even the sea air had now lost its effect on her system. The cough and breathlessness not only did not leave her, but seemed even to gain upon her. It was only now and then by great exertion that she walked down to the beach—only three hundred steps from the cottage. Most of the time she had to spend in bed. Much as she would have enjoyed swinging in the hammock on the airy verandah, she could not bear any longer the fresh, strong, salt air. On the 29th of August,—on a beautiful, balmy summer morning, she left her beloved Sea Grove. When our carriage drove off, our eyes met, and each could read it in the other's looks, but we did not then speak it out, that we felt it to be a farewell for ever.

During the first weeks after her return to the home in the city she managed to be about the house and to superintend all the arrangements she had planned for getting every thing into nice order.

M. TO M. S.

September 4, 1878.

—— I am afraid I am going fast down hill, yet I have been so sick often and recovered partially that

I do not give up all hope. If it were the Lord's will, I would fain live, even if I only did creep along, for a few years till the children are a little older. They have been well all summer. Our youngest, dear little Martin, who has always been a delicate child, got through the summer much better than we dared hope. He is such a dear, sweet, little fellow, always ready with a sweet smile for every body; and I say, when I feel most depressed: "Nothing cheers me up so much as little Marty." This sickness of mine is a heavy trial. It is so hard to get any one to take right care of the children, and my dear husband suffers much under it. It seems a dark dispensation, but the Lord knows what is best for us ——. This is a letter with a great deal of the "I" in it; you will excuse it; I know you wish to hear about me. There is much I might write about, but I don't feel able.

About the middle of September she was prostrated by fearful attacks of high fever, which broke her down completely. She could not take any nourishment, had no sleep, which up to this time had been remarkably good and regular,—and night and dav she was racked by coughs and pains. Her sufferings were intense, and she was fully persuaded that she would not live beyond the first week of those attacks. How little did she think of three long and weary months of incessant agony, which the Lord in His mysterious providence had in store for her!

In the beginning of that week in September, after her usual night's rest, she had one morning, as she described it afterwards to A., a feeling of unspeakable enjoyment of complete bodily rest, as she never had before. In this state of half-sleeping and half-

consciousness she concluded, if this rest was such a pleasure and refreshment even here in this weak body, what a blessing and enjoyment it would be to rest beyond the river in Jesus' arms! It was like Elijah's eating and drinking in the wilderness, and his arising and going in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God.

To the weight of her bodily sufferings there was added in those days a severe inward struggle and trial of faith. In looking back over her life, which she saw quickly ebbing out to eternity, the weight of her sins was overwhelming in her eyes. Backslidings, shortcomings, "grace received in vain," falling upon her tender conscience like mountains. She found it extremely difficult to grasp the sin-forgiving love and power of her Saviour, and to be comforted by the same. A. once asked her if she had truly and really forgiven him all his shortcomings in their matrimonial life, and if she was able, in spite of many shortcomings on his part, still to love him? Of course she answered most decidedly in the affirmative, assuring him of her love being warmer and deeper than ever. She also had to admit that she firmly believed that her husband loved her as fervently as ever, and had fully forgiven and forgotten whatever might have been amiss on her part. A. then concluded that if there was such faith and such unshaken love in spite of many faults and defects even in the relation of our poor, human, weak, and often selfish affections, how much more would God's holy, perfect,

everlasting love overcome all the shortcomings and backslidings of His children! This thought seemed to be a comfort to her at the time and frequently afterwards in similar trying hours.

On September 24th, a great reaction set in after four or five days of violent fever. Her pulse was very low and her condition altogether so weak, that A. telegraphed for Emma, who arrived the same evening. M. herself did not then believe that her end was so near. She lay quietly the whole day, without slumbering, perfectly conscious, almost constantly holding A.'s hand in her own, and looking at him from time to time with unspeakable tenderness and affection. In Bogatzky's "Golden Treasure," which we used daily to read together, the lesson of that day was peculiarly important to her, viz.: that the Christian should rejoice in Christ not only on account of what Christ had given to him for his salvation, but for His own sake and on His own account."

Emma stayed for about a week, during which time she seemed somewhat to improve, though the doctor said, on October 3d, that he did not expect her to leave her bed again.

She began to read again with peculiar interest her sainted father's memoir, especially the closing scenes and last words of his life, and asked A. repeatedly to read it again in some quiet hours after she should have departed. Some weeks afterwards, when nearer her end, she said, however, on her own account, she did not think that reading the memoir just at that time, and with her own peculiar trials and difficul-

ties of believing, was the wisest and most profitable thing for her spiritual state. It certainly seemed to increase the almost morbid inclination on her part to be exclusively occupied with her own feelings and experiences, so as to deprive herself of a clear and trusting view of the Lord and His grace. Altogether it was a state resembling very much those frequent turns of spiritual depression and anguish, to which Dr. Duncan used to be subjected.

M. TO MISS R.

October, 1878.

— — — I felt as if Jordan's dark river was rolling beside me, and as if my feet were already in it, and through the darkness and the gloom the prayer came: "Lord, if it be Thy will carry me now safe across," and I almost felt disappointed when morning coming, and the fever leaving me, I felt I had too much strength and vitality to die. I must have an amazing toughness in me, for weak as I felt before, I would not have thought it possible for me to stand such an attack.

For the last week I have been decidedly better, little fever, and tolerable rest at night, whilst the nervous dread of anxiety I had, is almost relieved, but I am still deep in bed, and my cough at times very painful, also fits of breathlessness, which I think are worse than any pain. The Lord knows the future; I have little hope of getting better, and yet from this feeling of vitality I have, the struggle may be long, and I sometimes become very faint-hearted and cowardly at the thought of it.

I have derived much comfort from reading these last days the notes you sent me from dear Papa's death-bed, and also studying anew the memoir. I

knew what a dear, good father I had, but I did not value him half enough in his lifetime. I must (I would say this with great humility) be *something* like him in some things, for many of his sayings seem to touch the very chords of my soul, and I seem to understand him so perfectly.

In the way of a little healthy amusement, I have also exceedingly enjoyed the book of Mrs. Whitehead's,* Alice so kindly sent. Tell her it helped to cheer many a weary hour. I think the sketches of Scotch characters are most successfully drawn.

Your letters are always a treat, and more so than ever to the bed-ridden invalid. Every one is *so* kind. Every thing is done for me that love can suggest. My husband tries to hide from me a sore heart. My table is always laden with delicacies, few of which I can enjoy, but which make my room a great attraction for the little ones. Douglas and Else continue to go to our parochial school. One great drawback to me in all the other schools, public and private, is the complete leaving out of all religious instruction. As I am at present unable to teach the children much at home, it is a relief to think, that in our school, Biblical knowledge, learning of Catechism and passages of Scripture is made a principal part of the plan. With Duncan (the oldest) I have tried to lay a good foundation, his father will now have to take him in hand. Fain would I have lived to guide him a little longer, but our Heavenly Father knows best. I am not without hopes of being able to be up and about a little yet, but I think, humanly speaking, all I can expect is a gradual decline, though I know God can do wonders, and could certainly yet arrest the progress of the disease; and sometimes when I see how much (as it seems to me) my dear husband

* "Daft Davie."

and my children need me, I can with some measure of faith, dare to ask Him to do so. I have a great fear of death, which, however, in these memorable nights seemed in some degree lessened, and I know God can give the necessary grace when the hour comes, but pray for me that this dread may be taken away.

Oh, my sins! they seem to roll over me like mountains. I long to cling to Christ, but I confess I have little consciousness of His presence with me. The Lord gives me at times, however, a quiet waiting upon Him, which brings peace, if not joy to the soul. This much to help you in your prayers for me.

How I long sometimes to see you and other old friends. The yearning for home is sometimes very great.

More than once during those days A. had to read to her that favorite hymn of Cowper's (Olney Hymns):

I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know
And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer,
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favored hour
At once He'd answer my request,
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.

Lord, why is this? I trembling cried,
Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?
'Tis in this way, the Lord replied,
I answer prayer for grace and faith.

These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in *Me.*

Her sufferings were meanwhile steadily increasing; her nervous system seemed at times to be completely shattered, palpitations of the heart and distressing spells of suffocation being added to her former ailments. At her own request she was especially remembered in the general prayer of the congregation on Sunday, October 20th; this being communion Sunday, A. had an assistant in the morning service.

On Monday, October 21st, the Scotch mail brought the kind offer from our faithful and devoted friend, Miss Cowan, to send either Miss Robertson or her sister over to nurse M. through this winter. M. was deeply affected, even to tears, on reading this letter. We both felt it to be the sainted father's blessing coming to us with such abundance from those who knew him, and were so fondly attached to him. Of course there could be no thought of accepting the proposal of those dear friends, M.'s condition being such as to make it doubtful, whether the kind nurse on her arrival would find her yet among the living.

But the kindness of this offer was none the less appreciated.

Amongst the hymns which were most edifying to her in those days, was the following old German hymn of Nic. Selneccer's, which A. had to read quite frequently:

Ach Gott, wem soll ich klagen,
mein Angst und Elend schwer?
Ich möcht wohl gar verzagen,
wenn Herr dein Trost nicht wär.
Mein Sünd mein Herz macht krank und matt,
bei Tag und Nacht es bebet,
kein Fried, noch Freude hat.

Ich lieg allzeit in Schmerzen,
ich denk an meine Schuld,
ich winsel, schrei von Herzen:
Ach Gott beweiss dein Huld,
lass mich dein armes Würmlein sein,
von dir lass mich nichts trennen,
noch kommn in höllisch Pein.

Wenn du willst Sünd zurechnen,
so ist es aus mit mir,
mein Leib und Seel muss brechen,
ewig gestossn von dir:
ich wär längst in der Höllen Grund
verworfen und verschleudert
nach deim gerechten Mund.

Wer ist, der mich kann retten,
wer ist mein Heil und Sieg?
Wer hilft von Band und Ketten,
drin ich gefangen lieg?
Wer gibt mir Trost ins Herze mein?
Wer thut sich mein erbarmen?
Wer will mein Helfer sein?

Das thust du Herr alleine,
Gotts und Marien Sohn.

Zu dir ich komm und weine,
du bist meins Herzens Kron,
mein Trost, mein Hort, meins Lebens Saft,
dein Nam thut mich erquicken
und gibt der Seelen Kraft.

Du bist mein Gott, mein Leben,
du hast für mich bezahlt,
dich selbst für mich gegeben
in gringer Knechtsgestalt.
Mein Fleisch und Blut du worden bist,
dein Blut hast du vergossen,
dein Unschuld du mir gibst.

Du heisst mich dir vertrauen,
Selig willst machen mich.
Auf dich will ich nun bauen,
du bist mein Zuversicht.
Es komm Teufel, Welt, Sünd und Tod,
es komm der Höllen Pforten,
ich will fürchten kein Noth.

Mein Leid mir jetzt vergehet,
mein Trauern hat ein End.
Mein Trost in Christo stehet,
mein Herz sich zu ihm wendt.
Trutz sei dem Satan und der Welt,
Gott ist mein Vater worden,
Trutz dem, dems nicht gefällt.

Ich geh daher in Sprüngen,
der Himmel ganz ist mein,
mit Freuden thu ich singen:
Gott will mir gnädig sein.
Sein Sohn ist je mein Fleisch und Blut
und sitzt zus Vaters Rechten,
mein Hort und ewigs Gut.

Wie sollt mir denn nun grauen?
Was wollt ich fürchten doch?
Christo will ich vertrauen
und so tragen mein Joch
und dringen durch des Todes Noth
zum Leben auf gen Himmel.
Amen, das walte Gott!

Sometimes she would say: "I can only get as far as the fourth verse. I cannot yet go through to the end with that." Besides this, the concluding verses of Paul Gerhardt's well-known hymn: "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," were special favorites with her, and of English hymns: "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Rock of Ages," and "There is a fountain filled with blood." In spite of her great weakness and nervous prostration, she continued to read a great deal for herself: Baxter's "Saint's Rest," "Rutherford's Letters," (the latter she used to call her "sweeties," of which she would only take a little bit at a time), and of Scripture books: the Psalms, the Gospel of St. John, and the Epistle to the Romans—in separate editions, as her own Bible was too heavy for her to handle. Whenever she was ready for the night, she wanted some word yet for the night—either a psalm, mostly preferring the metrical version of the Church of Scotland, which she could best retain in memory; or, as she sometimes asked for "a word from Him," desiring some word of the Saviour Himself. The two eldest boys had been trained by her, whenever they came into the sick-room, to say good-night to mamma to bring her some passage or verse on which she could meditate through the night. Those verses, given to her through the mouth of the dear children, were always of peculiar value to her; she seemed to be more able and willing to receive them as coming directly from the Lord Himself, more than any other word chosen by the adult friends.

On the 22d of October, towards midnight, there

was again a break in the fever. She felt much easier than usual. A. being alone with her that night, they both reviewed together the past, and spoke of the future separation and reunion with most happy and cheerful hearts, giving thanks to the Lord for all His goodness and tender mercies, which they had enjoyed together during the fourteen years of their union. It was a memorable night, full of heavenly peace and joy, in the midst of great tribulations.

It was during the conversations of that night, that A. once asked her if she would not like to see Dr. Morris. She was deeply moved by this question, because she had, as she said, had this desire in her heart for several days, but never liked to trouble A. with it. The next day he went to Dr. M., who from that time on visited her repeatedly, and did her a great deal of good by his tender, sympathetic, Christian conversation, cheering her up and encouraging her in the midst of her depression.

A. AN E.

25. Octbr. 1878.

Wir haben in diesen letzten Tagen und Nächten überaus selige Stunden mit einander durchlebt. Ich kanns Niemand sagen, wie herrlich und treulich der Herr uns zur Seite steht und uns so froh, still, getrost und dankbar macht. Wir geniessen Seine Liebe und unsre Liebe untereinander in so reichem Maase, wie nie zuvor. Wie wahr ist, was die liebe Mutter schreibt vom Kommen des Leidenssegens.*)

*) In einem Brief aus jenen Tagen schrieb sie nämlich, erst dann fange in unsern Leidenstagen an der Segen solcher Zeit zu kommen, wenn unser Sinn und Wille wirklich und ganz

During the first half of November she was, on the whole, somewhat better, and now and then she rallied even to write with pencil, some letters. One of these, the last she ever wrote to E. is here inserted:

M. TO E., (with pencil in bed).

November, 1878.

It is time you were getting something from my own hand. I wish you could be here to nurse me, though I ought to be, and *am* very thankful for the very great mercies I have in this line. I went through deep waters since you were here, the sickness going to the nerves. Oh! I cannot tell you how I suffered, not pain, but a horror of great darkness and terrible palpitation of the heart. It is indescribable, but I will not make myself nervous by thinking or writing about it. I was very troublesome to nurse, I could not bear to be alone one minute, but Tilly*) behaved wonderfully through it all, and by her calm, soothing way, did much to help me. Yes, these have been hard weeks, and oh, E., I was impatient; I wanted to die, and was not willing to say, "God's will be done," if it should be His will that I should suffer longer.

A. won't give me more paper, he says this is enough. I will continue and finish this, if the Lord gives me another good day. Good-bye, dearest.

MARIA.

About the third week of November the old attacks of fever, etc., returned, leaving her weaker than

in Gottes Willen ergeben sei: „Nicht wie ich will, sondern wie Du willst!"

*) Miss Matilda Frey, a member of St. John's Congregation who had taken charge of the household during the last months of M.'s life, and nursed her most faithfully and tenderly during those long and weary weeks, "just like a sister," as M. often used to say.

ever. In those days she frequently made little Hansie, her oldest son, a sort of "Beichtvater" or spiritual comforter. As some one had always to stay with her, he was frequently kept by her in the sick-room during supper time. It was then that she would sometimes pour out her burdened heart to the dear child, drinking in his consolations like the parched dry land the refreshing shower. There she received back what she had given to him (A. sometimes feared forced upon him in advance of his years), utterly forgetful that she was the mother and he the child, very much as her own father had sometimes done with his Mia in times of spiritual darkness. One evening, on entering the room after H. had just left, A. found her bathed in tears: "Oh, how this boy has comforted me!" She had told him of her feelings of nervousness and anxiety in looking forward to the great change. He said: "Mamma, you must not be afraid. The Saviour is with you." (Du musst keine Angst haben, der Heiland ist ja bei dir.) When she asked him whether he would be ready to die, he said with great decision and cheerfulness: "Yes!—though it's beautiful here with you, it must certainly be more beautiful to be with the Saviour. I don't know which I would prefer—to stay here or to die." On M.'s sighing that she had to suffer so much, he said: "Well, Mamma, you see, you too must bear your cross." (Du musst eben auch dein Kreuz tragen.) When she complained of her spiritual darkness and exclaimed: "Oh, how can I know that I love my Saviour?" H. replied: "But, dear Mamma,

is not this rather a strange question? *How can I know that I love you and Papa?*"*

To those around her it was remarkable how little expression she gave to her feelings concerning the future of the children and her separation from them. Any allusion to this she would quietly cut short by saying: "The Lord will provide for them! I leave them in the Lord's hands." There seemed almost a steady and intentional reserve on her part in her dealings with the children, especially towards sweet little Martin, the baby, as if she was anxious not to let them come too near to her heart, so that the pain of separation might thereby be alleviated. Towards the end of November, however, there was a little change in this. It could easily be observed that her heart was being drawn out very much towards the children, especially Baby and Ernst, whom she allowed in the room whenever she was at all able for it, and whom she would watch playing round her bed with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes. "He will be your comforter," she would then say of Martin to her husband.

A. AN E.

Novembr. 25, 1878.

—— Gestern Morgen predigte ich über 1 Thess. iv. 12, 14. "Drei Schriftworte über unsre lieben Todten."—1.) sie schlafen; 2.) wir trauern; 3.) aber

* By a singular coincidence, similar words are used for a similar purpose in Cesar Malan's letter to Dr. Duncan, on page 345 of Dr. Brown's memoir: "How could I love my mother as a mother, if I was not sure of being her son?"

wir glauben. Ich hielt die ganze Predigt Abends der lieben Kranken auf Englisch. Sie genoss es recht. Man muss ihr jetzt mit geistlicher Erquickung mehr in ihrer Muttersprache kommen.

November 29th. Pastor Wischan called, who was always a very welcome visitor, and almost invariably admitted into the sick-room, as his presence and conversation seemed to cheer her up considerably. In the evening, A. read to her the account of Luther's death, which was a great comfort to her.

November 30th. At her own request, the family physician, in whom she had the fullest confidence, brought Professor T. to have a consultation with him. After careful examination the doctors retired to the parlor, and told A. what he and M. had known long ago, that there was absolutely no hope of improvement for her, and that her life could only last a few weeks yet. As soon as A. came up to the bed-room, she wanted to hear the opinion of the physicians, and being frankly told, she received it with great firmness and even cheerfulness, keeping up in very good spirits during the whole afternoon. In the evening A. read to her select passages from Luther, on death and resurrection.

One of the passages in "Believer's Daily Portion" (hanging on the wall opposite her bed) was peculiarly precious to her on that day: "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off."* (Isa. xxxiii. 17.) The

* Cf. Dr. Brown's Life of Dr. Duncan, p. 273, the same passage at the death-bed of his first wife.

thoughts which she expressed in dwelling on this text inspired A. to take the words for his theme on the following first Sunday in Advent, the sermon, as we learnt afterwards, being a great blessing to many of its hearers.

A. TO E.

2. Dec. 1878.

—Am Abend des ersten Decembers steckte ich mit den l. Kindern das erste Licht auf dem Adventsleuchter *) an. Es kommen dieses Jahr 23 Lichter darauf. Mir war eigen dabei zu Muthe. Wie wirds bei uns aussehen bis das 23ste brennt? †) Hier immer heller und heller und dort in der Krankenstube immer dunkler und dunkler! Ein Licht ums andre erlöscht. Eine Kraft um die andre, ein Vermögen ums andre gebrochen! Und doch nein! Auch im Dunkel der Krankenstube immer heller und heller. Auch dort ein Gotteswort ums andre, eine Verheissung, ein Trost, ein Licht ums andre aufgehend und mit ihrem Glanz das dunkle Thal erleuchtend und verklärend.

*) The "Advent Chandelier," of which this letter speaks, is a beautiful German custom greatly enjoyed by our children during the last years. It is a plain, home-made chandelier with room on it for 27 candles. During the whole advent season, (four weeks before Christmas) every day at evening family worship, one candle is placed on the chandelier, and when it is lighted, the children have to recite one of the Messianic prophecies in the Old Testament, beginning with Gen. 3: 15, down to Mal. 3: 1. As the number of burning candles increases every day, so the number of Scripture lights in the prophecies increases, filling the room and the hearts with ever-growing light, until the Christmas-tree with its full blaze brings the long-expected happy hour, with its fulfilment of all hopes and expectations, and its blessed news: Christ the Lord is born to day!

†) Das 23ste steckten wir an am Abend des Tages, da wir ihren Leib ins Grab gebettet hatten.

Ich predigte gestern Morgen über das Thema: „Deine Augen werden den König sehen in seiner Schöne.“ M. hatte sich Tags zuvor an dem Text so erquickt und so verknüpfte er sich mir unversehens mit dem Advents-Evangelium und wurde zur Advents-Predigt.——

To one of those days belong the last lines to her dear friend, Miss M. D. Sandeman, written with pencil in bed, with a trembling hand.

Dec., 1878.

Dearest Maggie: Many thanks for your kind letter. We would have liked to meet on earth, but we will, I hope, soon meet in heaven. Will you be a friend as far as you can to my children?

Your very loving friend,

Maria.

Dec. 6. “I feel I am sinking,” she said on that day, and expressed a strong desire to see dear E. once more in the body. The doctor too remarked that she was evidently growing very weak. During those days, however, she was enabled to cling to the Lord with a quiet, humble, child-like trust, preserving a very lovely, cheerful frame of mind. Looking once at A., with an expression of tenderest love and attachment, she said: “You, too, are a day’s journey nearer home, as well as I.” And seeing the tears in her husband’s eyes she added: “It is only a little bit that I’ll be gone before you; you will soon follow.” Afterwards she requested A. that he should read again John Newton on bereavement. Towards evening A. observed her turning her eyes to the ceiling as if she

was looking for something there. He said "I think of Ps. 121 for you." "I have just been praying this psalm," she replied.

A little later she expressed great anxiety to know what kind of a word the original in John vi. 37, had for the English words: "in no wise," and whether the words used there would imply this meaning: "him I will not cast out for no sin whatsoever."

A. AN E.

Decbr. 6 1878.

—Heute Abend sagte sie wieder: „Ich möchte so gerne die liebeEmma noch sprechen; denn ich werde bald nimmer sprechen können; dann hilfts mich nichts, wenn sie noch kommt." Ich habe bis jetzt keine Bitte diesem ihrem Wunsch angehängt. Ich weiss, wie schwer du abkommen kannst. Aber da sie den Wunsch seit drei Tagen immer wiederholt und es gegenwärtig mit ihr so stark abwärts geht, so will ich doch sagen: Du würdest ihr eine grosse Liebe thun, wenn du noch auf ein paar Tage abkommen könntest. Es würde dich gewiss nicht reuen. Es ist ein Segen an diesem Sterbebett sein und das demüthige, geduldige Kind Gottes sehen und erquicken zu dürfen.

As she was constantly scrutinizing her own thoughts and feelings about spiritual things in a manner which frequently and sadly interfered with a quiet, peaceful resting on the Lord, she once began to doubt even whether she had a real insight into the necessity and faith in the reality of Christ's objective atonement, fearing that she might possibly only have a sort of a "general" faith in Christ. A.

tried to satisfy her and set her at rest about it, reading Bonar's beautiful hymn: (Hymns of Faith and Hope, 3d series.)

> No, not the love without the blood,
> That were to me no love at all, etc.

In the course of this conversation, A. once said he was sure that she could believe and say: "*Christ died for me.*" But as she considered this to be an expression of full assurance, she declared herself unable to appropriate those words. To which A. rather unwisely and impatiently replied, that if she could not or would not make those words her own, then there must be something wrong in her faith. This of course had only the effect of making things worse, and throwing her into a state of great bewilderment and spiritual conflict, she torturing herself even with such conclusions as this: "If I believe that my sins are forgiven, then Christ has died for me;" whereas A. would turn it all around and say: "Because Christ has died for you, your sins are forgiven, and you ought to believe it!" It was a good thing that dear E. arrived that same day, and A. could leave it to her to help dear M. out of the meshes of those self-cruciating thoughts and speculations. She was rather successful in this, and could not help smiling when once, after complaining very much of her utter want of faith, in a sudden spell of suffocation, M. exclaimed with great fervor and decision: "*I commit my poor soul to Christ*, I have enough to do with my poor body."

Sometimes those inward struggles and difficulties would even assume the shape of a doubt concerning the whole truth of God's revelation, which would pass over her soul like a cloud from the kingdom of darkness. "I find it difficult even to grasp *the reality* of God's plan and work of salvation." Such thoughts were most distressing to her. She hated them and still she had now and then to struggle with them. A. used to comfort her with that word of Luther, that we could not prevent the birds from flying over our heads, but that we must prevent their building nests on our heads. And then, entering into the difficulty itself—though there was hardly a necessity of arguing against it—he said: "There are certainly *two realities*, which you will not deny, of which, *as realities*, you have just now a deeper and fuller experience than ever before in your life: *Sin and Death!* And is not the whole plan of God's salvation based upon these two bitter realities of human experience? Is not Christ's salvation the very thing and the only thing to meet these two realities? Surely the *Saviour* of sinners and the Conqueror of death is as much a *reality* as *sin* and *death* themselves!"

December 11th.—Her bodily sufferings were very much on the increase during the last days; the short periods of rest and relaxation being "few and far between." In the afternoon she said to A.: "You must not any longer come to me with anything that troubles you. I am done with this world. The Lord will take care of you." Afterwards she handed to

Hansie a silver watch which Grandpapa had presented to him. "God has heard your prayers for my recovery, dear child, but differently from what you thought. He is going to take me to heaven; there I hope to see you again."

December 12th.—She desired to give to each of the children a copy of their grandfather's memoir, with an inscription from the hand of their dying mother; but being too weak to do it all at once, she only finished the first one on that forenoon. The rest had to be completed on the following day. In the afternoon she suddenly began to sink, so that we thought the end was at hand. She was quite faint, but feeling easy and very calm and serene. "Is this death?" she asked, as if in great astonishment. Within two hours, however, there was again a change. The tide turned, and life and strength revived again, and with life also the old sufferings: cough, pains, breathlessness, and the rest. She was rather exercised about it, and had a great many questions to ask and thoughts to express. "I'll once get across yet." "Why do you think I cannot die?" and when rebuked for some expressions of impatience: "These are the little birdies of unbelief." Then again looking up with beaming eyes: "That's all right—*He* knows when." "I know I never had a feeling like this before." And with her hands devoutly folded: "He doeth all things well."— — "It was so gentle, gentle, gentle." How she would have liked to glide away across the river in this way!

After this she would hardly let A. get away from

her bed, grasping his hand, taking even her tea from him, and giving him from time to time sweetest words of deep and tender affection. Emma had to leave on Saturday, the 14th, but she promised to be back again as soon as she could make it possible. Soon after her departure, M. had the most distressing attack of suffocation we had ever seen. A. was so completely overcome by it that when she asked for some word of God, he had nothing to give but the words of the 22d Psalm: "Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring," his only consolation being that these were Scripture words used by God's people being in deepest distress, but, nevertheless being His own children.

Sunday, December 15th, was her last Sabbath on earth, and it was on this day, for the first (and last) time in her life, that she requested her husband to abstain from the performance of his official duties, and to stay with her in the sick-room, instead of going to church to preach. She was very restless the whole day, in high fever, and unable to recline for a moment. In the afternoon she enjoyed very much A.'s reading of the following lines:

ICH LASS DICH NICHT,—
Das hab ich wohl aus tiefster Seel
viel hundert Mal versprochen,
und hundert Mal in neuer Fehl
mein heilig Wort gebrochen,
ich liess dich doch; mein Gott vergieb,
halt du mich fest in deiner Lieb,
die voller Gnad und Treue spricht;
„Getrost mein Kind, *Ich lass dich nicht!*"

As she was still struggling to scrutinize her own faith and to analyze its nature A. once said rather abruptly: "You have either no faith at all, or you have faith, and then you have it not of your own making, thinking and reasoning, but of the Holy Spirit, who kindled it and maintained it through the Gospel, showing and giving you Christ as your Saviour." "That's it! that's very good," she said, with a cheerful, happy smile, seeming to be perfectly satisfied.

The night from Sunday to Monday was very stormy, the wind howling and rattling at shutters and windows, and Maria herself was suffering from violent fever, which sometimes seemed to overcloud her thoughts. When A. came to her bedside at three in the morning, after a few hours of sleep, she said with peculiar emphasis: "Great storm!—Peace, be still! Great calm!" A little afterwards: "I see such queer things in my imagination; there are sweet little children playing on the floor; I can see them distinctly. But I know it is nothing but imagination," ("drollige Phantasie-bilder.") In turning to the texts for the day A. recited the words: "Lord, to whom shall I go? Thou hast words of eternal life," and repeated them also in German. "Give me the Bible words, as much as possible in English," she asked, though even then in her conversation she used the German almost exclusively. At her request A. read to her "Rock of Ages," and she joined him, slowly reciting the last two verses. After this the 121st Psalm was read in the metrical version.

Between six and seven, when A. had left the room

for a minute, on his returning she said: "Come, sit down beside me;" and, laying her hand in his, "I am so weak—if I should go now—good-bye! I think you can best know by feeling my pulse. Let me have an English verse now and then, whenever you think it necessary." When he began, "Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale," she interrupted him: "Oh, that's too loud; it excites me. You ministers sometimes speak too loud at the sick-bed. You must learn to moderate your voices."

She tried to take a cup of tea, but was unable to do so; but a spoonful of meat-juice she took, not, however, without having considered the possibility whether it might not detain her on her homeward journey. "But no—the Lord knows my time." After a little while she said, "Now I am again becoming more restless. You had better not stay with me then, it pains you so much." When A. came up from breakfast, she asked him to pray most earnestly that she might be kept calm. He knelt down by the bedside and prayed. But she was not satisfied with it, and suddenly laying her hand on his folded hands, she said with a strong voice, as one praying for another: "And, grant Lord, that my poor wife may be made *very* calm." At her own request she was washed all over with whiskey, and finding her legs considerably swollen at the ankles, she said, "I hope I am not going to have dropsy." Then she asked about baby, who had been rather restless through the night, and sent A. to the nursery to see him and to report to her.

In the course of the forenoon A., watching her, observed once a beautiful, sweet smile passing over her pale, suffering face. "What have you been thinking just now?" "Oh, I thought what a pulling it cost the dear Saviour to deliver me from all my sins." When the doctor came after ten o'clock, she was again quite lively, but requested him to tell his daughter, Mrs. Bigler, that she was not able to see her any more, but that she expected to meet her in heaven. When the transatlantic mail came in with letters from Scotland and Germany, she read Miss Robertson's letter herself, and asked that the letter from Esslingen should be read to her.

At noon she insisted that A. should go out for a little fresh air, and on his return she had her bed nicely made, and looking at him with a wistful eye, she said: "Now I am ready for death. Did you think I did not know what this swelling of the legs means?"

About two P. M. a spasm of the heart came on. We thought she was dying. She suddenly sat up, and pressing one hand on her heart and holding the other over her eyes, as if to collect her thoughts for prayer, she commenced to say the verse, "Nothing in my hand I bring," but losing her thoughts, she became fearfully excited: "I am not going to die before I have finished this; I want to tell you something yet," she said some fifty or a hundred times. It was like one who, in beginning to lose a thread of thought, is struggling hard to regain it and hold on to it. It was a most painful hour for A., who was

alone in the room with her; she would not allow any one else to come in, holding his hand with an iron grasp of her icy fingers. But she really gained the victory, and after fully an hour's excited talk, she had the thread of her thoughts back again and became satisfied and composed.

Towards evening, when she was lying very quietly, she wanted to know what had really been the trouble in the afternoon. She said, "You see, when I come to die, *I cannot help thinking.* I must have a clear set of words to embody all that is necessary in a dying hour. How shall I express it?" She made repeated attempts to find a satisfactory form of words: "I lay my sins on Jesus; I believe I put my trust in Jesus, etc." As she was evidently not pleased with any of these forms, A. at last interrupted her: "Don't say what *you* are doing, or going to do, or what you have been doing. Say what *He is*, and what He has done. If you have come as far as 'I believe,' you must continue, 'that Jesus Christ,' etc.; there is enough of your 'I' then." She asked A. to pray with her, and to say in his prayer just what he would think the most necessary thing to pray and confess in a dying hour. A. knelt down and repeated, slowly and earnestly, Luther's explanation of the second Article of the Apostolic Creed (Small Catechism): "I believe that Jesus Christ, true God, begotten of the Father in eternity, and also true man, born of the Virgin Mary, is my Lord; who has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, secured and delivered me from all sin, from death, and from the

power of the devil, not with silver and gold, but with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent sufferings and death; in order that I might be His, live under Him in His kingdom, and serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence and blessedness; even as He is risen from the dead, and lives and reigns to all eternity. This is most certainly true." At the very first words she exclaimed eagerly, "That's it! that's it!" and followed A. word for word in a loud and clear voice, in the German language. As soon as it was done, she asked A. to repeat, and he commenced it again, this time in English, thinking she might perhaps enjoy it more, and keep it better. But scarcely had he said a few words in English, when she interrupted him: "No, stop, this is much better in German;" and, sitting up and folding her hands, she prayed like a little child, repeating the whole Article word for word. "This will do," she said, quite cheerfully, and after a few minutes, she added: "Or this would also do—Jesus died *for my sins* on the cross." "Yes," said A., "or that old child's prayer:

Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit
das ist mein Schmuck und Ehrenkleid,
darin will ich vor Got bestehn,
wenn ich in Himmel werd eingehn.

"You know that, don't you?" She nodded with a happy smile.

When A. came up from supper he found the three oldest children gathered around her bed, Else even

sitting on the bed and M. looking at them with farewell looks of deepest affection and tenderness. He said:

Der Grund, da ich mich gründe,
ist Christus und Sein Blut;
das machet, dass ich finde
das ewge, wahre Gut.
An mir und meinem Leben
ist nichts auf dieser Erd:
was Christus mir gegeben,
das ist der Liebe werth.

She tried to recite the verse with him, and at the conclusion said with great emphasis: "Ja das sag ich von ganzem Herzen," (Yes, this I say with all my heart.)

As the boys were going out for a short visit to a friend, she said to the oldest: "Hansie, I hope to see you again," (meaning that he should return home before she died). But Hansie, thinking she meant the meeting in heaven, stood up as straight as he could, and with tears in his eyes, but with a firm, manly voice, said: "Ja, Mamma, da kannst du dich drauf verlassen." ("Yes, mamma, you can rely upon it.") After this she wanted to see the servants. She said to Margareth: "M., I am going home to my Saviour. How beautiful it is to die if we go to the Lord! Be kind to the children." (Sorgen Sie auch für die Kinder). Then to Emilie: "Dear child, you were sometimes afraid to look into my suffering face, but now look at me; see how happy I am. I go to my Saviour." She also thanked Miss Schnabel, who had so often been with her through the long and weary nights, for all her kindness, and her many ser-

vices to us in our trials. When the boys returned, Hansie sat with her for a long while. She looked at him most lovingly and cheerfully. At last he asked: "Mamma, shall I recite a hymn for you?" She smiled, and nodded in the affirmative. The boy stood up and recited in a wonderfully firm, assuring tone, without the least faltering or hesitation, the following beautiful hymn of Luther's, which, with its simple, child-like, and thoroughly objective account of God's work of redemption, was indeed the very thing she needed, and the father's heart leaped with joy when he heard the dear child comforting and edifying his dying mother with those precious lines:

1. Nun freut euch liebe Christen gmein
und lasst uns fröhlich springen,
dass wir getrost und all in Ein
mit Lust und Liebe singen,
was Gott an uns gewendet hat
und Seine süsse Wunderthat,
gar theur hat er's erworben.

2. Dem Teufel ich gefangen lag,
im Tod war ich verloren,
mein Sünd mich quälet Nacht und Tag,
darin ich war geboren,
ich fiel auch immer tiefer drein,
es war kein Guts am Leben mein
die Sünd hat mich besessen.

3. Mein gute Werk die galten nicht,
es war mit ihn'n verdorben.
Der frei Will hasset Gotts Gericht,
er war zum Gutn erstorben.
Die Angst mich zu verzweifeln trieb,
dass nichts denn Sterben bei mir blieb,
zur Höllen musst ich sinken.

4. Da jammert Gott in Ewigkeit
mein Elend übermassen,
er dacht an sein Barmherzigkeit,
er wollt mir helfen lassen,
er wandt zu mir das Vaterherz,
es war bei ihm fürwahr kein Scherz,
er liess sein Bestes kosten.

5. Er sprach zu seinem lieben Sohn:
die Zeit ist hie zu erbarmen—
fahr hin, mein's Herzens werthe Kron
und sei das Heil dem Armen,
und hilf ihm aus der Sünden Noth,
erwürg für ihn den bittern Tod
und lass ihn mit dir leben.

6. Der Sohn dem Vater ghorsam ward,
er kam zu mir auf Erden
von einer Jungfrau rein und zart,
er sollt mein Bruder werden.
Gar heimlich führt er sein Gewalt,
er gieng in meiner armen Gstalt,
den Teufel wollt er fangen.

7. Er sprach zu mir: halt dich an mich,
es soll dir jetzt gelingen.
Ich geb mich selber ganz für dich,
da will ich für dich ringen.
Denn ich bin dein und du bist mein
und wo ich bleib, da sollst du sein,
uns soll der Feind nicht scheiden.

8. Vergiessen wird er mir mein Blut,
dazu mein Leben rauben:
das leid ich Alles dir zu gut,
das halt mit festem Glauben.
Den Tod verschlingt das Leben mein,
mein Unschuld trägt die Sünde dein,
da bist du selig worden.

9. Gen Himmel zu dem Vater mein
Fahr ich von diesem Leben.
Da will ich sein der Meister dein,
den Geist will ich dir geben,
der dich in Trübniss trösten soll
und lehren mich erkennen wohl
und in der Wahrheit leiten.

At this point Hansie hesitated a little, either from a doubt concerning the appropriateness of the last verse, or because he could not remember it so fully, whereupon his younger brother Douglas at once took up the thread and finished the hymn with this last stanza:—

10.—Was ich gethan hab und gelehrt,
das sollst du thun und lehren,
damit das Reich Gotts werd gemehrt
zu Lob und seinen Ehren,
und hüt dich vor der Menschen Gsatz,
davon verdirbt der edle Schatz,
das lass ich dir zur Letze.

All through the recital of the hymn she had been listening with beaming eyes, and when it was done, she said: "This is glorious! Oh, H., in this hymn you have every thing you need for a happy death!" and turning to A., she said: "Did they learn this with you?"

Through the night she was greatly troubled with coughing, but she bore it most patiently, yea, cheerfully, sitting mostly with folded hands, and smiling now and then quite sweetly in the midst of all her sufferings. We all thought this would surely be her last night on earth.

Tuesday, Dec. 17th. Towards morning she became restless and somewhat delirious, and then fell into a deep slumber, from which it was thought she would never more awaken. Now and then she would say: "Oh, how sweet to rest! I must take a long, long sleep. I have been laboring so much—*also with God!*" (Ich habe so viel geschafft auch mit dem

lieben Gott.) When the doctor saw her at 10 A. M. he thought she would not live beyond the evening. But hardly had he left the house, when she sat up, took a cup of tea, and began to converse freely; and by the time Emma arrived from Easton (about 11.30 A. M.) she was again quite lively. Towards evening she was comparatively easy. She sat up in her bed supported by her husband's arms, enjoying her position very much. "It is so sweet to rest in your arms," she said, "but sweeter yet to rest in Jesus' arms." Emma was with her through the night. She suffered greatly from breathlessness, and was partly delirious.

Wednesday, Dec. 18. When A. entered the room towards morning, she begged: "Tell me a passage—I am so weak." He said: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." "That's right—go on!" "Is not this enough?" (seeing that she was not able to grasp more). "Oh, yes! that's enough!" She was so much delighted with a pretty lamp-shade over the gas in the sick-room representing a shepherd-boy watching his flock. "I like to look at my shepherd-boy there. I find it good to fix the eye on some *picture* in this state of restlessness. And when I see that boy there, I can think of the Good Shepherd and His sheep around Him and *one on His shoulder.*"

She was a good deal agitated in consequence of her strong desire to remain conscious to the end, and to watch the approach of death step by step, to see herself dying, so to speak. At the same time she was

really anxious for the hour of her delivery. A. said: "It is not enough that we should have learned to be satisfied with *what* the Lord is doing—we must also learn to be satisfied with the time *when* He is doing it. We may think we are ready for Him, but after all He may say: 'My hour has not yet come.'" Emma successfully quieted her by the following illustration: "If I expect a visitor without knowing the exact time of his arrival, I should make myself very uncomfortable by running every minute to the door or to the window to see if he was there. The best way is to be ready for him, and then quietly to go after my regular business. If he comes, he is welcome; if he delays, it does not annoy me."

Thursday, Dec. 19th. Through the forenoon she slumbered a good deal, and when she awoke she was perhaps not always perfectly conscious. Once she stretched out her arms and said to her husband: "I would have liked to stay with you yet a little while." Again awakening from her slumber: "Did I love Jesus?" A. said: "You do love Him now." "But this has nothing to do with my feeling so well now?" she asked. "No, but His loving you makes you feel so well." Once she started from her slumber with the question: "Where is Jesus?" A. answered from the adjoining room, in a firm but quiet voice: "He is here with you." "All right!" and she fell asleep again. This unusual quietness of nearly six hours was dearly paid for in the evening with two terrible suffocation-spells, which seemed to quench the last spark of life which was left in her.

Friday, Dec. 20th. After a rather restless night, towards six in the morning, she recited with a weak and trembling voice the 121st psalm, and afterwards the 23d, as her morning prayer. When A. came up from breakfast, she had the psalm-book in her hand and had just finished reading the 51st psalm, greatly delighted at her ability still to read it herself. It was evident that this would be her last morning in this life. The hand of death was on her brow. But she was more cheerful, bright and serene than ever. There was a wonderful calmness and sweetness in her face in spite of her sufferings. "I am afraid," she said, "I grieved the Holy Spirit with my impatience." And after a while: "There is a great deal about the *bones* in the Psalms and in Job, which I now understand as you cannot understand it," referring to her aching limbs and the pains they gave her. When the doctor came for his last visit, she spoke to him quite lively and thanked him most heartily for his kind and unwearied attendance. During the afternoon and evening her condition was on the whole more tolerable. She spoke a great deal with the full clearness and vigour of her mind, and sometimes even with a pleasantry that forced a smile on the lips of those around her bedside.

Again and again she expressed herself as being so happy to be able to look only unto Jesus and to be satisfied with Him alone. "I love you very much," she said to her husband, "but I love Him better." Once more she prayed that part of Luther's Catechism, "I believe that Jesus Christ," etc. About

nine o'clock, at her request, A. sang that beautiful evening hymn, "Abide with me," which had so often cheered her during those last weeks. She followed most attentively, reciting most of the words as they were sung.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay* in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

After this, Romans viii. 31, to the end, was read. When the boys came in to say good-night to mamma for the last time, Hansie gave her the 5th verse of the 121st Psalm, "The Lord is thy keeper, He is thy

*At these words, nodding her assent, she said quite emphatically: "That's it, that's it."

shade on thy right hand," and Douglas recited the first verse of P. Gerhardt's: "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden;" his mamma carefully correcting every slight mistake he made. Again and again she assured us that every fear or nervousness was now gone, and that she was perfectly happy. And really there was no need of such assurance, for the peace of God was visibly written on her face. About 10 P. M. it became evident that she was sinking. She commenced: "If thou passest through the waters," and asked A. to finish it. After this she demanded a Psalm. The 121st was again read to her. "Now, please, Scripture passages in which we are nothing, and Christ everything." After a number of such words had been recited, she said, with a feeble voice: "I am a poor sinner and nothing at all, but Christ, He is my all in all." At eleven, A. said: "One hour yet until midnight," and recited part of the German hymn: "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme."

Wake, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying:
Awake, Jerusalem at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For we must go to meet Him there.

Dec. 21st. When it struck twelve, she said quite distinctly: "Twelve o'clock." Soon after this her eyes were broken. A. took her hand in his and asked her

to press it once more, if she was able to do so. She responded at once with a warm and hearty grasp, asking as one who is walking through deep darkness: "Who is this? Where is he?" After this she lay quiet for over an hour, and it was thought those had been her last words. But after one o'clock there followed yet a painful struggle, lasting for more than an hour. It was about a quarter before three o'clock, when she laid the weary head back on the pillow, and A., laying on his hand, said: "Depart in peace, in the name of the Father, who hath created thee, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, who hath loved and redeemed thee with His precious blood, and of the Lord, the Holy Ghost, who hath sanctified thee. The Triune God bless thy going out and coming in, from henceforth and forever. Amen." Under these words she entered into her eternal rest.

Thus she departed this life in the early morning of December 21, the shortest and darkest day of the year, after which the light goes on increasing and triumphing over the darkness and coldness of winter. This day the Ancient Church had selected for the memory of the Apostle St. Thomas. And as to the apostle of old so it was granted to our beloved one after all the perplexities, struggles and agonies of soul and body, to come off triumphantly in the blessed light of that victorious faith and confession: "*My* Lord, and *my* God!"

When the news of mamma's death was brought to the children as they awoke from their slumber, her first-born exclaimed: "Oh, I am so glad; now she is in heaven, freed from all her sufferings!"

On Monday afternoon, December 23d, she was buried, and a most impressive and solemn funeral it was. The morning text on that day was in Revel. xix. 8, "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints." As her body was lying in the coffin, surrounded by the most beautiful floral offerings which the kindness of her many friends had sent, she looked so sweet and beautiful, with such an expression of perfect peace on her noble face, that it was a real comfort to look at her. The service in the house was opened by the choir of St. John's Church, with the hymn:

Gott wills machen,
dass die Sachen
gehen wie es heilsam ist;
lass die Wellen
sich verstellen,
Wenn du nur bei Jesu bist.

Glaub nur feste,
dass das Beste
über dich beschlossen sei;
wenn dein Wille
nur ist stille,
wirst du von dem Kummer frei.

Amen, Amen,
in dem Namen
meines Jesu halt ich still;
es geschehe
und ergehe,
wie und wann und was Er will.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Schaeffer, the President of the Pennsylvania Synod, delivered an address, and Rev. Dr.

C. P. Krauth, a prayer, in the English language. After this the funeral cortege moved to the Church, headed by the vestry of the congregation, and the ministers who were present—fifteen in number. At the Church the German exercises were commenced by the choir of the congregation, with the following verses:

Wenn ich in Todesnöthen bin
und weiss kein Rath zu finden,
so nehm ich meine Zuflucht hin
zu Christi Tod und Wunden;
darinnen find ich Hilf und Rath
widr Gottes Zorn, und Missethat,
auch wider Tod und Hölle.

Es ist kein Schmerz, kein Leid, kein Noth,
kein Angst so gross auf Erden,
so nicht durch Christi Wunden roth
könnte geheilet werden:
Sein Tod mein Leben und Gewinnst,
mein Hoffnung, Zuflucht und Verdienst,
mein Schatz, mein Ehr und Krone.

This was followed by the congregation singing Ph. Fr. Hiller's hymn:

Die Gnade sei mit Allen,
die Gnade unsres Herrn,
des Herrn, dem wir hier wallen
und sehn sein Kommen gern.

Auf dem so schmalen Pfade
gelingt uns je kein Tritt,
es gehe Seine Gnade
denn bis zum Ende mit.

Auf Gnade darf man trauen,
man traut ihr ohne Reu,
und wenn uns je will grauen,
so bleibts: der Herr ist treu.

Die Gnade, die den Alten
half zwei Weh überstehn,
wird die ja auch erhalten,
die in dem dritten flehn.

Wird stets der Jammer grösser,
so glaubt und ruft man noch:
Du mächtiger Erlöser,
du kommst, so komme doch.

Damit wir nicht erliegen,
muss Gnade mit uns sein;
denn sie flösst zu dem Siegen
Geduld und Glauben ein.

After a prayer by Rev. Fr. Wischan, 2 Cor. iv. 17—v. 9, was read by Rev. J. Kündig, of Reading, and Rev. Dr. W. J. Mann delivered a touching address on 2 Cor. v. 7: "We walk by faith and not by sight," remembering most tenderly the dear departed one and her sainted father. After a prayer by Rev. H. Grahn, the congregation and friends assembled—some 1,200 persons in all—passed the body, to take a parting look, the choir meanwhile singing Paul Gerhardt's verses:

Schwing dich auf zu deinem Gott,
du betrübte Seele,
warum liegst du Gott zum Spott
in der Schwermuthshöhle?
merkst du nicht des Satans List?
er will durch sein Kämpfen
deinen Trost, den Jesus Christ
dir erworben, dämpfen.

Es ist herzlich gut gemeint
mit der Christen Plagen,
wer hier zeitlich wohl geweint,
darf nicht ewig klagen,
sondern hat vollkommne Lust
dort in Christi Garten,
dem er einig recht bewusst,
endlich zu gewarten.

Gottes Kinder säen zwar
traurig und mit Thränen;
aber endlich bringt das Jahr,
wornach sie sich sehnen;
denn es kommt die Erntezeit,
da sie Garben machen,
da wird all ihr Gram und Leid
lauter Freud und Lachen.

When the body was being lowered into the grave, Hansie, putting his arm around his father, and looking up to heaven, said: "Now they put dear mamma's body into the ground, but her soul is in heaven above." Rev. A. T. Geissenhainer officiated at the grave, the services closing with the old Easter anthem: "Christ, the Lord, is risen." ("Christ ist erstanden.")

Christ ist erstanden
von der Marter alle,
des solln wir alle froh sein,
Christ soll unser Trost sein:
Kyrieleis.

Wär er nicht erstanden,
die Welt die wär vergangen;
seit dass Er erstanden ist,
so lobn wir den Vater Jesu Christ.
Kyrieleis.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah!
Des solln wir alle froh sein,
Christ soll unser Trost sein.
Kyrieleis.

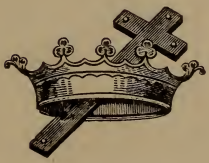
She rests in Mount Vernon Cemetery, on a lovely spot selected by herself after the death of little Adolph in September, 1876.

Oft denk ich, sie ist nur ausgegangen,
bald wird sie wieder nach Haus gelangen,
der Tag ist schön, o sei nicht bang,
sie macht nur einen weitern Gang.

Ja wohl, sie ist nur ausgegangen
und wird jetzt wohl nach Haus gelangen,
O sei nicht bang, der Tag ist schön,
sie macht den Gang zu jenen Höhn.

Sie ist uns nur voraus gegangen
und wird hier nimmer nach Haus verlangen,
wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höhn
im Sonnenschein; der Tag ist schön.

Friedr. Rückert (Kindertodtenlieder).



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